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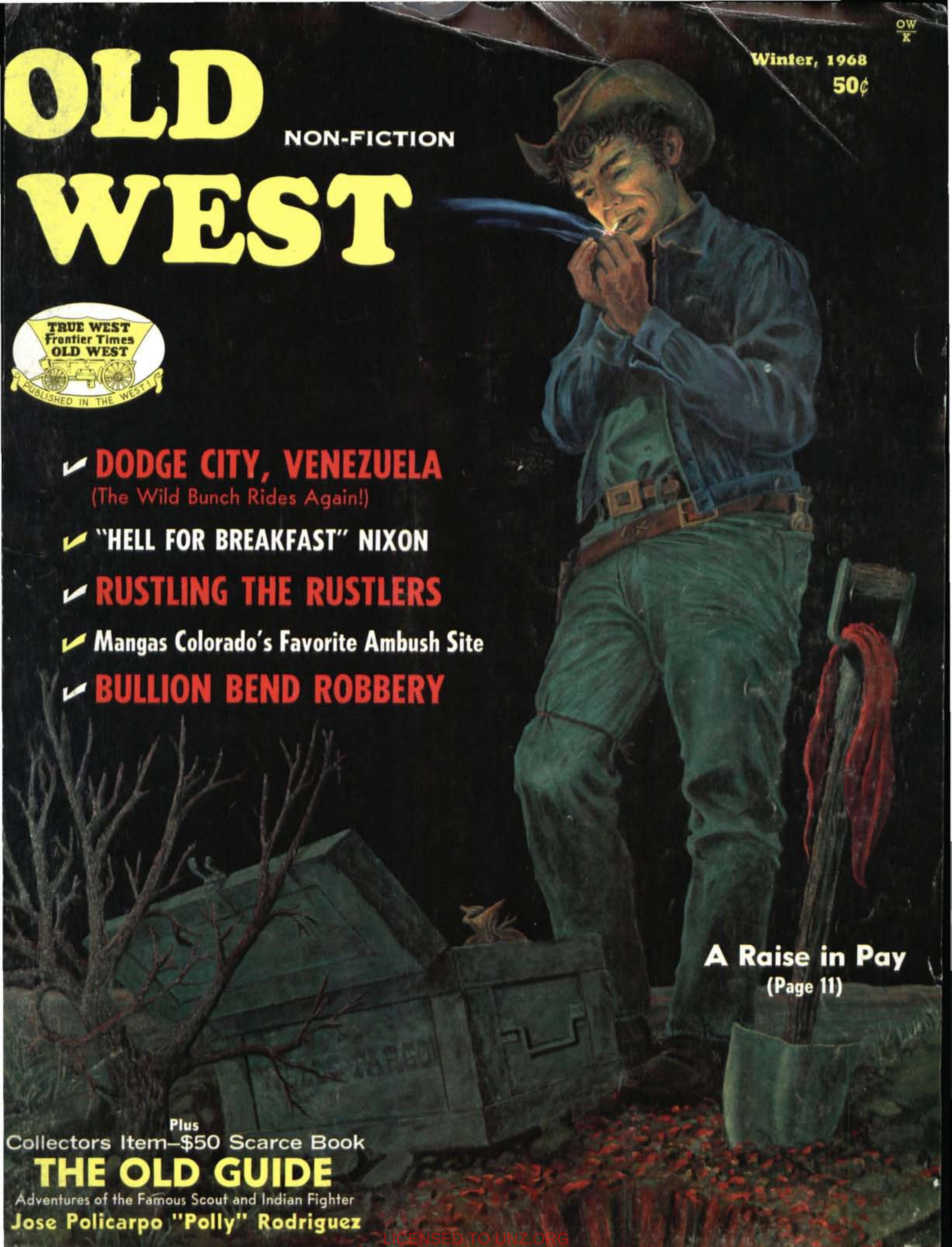

- **DODGE CITY, VENEZUELA**
  (The Wild Bunch Rides Again!)
- **"HELL FOR BREAKFAST" NIXON**
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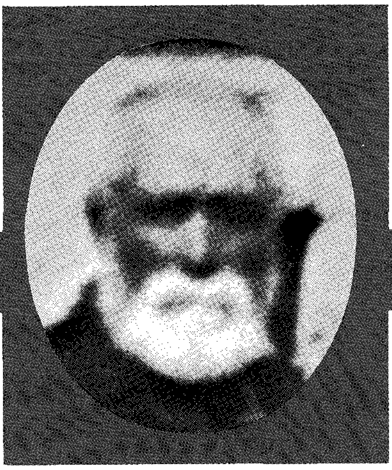

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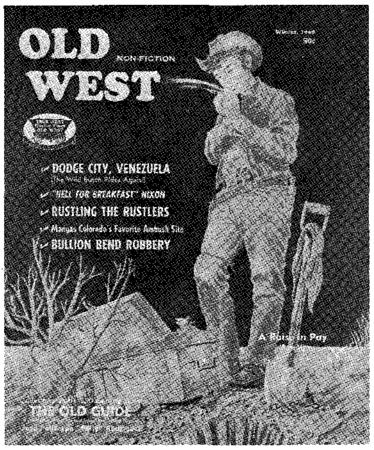

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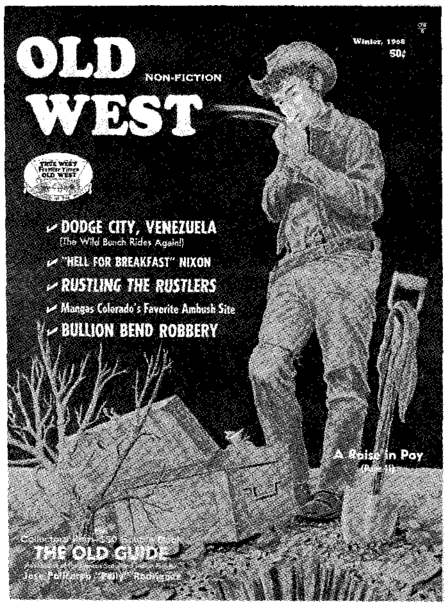
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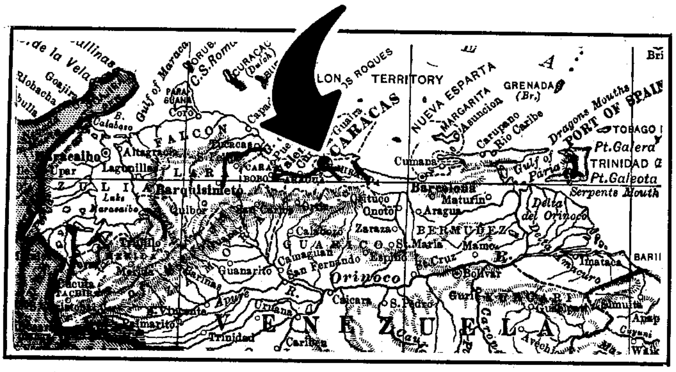
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VENEZUELA

On numerous occasions South America has been "treated" to visits from various of our Western characters—sometimes singly, sometimes in a group. After the days of the Wild Bunch, such visitations usually took the form of legitimate rodeo outfits whose raunchy individualism impressed—and often dismayed—the natives. The following incident didn't happen so far in the past, but the old-time cowtowns at their very woolliest couldn't have produced a more rambunctious entourage!

Dodge City VENEZUELA

Bob Estes aboard Andy Jauregui's "Bald Face Stag" at Fontana, California in 1938.

By BOB ESTES

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note

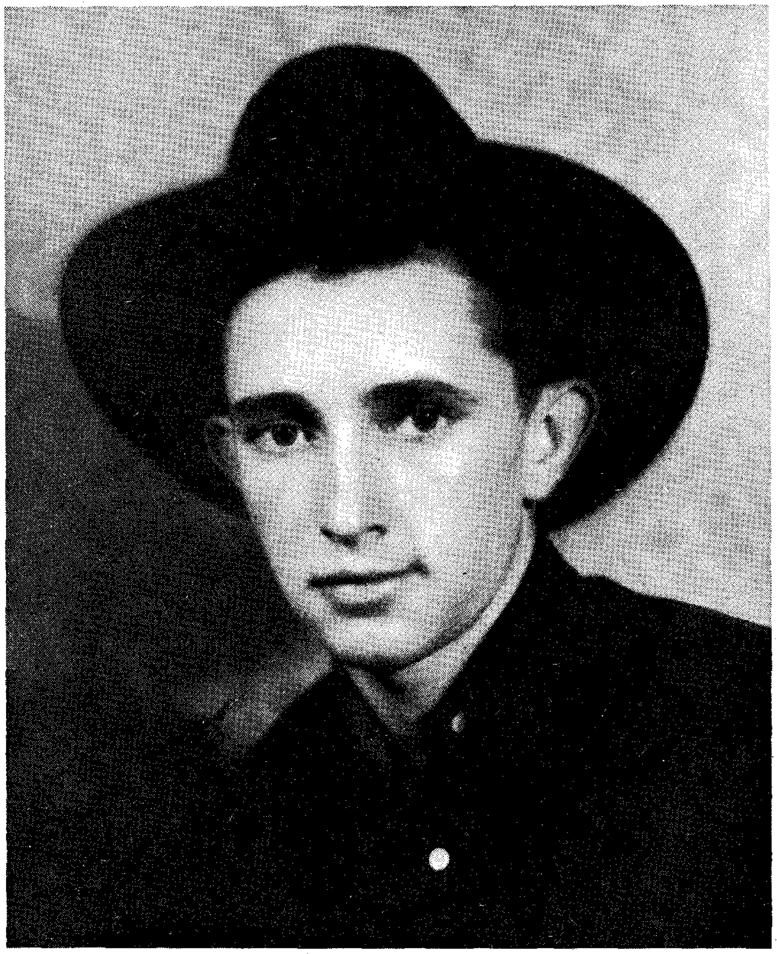
Most of the people I mention are still around to deny, confess, or ignore whatever I say about them, so they can mail all complaints to me. I am still at the same old place.

IN early March twenty-eight years ago, we were at the Fort Worth, Texas Stock Show and Rodeo which was held in the old North Side Coliseum. I mean by "we," my traveling partner for several years, Howard McCrorey of Deadwood, South Dakota, a big 6′ 4″, 245 pound steer wrestler, and myself, a great big 125-pound bull rider and bareback horse rider. We made a good team. We didn't have to worry about wearing one another's clothes, and pretty well liked the same things. We agreed easily on what shows we would make—usually where the climate, prize money and ladies were most agreeable. We received a good bit of publicity wherever we went because of the difference in our sizes.

C. B. Paul of Cleveland, Ohio showed up about the middle of the Fort Worth show, and stated he was taking a rodeo to Caracas, Venezuela for a group of Venezuelan promoters who had caught a performance in New York's Madison Square Garden the fall before. They thought a rodeo would be a hit in Caracas. It would have been, but they took only half the ingredients—good cowboys. The Venezuelans told Mr. Paul and everyone else, "Oh, don't worry about the bucking stock. We have as wild stock in Venezuela as anywhere in the world." Maybe they do, but I didn't see them.

Mr. Paul hired Shorty McCrory, a steer wrestler from New Mexico (no relation to Howard) as manager and gave him the job of selecting the cowboys. Shorty did a good job; he really picked some good hands. But I believe if you could have had an election among the rodeo world at the time, you couldn't have voted in a wilder bunch of guys if you had tried.

I'll try to list as many as I can remember who made the trip. If I have overlooked anyone, I am sorry—and it may be to your benefit. There were C. B. Paul, promoter; Shorty McCrory, manager; Andy Curtis and wife; Dick Herron and wife (Andy and Eddie Curtis' sister); Frank and Ruth Marion; Jack and Beryl Jackson; George Yardley; Bill Hancock; Doris Haynes; Jean Kirby; Gail Anderson; Johnny Williams; Morris Cooper; Mike Hastings; Goldie Butner; Paul Bond and wife Joyce; Ray Ramsey and his brother and two sisters (one being Joyce Bond), a trick roping and riding family act from Oklahoma; Blackie Karman; Howard McCrorey; and me. There were also a couple of good trick ropers from New Jersey whose names I can't recall, but they were both good ropers and good men.



Bob Estes. Photo was made by Madison Square Garden Publicity Department in 1937. He was sixteen; weighed 104 pounds. This was Bob's first year to compete at New York City in bullriding and bareback bronc riding.

We drove to New York where we sailed aboard the Grace Line's *Santa Rosa* about the last of March or first of April.

It was planned to take along a group of individual horses, act horses, bulldogging, trick riding and some non-pro saddle horses, also six bucking horses just in case the bucking stock in Venezuela wasn't suitable. Including Mike Hasting's bulldogging team "DogGone" and "Dunny", Andy Curtis' palomino dogging and hazing horse, Paul Bond's little roan trick riding horse, and Ray Ramsey's white Roman jumping team and high school and trick riding horses, a total of twenty-nine head of horses went aboard a Dutch freighter a few days in advance of our departure. Blackie Karman and a couple of other fellows went along to look after them.

ABOUT three or four hours before the *Santa Rosa* was to shove off, we took our luggage aboard and discovered our accommodations were to be in steerage class, the lowest priced transportation available. Well, some of our group who had traveled by ship before and knew about things like that, were really indignant and refused to go. Of course, that upset everyone else and it looked for a while like none of us would leave New York.

Then Shorty McCrory announced that Mr. Paul had made arrangements for us to be moved to better staterooms in tourist class, and urged us to please get aboard and as soon as we got underway we could move our luggage. By that time several of our bunch who had been pondering what to do while having a few in a bar across the street from the docks, were in pretty good shape when we boarded.

After we got to moving, all were in better spirits and had the usual lively time that goes with most New York departures. However, when it came time to move to the other cabins, word came to us from somewhere that there had been some last minute bookings and everything was taken, and we would have to make out where we were. Well, of course, we did. I didn't particularly care, as I was only nineteen at the time and as long as I was on my way to a rodeo somewhere that was all that really mattered to me. But I realize now it was the turning point of the whole tour. The whole bunch took a different "don't give a damn" attitude and started getting wild and unruly that very day and were nearly uncontrollable from then until we made it back to the United States. (I might add at this point that in later years I found out through experience that anyone who ever traveled to a foreign country for a rodeo always expected it to be just like home and it never was.)

The *Santa Rosa* was a big and beauti-

Howard McCrorey, six-foot-four, 245-lb. steer wrestler, took top money in some of the nation's highest-paying shows.

ful ship, and is still making Caribbean cruises. We were treated very nice at first and were invited to several parties up in the main ballroom in first class. About the second or third night out of New York around one a.m., one of these parties wound up with a big squabble between a couple of big steer wrestlers. I won't call any names, but the captain or first mate or whoever he was with all the gold braid and scrambled eggs on his cap, who tried to separate them, somehow jumped, fell, or was pushed by those two cowboys from the promenade deck into the swimming pool on the deck below, a distance of about fifteen feet. Well, that was it. The rest of the trip we were all confined to our quarters right on the tail end of the ship, the area where the crew stayed.

The crewmen, after Howard flattened their No. 1 bully simply to decide who was the tougher, couldn't seem to do enough for us. They gave us kitchen privileges anytime, day or night, and the food was great.

OUR FIRST port of call was the British Island of Bermuda. We were there for about ten or twelve hours. That doesn't seem like a very long time but I'll bet there are folks still living there who haven't forgotten our short stay.

No automobiles were allowed on Bermuda. I think a few of the married couples took carriages for sightseeing, but about seventeen of the Wild Bunch rented bicycles and started making all the bars. After the third or fourth drink we would leave in a group, flying around corners and racing to the next bar. All this amid heavy traffic and pedestrians —going wide open and all throwing on brakes and coming to a screeching halt about the same time, banging into one another and anyone and everything that happened to be in the road. I ruined a brand new pair of Rodeo Ben pants when my bike bucked me off coming down a hill around a turn on a gravel road.

I managed to get back to the ship all in one piece, but I felt like some old bull had run over me. Johnny Williams, a bull and bronc rider from Fort Worth, and Morris Cooper, a bronc rider from Midland, Texas, both got seasick before we left the Hudson River and stayed in their bunks the whole trip.

Our next port of call was the Dutch Island of Curacao. We had another big blowout there. We confined it mostly to one place, the Amarillo House. Some of the ship's crew came ashore with us and we really had a good time enjoying the Dutch beer. We spent about all the money we happened to have, not realizing that it would be a long while until payday.

There was a good deal of war talk in Curacao because a German submarine was in port. It had been there over six months and a couple of British destroyers were waiting right outside the harbor ready to sink the sub if it tried to leave. Knowing that it surely wouldn't be long before we also would be at war could have had some bearing on our group's behavior. We were having a last fling, so to speak.

We left Curacao that night and docked in Maiquetía, Venezuela the next morning. A special bus transported us about sixty miles over a winding mountainous highway straight up for about 10,000 feet, then straight down 3,000 feet into a beautiful valley where the capital city of Caracas lies in the Andes Mountains.

We had been getting a good deal of publicity but after we had been there for four or five days we really let the hammer back. Our stock from the United States hadn't arrived yet and the promoters were starting to select the wild stock available there.

We ran into Jack Dempsey who was in that country to referee a fight. We had a nice visit with him. He had been an acquaintance of ours for the past several years from our having been around Madison Square Garden. He and Howard were good friends as Howard had a brief boxing career of twenty-seven fights (winning twenty-six). Howard might have become a great fighter but he was too much cowboy and couldn't stay away from rodeos.

WE WERE being taken on a constant round of parties by some influential Venezuelans, some of whom were ranchers. I guess they liked us because we were cowboys and they were too. They were really showing us around. It was just too good to last. One night after one of the parties, George Yardley and Bill Hancock went to a little old corner saloon about a block from the rooming and boarding house where the Wild Bunch was staying (the married ones were at another place).

Yardley and Hancock were out of chips but that didn't stop them. They immediately opened a credit account—pretty good, considering they couldn't speak the language. Yardley started it by pointing at a bottle on the back bar; the bartender would pour a shot glass of whatever he pointed at, and he would sample it as if intending to purchase the bottle. He would pour Bill one and let him sample it, they would look at each other, shake their heads "no" and frown. Then start all over again pointing at a different bottle. They finally drank up most of the little old saloon's stock, just sampling. By then they really had a glow on. They must have fought and raised hell all night because it took about fifteen or twenty policemen with rifles to arrest and get them in jail. (The first two police who had come after them were relieved of their guns and trousers.)

The next day Shorty McCrory went to try and spring them and everything was going pretty smooth until Yardley, still geared, walked up to the judge's desk and relieved himself on it. Well, of course, it was back to the clink for him. It took another two or three days and the U. S. ambassador to get him out that time.

THERE WAS a government trapper living at the same place we were and we became good friends. He gave us a baby *tigre* (jaguar) about three months old, a real fine specimen. We kept him chained to a tree in the patio. One night Hancock came in loaded and hung his foot on the chain in the dark and fell. The cat got excited and Bill grabbed it and hollered out loudly to no one in particular but, I guess, to all of us sleeping in rooms surrounding the patio, "Hey, you s-o-bs, you've all heard of a wildcat eating a man—have you ever heard of a man eating a wildcat?"

Jean Kirby, Doris Haynes and Joyce Bond (left to right), were annoyed when some of the cowboys were locked up in the Caracas jail on charges of acting like cowboys.

He then bit the cat in the belly, and naturally the cat fought back and sure clawed Bill up. Bill slammed it to the ground and it died a couple of days later of its injuries. Bill sure was scratched up for a week or so.

Before the show was to open we had so much notoriety that whenever we walked down the street you could see mothers reaching out and snatching children inside houses and locking doors. By the time we would make one block, the next one would be vacated. All the houses had bars on the windows and shutters behind them. We could see the people peeking out at us. The Caracas radio was telling big wild stories about us, all out of proportion. One story was that the big North American cowboys were fighting and knocking down Venezuelan women. This one got started when Jack Jackson was up at the corner saloon having a few, and his wife Beryl came to take him home. He went reluctantly. She had hold of his hand and every once in a while he would give a big jerk and she would kind of fall to her knees. By the time this little domestic incident reached the press and radio, it was "Cowboys attacking Venezuelan women."

Not only Caracas knew of our presence but the whole of South America knew. One man (from Boston) came from Brazil to try and recruit a few of us for a gold and diamond expedition up the Amazon, to leave when we had finished our show. Howard and I were ready to go until we found out this man had a money problem, and we had that ourselves. Another fellow from Maracaibo wanted to put us on exhibition and charge people to see us. He said after all the publicity that had reached Maracaibo, we could get rich there without even performing.

As opening night approached, everyone became more enthusiastic and had every intention of giving a good show. We finally opened at the "Nuevo Circo" (The New Bull Ring) at a night performance. Its 10,000 seats at $7.50 (American) were all full. The place was packed.

Our six bucking horses were good enough and our acts and saddle horses were excellent, but the wild bucking stock from Venezuela were pitiful. They had about 12 or 15 little old thin wild ponies that wouldn't have weighed 600 pounds, 6 or 8 small bulls that would weigh from about 800 to 1,000 pounds for the bull riding; and 10 or 12 little bulls weighing from about 450 to 600 pounds for the 'dogging. Nothing had been castrated—all the horses were studs and all the cattle were bulls. I never ran into anyone there who knew what geldings or steers were. Most Venezuelan livestock at that time was inbred and very inferior. Nowadays, they have some good cattle there as they have imported many from the United States since then and have a good breeding program.

The promoters also brought in some wild burros from the jungles. These little animals were very small and mean as hell. The first afternoon before opening, we were trying to pen them behind the chutes in preparation for the first performance, but they wouldn't pen. One little old burro charged Dick Herron and when Dick threw up his hand to knock him off, the burro rushed in and grabbed Dick's index finger, nearly biting it off. While Dick was on the way to the hospital, Frank Marion showed up and we still hadn't got them in the pen.

Frank said, "Why, man, I have worked bad mules in South Texas all my life!" He got a stick and took after them. Here came the same little old jackass and grabbed Frank by the same index finger. He almost bit it off also.

So there were two good performers unable to take part in our opening night, knocked out by the same little old burro. I don't remember how, but we finally got them in our crowding pens. This was a Wild West-type rodeo as everyone was a paid performer and no prize money was involved; however, we did draw for stock as in contest rodeo. That same night during the performance the same little outlaw kicked George Yardley in the worst place possible and laid him out for about ten minutes when he was trying to get the burros in the bucking chutes.

THE first night's crowd was not pleased with the show, and you couldn't very well blame them. Yet trick riders Jean Kirby, Ruth Marion, Beryl Jackson, the Ramsey kids, Ray Ramsey and Paul Bond all got a tremendous reception as did Doris Haynes when she rode one of our own good bucking horses.

The biggest hand of all was for George Yardley when he bulldogged a Spanish fighting bull that weighed 1,100 pounds. It took George about five minutes. That old bull wallowed and carried George all around that bull ring and about the time George would get him stopped and nearly have a leg hold on him, the old bull would throw up his head and run around the ring with George on his head. This must have happened a dozen times. All the cowboys and the 10,000 fans were screaming for George to hang on, and hang on he did. He finally threw that bull flat on his side and drew quite an ovation. The rest of the stock—the poor horses and little thin cattle—the cowboys just made a fool of. The sorry little things couldn't have bucked off a wet saddle blanket.

Well, when people pay $7.50 to see half a show, that just won't get it, especially after a show is advertized as direct from Madison Square Garden. After that first night we could pretty well see the handwriting on the wall. We tried and did get a little better bunch of bulls and cattle and culled out about half of their little horses, but it was no use. We just couldn't get another crowd; the damage had been done the first night, and nothing we could possibly have done could have changed it.

We had three more performances before the inevitable closing. I never will forget in those four performances I rode seventeen head of bucking stock and bulldogged four bulls. Some of the little horses I would ride with just a mane hold, to try and make it a little better show.

And that little old bad mule—whoever had him the first night got bitten on the leg and kicked also. The next three performances I rode him each performance in place of the man who happened to draw him (for a quart of beer each time). I never had any trouble with him. I used a piece of small rope and tied his mouth shut while he was in the chute, and got by without getting chomped.

WHEN we went down to the arena the morning of the last day of the show, some men were butchering cattle and we knew then it was all over. We hadn't been paid anything and you can imagine our shock that morning when we learned the South American promoters had already fled to the hills with the first night's gate receipts (about $75,000) leaving one man there to cover up. Mr. Paul hadn't received his, and about all that was available was what little money had come in the box office at the other three performances.

We were to meet Mr. Paul and Shorty McCrory downtown at one of the leading hotels and receive our money. Of course, we all arrived in a group and after we were paid what small amount was available, we naturally congregated in the hotel bar. Each then proceeded to inhale a Planters Punch with a vengeance. It was a great big drink made in a glass about the size of a milk shake container and was concocted of rum, vermouth, gin, lime and several other ingredients. Two of them would hit you like a mule's kick.

As the party got livelier two big cowboys were going to fight each other; Howard and Yardley, I think. I was there but so much was going on I can't remember who started what. I do remember Goldie Butner threw a chair to make room for Howard and Yardley's scuffle. The chair sailed into the dining area and struck the English Ambassador on the head and cut a large gash. By then, someone had already called the local cops. We all broke and ran and as we got out on the narrow sidewalk, about six police were heading toward me. Howard jumped in front of them and spread out his arms and stacked up all six. I ducked into an open streetcar and got away. Dick Herron made it also.

We rode a few blocks, then caught a taxi. We cruised around for a while and Dick got out. It was then after dark and as I passed a plaza I could see a big hat silhouetted in a street light. I stopped the cab and got out. There was old Mike Hastings alone and a crowd had congregated. He was talking loud, and drinking with a South American buddy. I went over and said, "Come on, Mike, we'd better get back to our rooming house, the whole bunch of us may be in a mess of trouble." Mike's buddy insisted on going with us. I couldn't talk to him so I flattened him, and Mike picked up the bottle and we departed in the waiting cab.

THE NEXT morning the chief of police came into our room and woke up Howard and me. Howard had made it home somehow. Neither of us felt very good so we told him to leave us alone and he did. He let us sleep about another hour. He then came back and in good English said, "I guess you boys know you caused a good deal of disturbance last night—if you will get up and come on down to the station with me I think we can get it all straightened out in a little while."

We got up and went outside with him. The paddy wagon was sitting there with nine of the Wild Bunch already loaded. They had been sitting there for a couple of hours while Howard and I got that extra bit of sleep. They were sure hot at us for keeping them waiting. Johnny Williams, who had been sick in bed nearly all the time, was also in the paddy wagon on the landlady's recommendation that, "They *never* let *that one* out." It seems a small cowboy about Johnny's size had been seen knocking on and rattling doors in the night, including her own.

When we got down to the station and heard those iron doors clank behind us

Shorty McCrory bulldogging.

Photo Courtesy Milt Hinkle

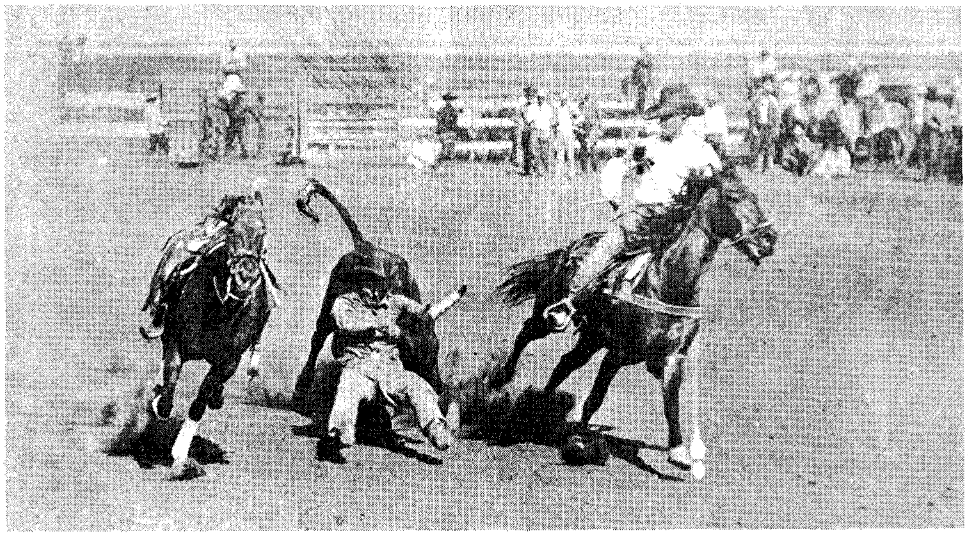


Photo Courtesy Milt Hinkle

Famous bulldogger Mike Hastings comes to grips with an ornery one.

as they marched us down a long corridor lined completely on both sides with officers armed with rifles, we knew then we wouldn't get anything straightened out in a "little while." There were twelve of us.

We were booked there but were to be hauled a few miles to another place to be locked up. We marched out of the building and back to the paddy wagon. As we came to the street I slipped my hat under my arm and stepped out of line and into the crowd which had gathered to eyeball the notorious *Norte Americanos*. I nearly got away with it, but when the bunch was counted into the wagon it didn't take them long to miss and locate me. I sure loaded up in a hurry—with a bayonet stuck in my back!

We were thrown in a sort of underground dungeon whose few windows were about twenty feet up near the ceiling. This was one great big, bare, cement room 70 by 140 feet with approximately 125 inmates of all sizes, ages and descriptions. All slept on the floor. A few of them had straw pads and the rest nothing. One man had been there fifteen years for murder, and yet no trial. Two or three little six to eight-year-old boys had been there for over a year for stealing apples off a push-cart. One of these little boys was paralyzed on one side. Sometimes he would be lying down and accidently got turned on his bad side. When this happened he would kick and cry until someone came along and turned him over on his good side. He had kicked so much his hair was worn off on one side.

A Russian who spoke English had been there two years because of no identification papers. One poor fellow thought he was a goat. He would crawl around on his hands and knees and bleat and butt things with his head. He would knock himself out against the cement wall and when he came to, would do it over again. He finally got so bloody and beat up they hauled him away.

They fed the prisoners only once a day from a fifty-five-gallon oil drum cut in half. It was placed in the middle of the floor and contained a yellow, foul smelling mush-stew. Everyone lined up with his own coffee can or whatever utensil he possessed, and dipped in. Most of them ran their arms down in the stew clear to the elbow to get the goodies on the bottom. We didn't eat any of this.

An American night club and vaudeville couple who lived in the same rooming house we did brought us sandwiches and coffee as long as we were there—forty-eight hours. I believe his professional name was Don Dinero. God bless him whatever it was. We were really getting worried and planning to attempt a break when the American ambassador got us released.

We were let out on the condition that we take the next boat back to the United States. That suited us. The ambassador invited all of us to the embassy for dinner upon our release. It was the first real meal we had eaten for quite awhile.

SHORTY McCRORY had our return tickets and we were certainly ready to go. The *Santa Rosa* was to sail the next day but, when passage was to be booked for us, the captain said, "Oh, no! That wild bunch of cowpokes is not about to take my ship back to the United States. I don't care if they never get home!"

The captain was told that he had to take at least part of us, and he finally agreed to accept six of the married ones. The Venezuelan authorities, however, wanted to split up the Wild Bunch, so the *Santa Rosa* was assigned two married couples plus Yardley and Hancock. The rest of us had to wait a week until a sister ship, the *Santa Paula*, made port.

We were told not to leave our rooming house during that week of waiting except for an absolute necessity. The place was guarded all the time by soldiers. When any of us ventured to the corner saloon for cigarettes or something—usually a ham sandwich—a couple of soldiers went along. There was no more drinking that week and the only disturbance at all was by Mike Hastings who raised hell with the laundry man for not returning his canvas laundry bag. I sure thought Old Mike was going to get us all back in the clink. We told him if he would just shut up we would buy him a new bag when we got home.

The food at our boarding house wasn't very good at best, and the longer we stayed the worse it got. For breakfast we had coffee, hard rolls, a piece of goat cheese and a couple of bananas. In fact, all of our meals averaged about fifty per cent bananas. They were stewed, broiled, fried, candied, fixed every way under the sun. After that trip it was four or five years before I could stand the sight of one.

Morris Cooper was sick nearly all the time he was in Venezuela and couldn't keep anything on his stomach. One day he felt pretty good and said he thought he might be able to eat a little lunch. We had hash that day. About the second bite, Morris pulled out a big chicken feather. That was all for him; he went back to bed and lived on raw bananas until we left. We had burro meat several times and I sort of enjoyed it, just by thinking about that little wild one that had bitten and kicked everybody.

We had made arrangements to leave town and go to the coast on the day before our ship was to arrive. Having no transportation money for ourselves or the horses, we had no choice except to ride out of Caracas on horseback. A local guide was hired to take us through the mountains by way of a goat and burro trail, which was supposed to be a shorter route than the highway.

The women and luggage had gone by car, and the men left the bull ring early in the morning, all in a group on horseback. A big crowd watched us depart for the mountains, our road leading through the slum area which backed right up against them. We started uphill that morning and at sundown we were still climbing. Our guide dropped out the first hour on the trail as he couldn't keep up. Some of the little narrow ledges were only about two or three feet wide. You could look below and couldn't see the bottom; it just got blue and hazy.

Those old horses would hug the wall and every now and then one would kick off a few small rocks which you could never hear hit bottom. I was leading two broncs and had a double half hitch on my saddle horn. The broncs had set back a couple of times and had pulled down the lead rope so tight I couldn't untie it to lead them by hand over the dangerous part. Consequently, when I came to one of those narrow places I would lift one foot out of the stirrup and hug the wall also. If either of the bucking horses had slipped, all three would have gone over the side.

We reached the summit after dark and could see the port lights and the ship below, though the port was still miles away. We eased down the rest of the way in pitch darkness and arrived at daylight. Several of us cut big stalks of green bananas on top of the mountains and tied them behind our saddles. My horse had four shoes when we left Caracas but he was barefoot when we

(Continued on page 66)

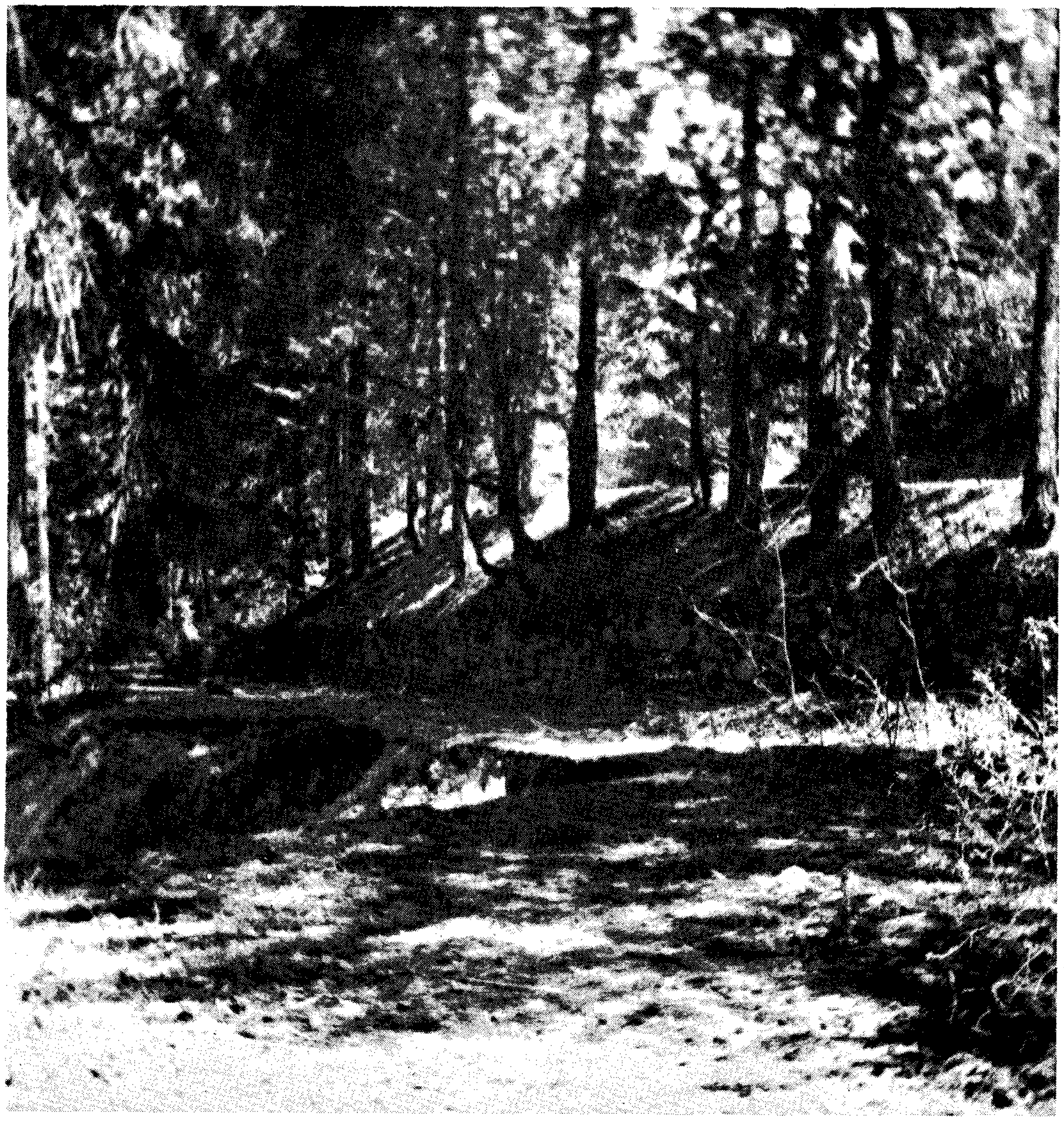
The double stage holdup was solved, but a good man was killed in the process. Jim Hume, most famous detective on the West Coast, finished the job . . .

By PHIL PHELPS

Photos Courtesy Author

The
BULLION BEND ROBBERY

Old stage road at Bullion Bend near Placerville, California.



SOME PEOPLE believe the treasure from the robbery at Bullion Bend which took place on June 30, 1864, is still buried near the spot of the holdup, fourteen miles east of Placerville, California near the present site of Pollock Pines.

To the natives of El Dorado County, born just after the Civil War, this story was as well known as that about the discovery of gold at Coloma. But later generations and visitors have very hazy ideas about the events which gave the turn in the mountain trail the name of Bullion Bend. A monument some distance above the actual spot where the holdup occurred gives some data—but how many folks stop to read what is chronicled upon a monument? Not a great number.

There could have been no more ideal spot for a gang of highwaymen to halt two stages which were carrying bullion from the rich silver mines of Nevada. The Pioneer Stage Line coaches were held up between nine and ten o'clock on the night of June 30 by six men armed with shotguns and pistols. They relieved the drivers of eight sacks of bullion and a Wells Fargo strongbox.

Ned Blair was the driver of the first stage. When the men, with guns leveled, ordered him to throw down the strongbox, he coolly answered with the characteristic nerve of the stage driver of that day, "Come and get it." So they proceeded to search the stage; but the strongbox wasn't to be found.

In the meantime, Charlie Watson, driver of the second stage, noticed that Ned's stage had stopped. Assuming that Ned had broken down, Charlie tied his lines to his brake and went to the assistance of his friend. He couldn't have passed in the single ruts of the mountain road, anyway.

As he neared the other coach, Charlie

was stopped by a sawed-off shotgun and told to raise his hands. He complied; but as he did so (always having been what is now called a "kidder") he remarked to the man with the shotgun, "Turn that thing the other way, it might go off." So as one man held him at gun point, the others searched his coach, not only finding the strongbox but two sacks of silver bullion. They had already found six sacks on Ned's stage.

It appears there was not much in the strongbox that day. How much is not known, but the bullion was very valuable and would have swelled the treasury of the Confederacy appreciably could the highwaymen have succeeded in delivering it.

It was stated that each bag of silver was worth $2,000; *if so, the loot* amounted to $16,000 plus the strongbox. After the robbery, the leader of the gang gave Charlie Watson a receipt for the treasure they had taken.

> **This is to certify that I have received from Wells Fargo & Co., the sum of $______________, cash, for the purpose of out-fitting recruits enlisted in California for the Confederate States Army.**
>
> **R. HENRY INGRIM,**
> **Captain Commanding Company,**
> **C. S. A. June 1864**

Ned Blair and Charlie Watson lost little time in getting to the Thirteen Mile House, a rest station on the road to Placerville. Here, they sent a message to the sheriff.

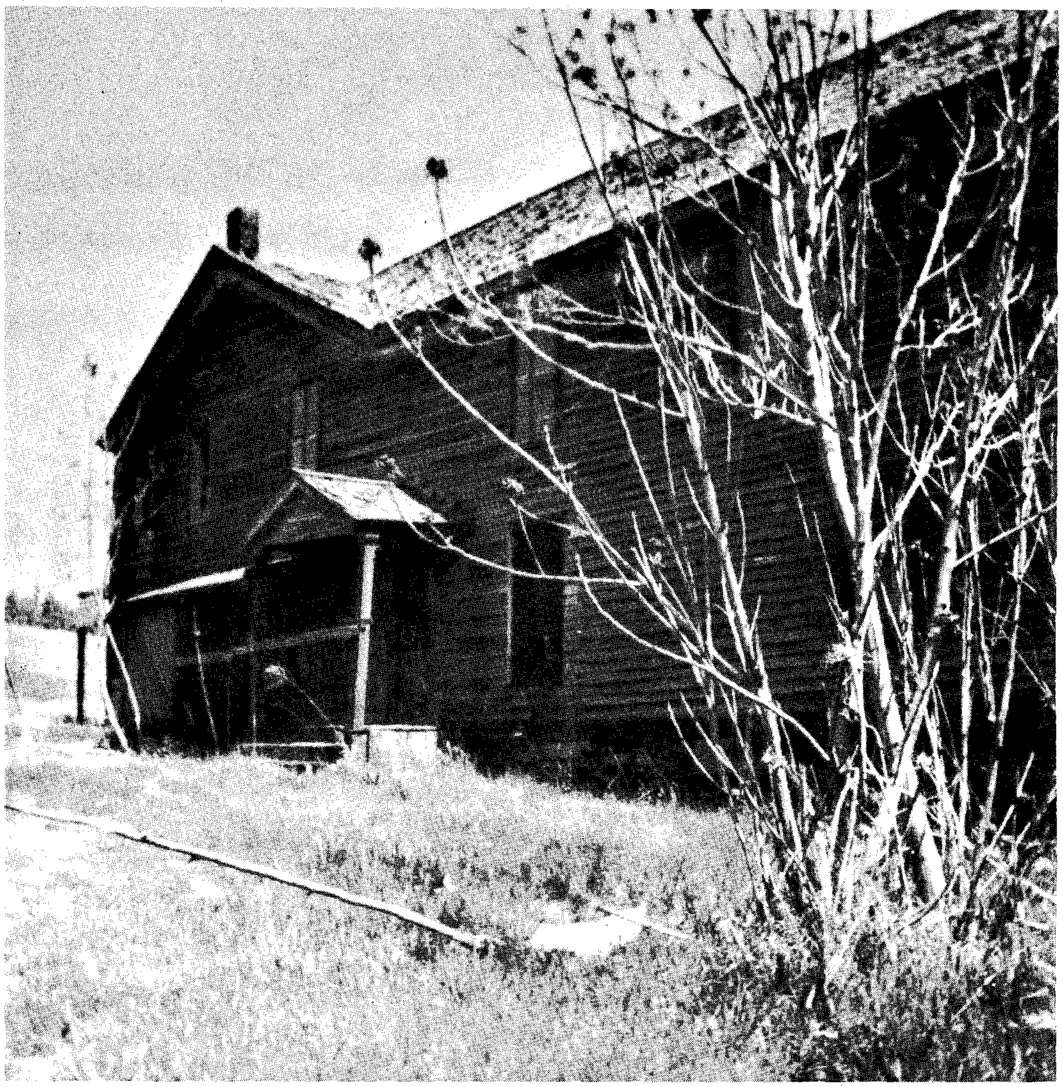
By the time Charlie and Ned had gathered their excited passengers and driven on into Placerville, Wells Fargo had posted a reward of $1,000 for the return of the silver and the strongbox, plus $300 for each of the robbers. Sheriff William Rogers had already gathered a posse and was on his way to Thirteen Mile House.

THE ROBBERS, after hiding the bulk of their loot at the spring, had ridden off in a southeasterly direction, carrying only a few bars of silver. After a while, with no one on their trail, they stopped at the Somerset House. Somerset was a rest stop for stage coach passengers on their way to Grizzly Flats.

Sheriff Rogers had sent Constable George Ranney with Deputy Sheriffs Van Eaton and Joseph Staples in this direction in search of the highwaymen while he and his posse went directly to the site of the holdup.

Arriving at Somerset ahead of his companions Constable Ranney entered the house. He felt instinctively that the men inside were the ones he was looking for, but with rare presence of mind inquired only about the road leading to Grizzly Flats. He was told to ask the manager of the road house, and as he went out of the room he met Staples and informed the deputy of his suspicions.

Ranney tried to discourage Staples from entering and trying to capture the gang, but Staples had once been criticized unjustly for "being sure he stayed out of danger." He had overheard this



Above, dilapidated hotel building on the road between Bullion Bend and Somerset. Below, monument erected in 1916 at Bullion Bend commemorating 1864 robbery.

remark and bitterly had said, "The next time I will come back with my man or be brought back feet first." This statement proved to be no idle boast.

Van Eaton, too, was later criticized because he did not remain with Staples, in spite of the fact that Staples had ordered him to go to Thirteen Mile House and tell Sheriff Rogers that they had located the robbers at Somerset.

Staples made a mistake in trying to capture the six men with only the help of Ranney. The latter pleaded with Staples to wait for the posse to get there to help them, but he would not wait. Showing more nerve than good judgment, Deputy Staples kicked open the door, his shotgun ready; Constable Ranney was close behind him.

Staples shouted as he entered the room, "You are all my prisoners." The door had hardly opened when a blast of buckshot cut Staples in half, killing him instantly. The same shot which killed Staples hit Ranney, but just wounding him and knocking him out of the fight.

Staples got off one shot as he entered the room which struck one of the men, Poole, in the face. There were still five outlaws left. Ranney tore from the room trying to get to his horse. He was shot twice as he fled. One of the bullets hit him in the right side, coursing across his body and coming out just under his heart. He received another bullet in the back just before he dropped behind a pile of rocks.

Two of the gang had approached and were about to finish him off when Mrs. Reynolds, a widow who lived at Somerset House, rushed forward to Ranney's still form and said, "You should be ashamed of yourself—going to shoot a dead man!" At this, the highwaymen mounted their horses, but before leaving, traded their tired animals for those of Staples and Ranney. They also took the lawmen's pistols, watches, and what money they had. Then they rode off toward the Aukum section, which is located to the south of Somerset.

At the time of the Bullion Bend robbery, Deputy Staples was one of the most popular men in Placerville. When the news of his death reached town, the people formed a posse of about fifty men and by nightfall had succeeded in bringing in the man who had shot Staples, and was in turn wounded by him, together with some of the silver in the robbery. The prisoner identified himself as Tom Poole, a former deputy sheriff from Monterey County. He said he didn't know the other fellows; he merely had met them at the Somerset House and had a few drinks with them.

But Charlie Watson listened to his voice and recognized it immediately as that of the leader of the gang who had held up his stage and who had given him the note signed by "Captain Ingrim." (Either through Poole's directions or through a careful search of the premises, the Wells Fargo box and the stolen bullion were recovered the next day from their shallow hiding place by the spring.)

THE POSSE hurried back to the rugged foothills and picked up the trail of Poole's confederates. It soon became evident, however, that the robbers were well mounted and knew they were being followed. The posse followed them doggedly, twisting and turning and backtracking from one side of the mountain to the other, never stopping for more than an hour at a time to rest their horses and eat a cold meal. Sheriff Rogers refused to give up although each day found the posse farther behind and the trail more difficult to follow. In Calaveras County the trail played out completely and the posse had to give up and return to Placerville empty-handed.

James Hume, the under-sheriff of Placerville was in later years to become the famous Wells Fargo detective and hold this job for seventeen years.

Hume knew nothing of the robbery at Thirteen Mile House and the shooting of his dear friend, Staples, for he was out in the rugged mountains of Calaveras County following another gang of stage robbers who had escaped from jail. Hume was close on the heels of his own outlaws about the same time Sheriff Rogers lost the trail of the Bullion Bend robbers and returned to Placerville.

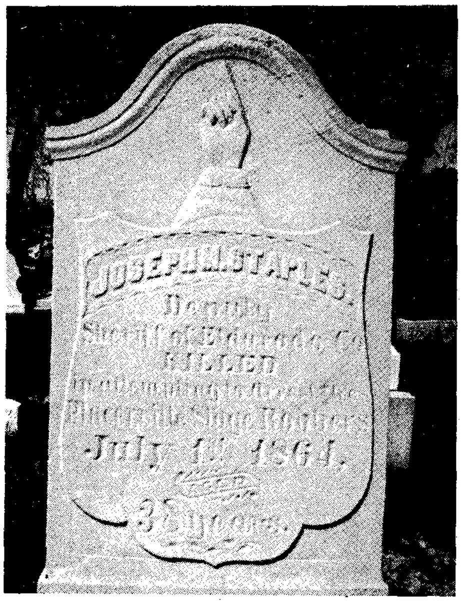
All afternoon, Hume had gained on his men and had run them toward a box canyon. Soon after dark and after the moon came up, he forced them to leave their horses and loot, and take to the rugged mountainside on foot. About midnight he had hemmed them in close to the ridge of a small rise. Hume had spread out his posse and was in the process of surrounding them.

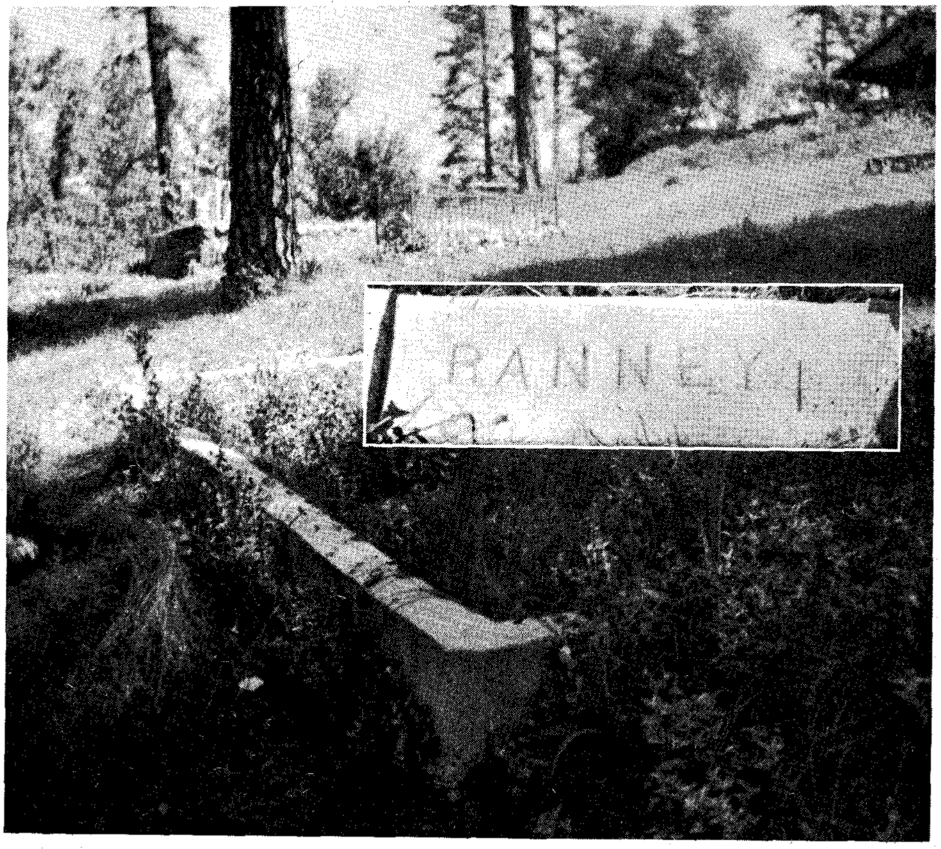
By mere chance, the bandits of the Bullion Bend robbery had chosen this mountaintop as a camp, and from their high vantage point had seen Sheriff Rogers turn around and go back. After many days of travel and being in need of food and sleep, they unsaddled their horses quickly and hobbled them so they could graze. Four of them settled down for a good night of rest, leaving one man on guard; but he, as tired as the rest, soon went to sleep.

Suddenly they were awakened by

(Continued on page 72)

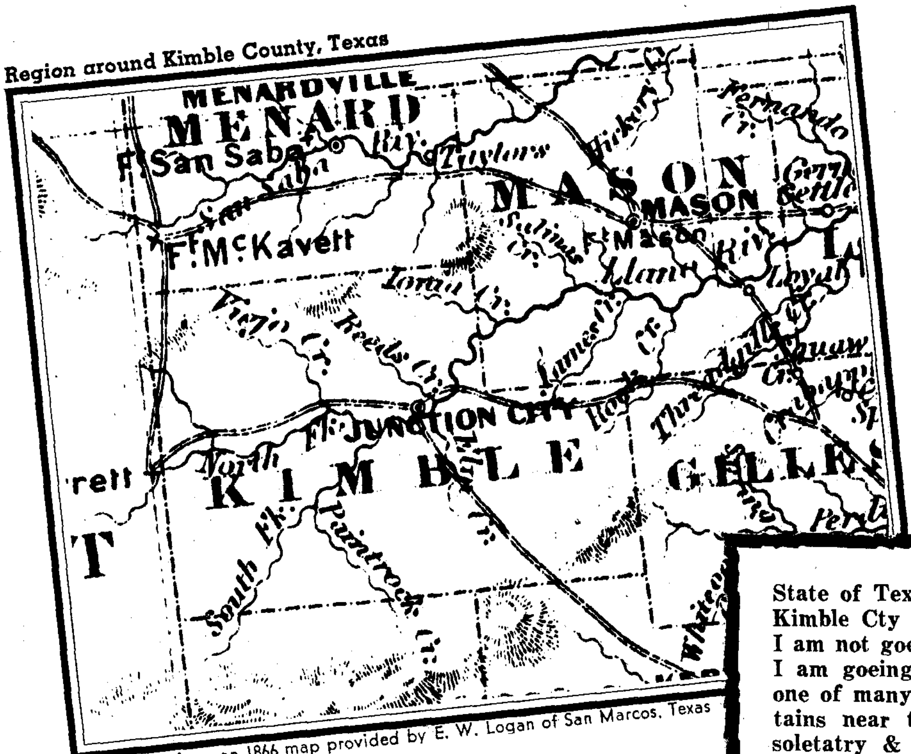
Below, gravestone of Joseph M. Staples, sheriff killed at the age of 38, in cemetery near Placerville. Right, burial plot of Constable George Ranney, who was wounded critically during chase of Bullion Bend highwaymen. Inset is detail of family name cut into border stone. Ranney's grave is in Uppertown Cemetery, Placerville.





A MAN AT BAY IN OUTLAW CAVE

Region around Kimble County, Texas



Reproduced from an 1866 map provided by E. W. Logan of San Marcos, Texas

IT IS EVENING *in* the Texas Hill Country. The frogs cry out in chorus from their places along the banks of the North Llano River. Up a slope, a wisp of smoke twists lazily upward from a dying campfire just inside the mouth of a cave. Inside, past the saddle and the rolled blankets, a man sits bent over a flat rock. The stub of candle sputtering on the rock casts weird shadows against the limestone walls behind him. There is a pen in his hand, but he only sits and stares past the scraps of paper in front of him, looking at the loaded Winchester beside his leg. Finally, he leans forward and begins to write, laboring over every word, and the worn point sends faint scratching noises back to disturb the quiet of the cave. The year is 1878.

Ninety years later, the 500 words he wrote that night are all that are left to mark the passing of that man. The only name we have for him are the two letters of his initials, "B. L." And although we know he was a hunted man, we are ignorant even of his crime.

This is his letter, the last trace of an outlaw:

By ERNEST PEREZ

—the confession of a nameless one who, too, had taken his "raise in pay" but didn't get to spend it . . .

State of Tex/78
Kimble Cty
I am not goeing to tell you whare I am from or whare I am goeing no nothing of that sort I am staying in one of many Caves that are found in the Llano Mountains near the head waters of that renowned River soletatry & alone living on the spontaneous productions of the wild wilderness my name is Scratched in a rough maner on the inside wall I have been occupying this cave for months past & will contin to do so as long as it affords me protection from the Texas raingers they are a set of men that have been called out by the State in order to sustain the magistacy of the law & regulate Society The name of Texas Rainger has at all times been considered a tipe of honor and a pass port to the confidence of every good man in the State & I hope & believe they will always act in a manner to deserve the good name they now have and that thir names will goe down to posterity as the brave defenders & masters of thir Cuntry with an element of glory Surrounding it—Oh why am I an exile from Society & friends is it volentary on my part certainly not those pleasures was devinely bestowed a pon man and are never willing forsaken by any rational man that has a drop of the milk of human kindness coursing his Vains I in the Inadvertaincy of youth violated some of the rules of good Society and came with in the perview of the laws of my country the idear of Standing before a Judge & Jury of my Cuntry and hearing the Sentence to the penetentiary passed a pon me was too much for my youthful nerves. Swords Nives & Pistols and even an honorable Death has no terrors for me but I goe to the Penatentiary. O. God for bid—give me first the last and best friend of the Poor man that is an honorable Death—When I look at those massive walls of rock that Stand as firm as the rock of gibaralter with a cave that protects me from both heat & cold and from both man & beast and reflect that there is a swarm of bees in forty feet of my cave that I can at all times reach & get all the honey that I want & even more than a dozen men could destroy and my Rifle affords me a variety of game fish etc. Showing how bountifull nature has supplied man even in the willderness with all that is necessary to Sustain life when I reflect apon all that nature has placed with in my reach it inflamed my mind with gratitude in a maner that I have no language at my command to express-near the mouth of my cave a clear running branch of clear cold water winds it way over the rocks hurring on to mingle its mite with the main Llano River Circumstances have made this lonely dready place my home be it ever so irksome it is home my paper has given out I am Done

BL

(Continued on page 68)

Original letter on display in Witte Memorial Museum, San Antonio, Texas

BEAU

Flamboyant Mariano Modena dressed like a dude but his garb was deceiving—he wasn't afraid of the devil!

THE SUN picked up the gleam of the bead and silver ornaments on Mariano Modena's Spanish broadcloth breeches and jacket. It even managed to penetrate the greasy grime and seek out the gay colors of the scarf which girdled his middle.

The square, swarthy little man turned to his companion and, pointing to the purplish pyramid that was Pikes Peak, 175 miles away, declared, "All the land I can see from here is mine. No thieving Indian or white man can take it from me!"

From the spot where they stood—today known as Mariano's Butte—the land rolled and swelled for miles in all directions. Maybe Modena did own a lot of it—he was known to have amassed great wealth. But love did what "no thieving Indian or white man" could do. And Mariano died poor.

Mariano's audience that day was Lucas Brandt, for a number of years the financial secretary, general factotum and hired hand of the "little dude of the Big Thompson." Brandt was later to become a political figure in Loveland, Colorado and active in the development of the region.

Mystery shrouds much of the past of Mariano Modena, the arrogant little man who loved to bedeck himself in Spanish-Indian trappings, and who was so proud of the fact that he was the first white man to settle in the valley of Colorado's Big Thompson River. He was a great one for keeping his mouth shut and, while frustrating to historians, the trait no doubt kept him alive.

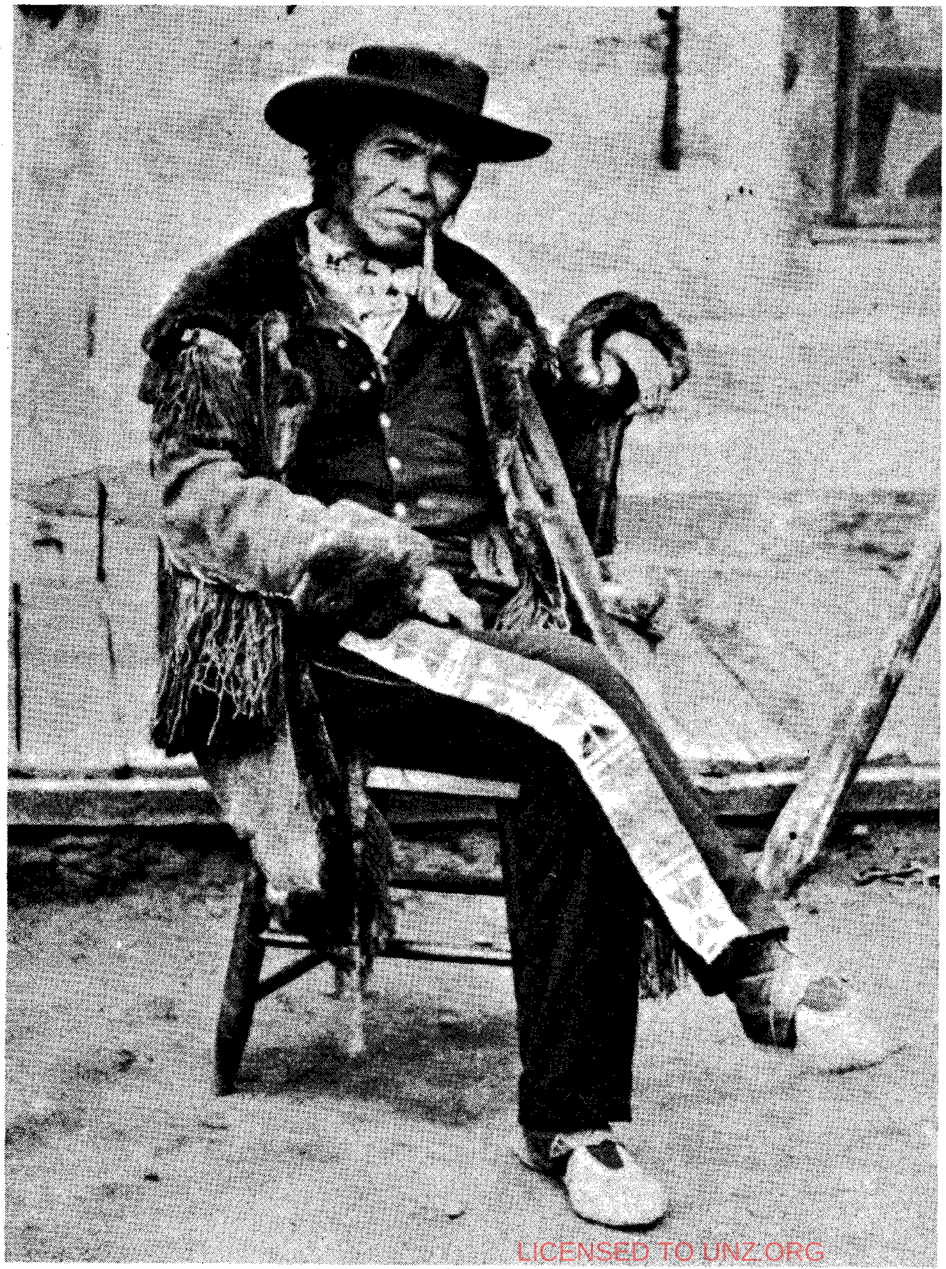
History confuses the spelling of his name, often interchanging the a's and o's and a clerk in the Larimer County Court even spelled it "Maryania Modeno." But his niche in history is secure and a bronze plaque affirms his boast that he was the first settler on the Big Thompson. True, some early-day bigots grumbled that he wasn't a white man at all but "a greaser"—and even the good ladies of the historical society, in dedicating the monument which marks the site of his cabin, felt constrained to explain that he was "a Mexican of better class." Mariano probably would have chuckled at these goings-on and then lapsed into Spanish as was his wont when he wished to avoid an issue or refrain from discussing an unpleasant matter.

Mariano was born into a Castilian family in Taos, New Mexico in 1812. He was said to have received a liberal education and was able to speak thirteen languages fluently. Ansel Watrous, long ago Larimer County newspaperman and historian, declared that next to Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and Jim Baker, Modena was the most noted frontiersman, trapper, hunter, guide, scout and Indian fighter in the West. He was known from the British possessions to Mexico and in every town between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. The government hired him as a scout and guide, and on his body he carried the scars and wounds of many a conflict.

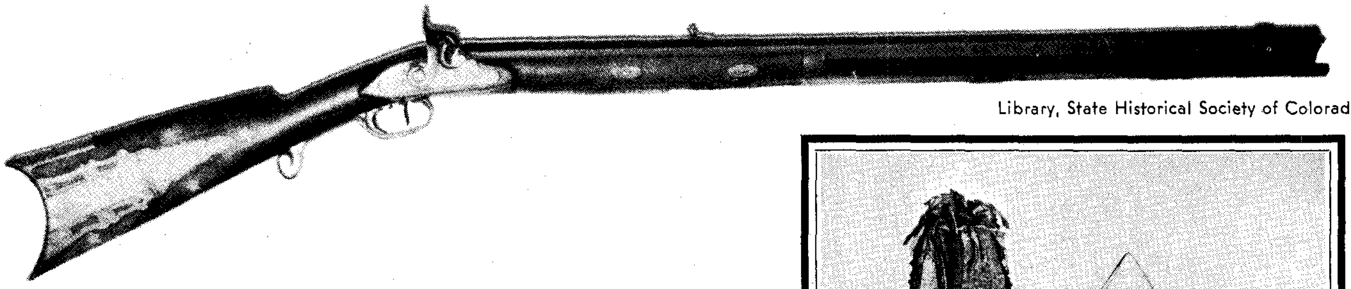
The hot blood of his explorer forebears manifested itself early in Mariano and he ran away from home when just a boy. He sought adventure and found it with a group of frontiersmen who took quite a liking to the lad. They taught him how to hunt, shoot and fight. Later he settled among the Flathead Indians in Walla Walla country. Here he met "John," a tall, powerful woman some ten to twenty years older than he. She was carrying the child of a French *voyageur* named Papa, who traded her to Mariano for a given number of ponies. Modena received, in addition, a businesslike bill of sale. Later he and John had a proper Catholic marriage. A few months after their union Louis Papa was born—a stepson who was to make

Mariano Modena, the little dude of the Big Thompson, whose pride in being the valley's first settler was second only to his love of fancy, colorful attire.

Library, State Historical Society of Colorado



At right, the stage stop at Namaqua across the river from Mariano Modena's home. His store and saloon were an oasis for weary travelers, some of them famous and many notorious.



Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

his own mark in the valley of the Big Thompson.

On one of his scouting trips into the Wyoming and Montana country in the early fifties Modena camped in the Big Thompson valley and was so taken by its beauty and potential that he resolved to come back someday. He was getting older and he yearned for seclusion and a place to raise cattle.

The Big Thompson River rises among the snow-capped peaks of the Continental Divide, flows through Estes Park from canyons, gorges, crags and meadows until it finds its way to the plains. Its valley was rich and fertile and its

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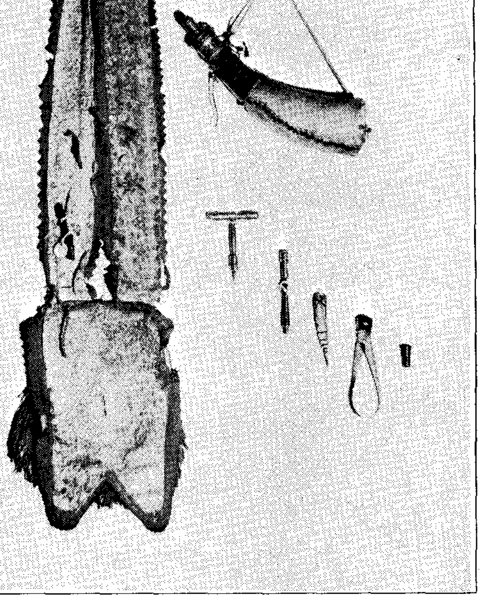


Above, "Old Lady Hawkens," the Hawken owned and treasured by Mariano Modena and reputed to have scored on many an Indian and enemy. When he knew death was near he gave it to a close friend, Gen. A. H. Jones of Denver, whose heirs presented it to the Colorado State Museum in Denver. Right, powder horn, shot pouch and other accoutrements to Modena's rifle are in the same collection.

BRUMMEL of the BIG THOMPSON

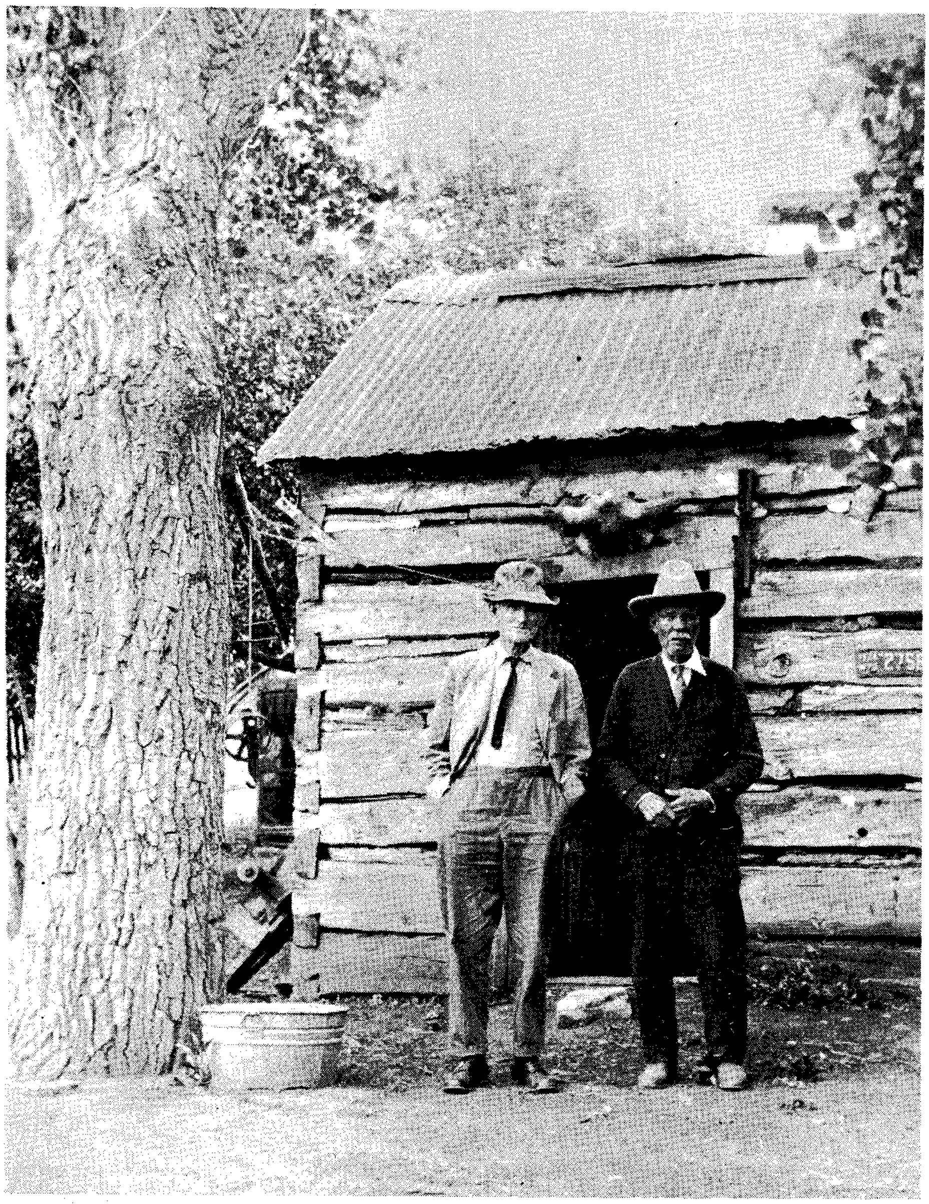
By NEDRA C. JENKINS

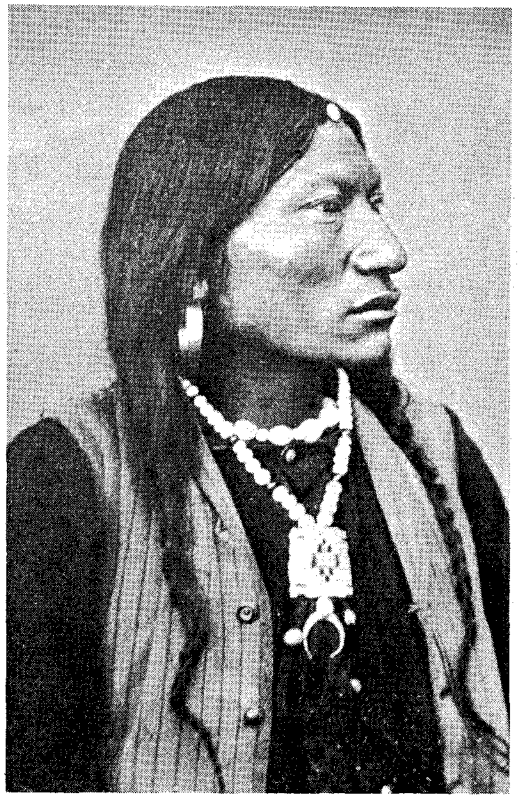
Photos Courtesy Author

Photo by Harold M. Dunning

Lucas Brandt, (left, below), was financial secretary, general factotum and hired hand for Mariano Modena. He later became a Larimer County political figure. With him is Louis Papa, Modena's stepson. Louis was the son of Modena's Flathead Indian wife, John, and a French voyageur. At right, Jack, sub-chief of the White River Utes and one of the instigators of the White River Agency massacre. Mariano Modena carried one of Jack's bullets in his body—the only one of six he carried that was never avenged.

Photo by Harold M. Dunning





Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

solitude was broken only by migratory Indians, buffalo, elk, deer and other game. True, thousands of Spanish and American troops, explorers, trappers and emigrants had crossed portions of the valley, camped by the stream and rested their weary horses in the cooling shadows of the pines. But not a single white man had lingered to put down roots. Only one had stayed before Mariano, and his was a lonely grave on the stream about three miles west of what is now Loveland. A headstone, crudely carved, read: "To the Memory of H. L. W. Peterson. Aged 24 Years. Was Killed by Lightning June 13, 1854." Nothing else is known of poor young Peterson. It is surmised he was an emigrant and his train passed on after giving him proper burial.

SIX YEARS after this desolate grave was dug Mariano returned to the place of his dreams. Past fifty, but still lithe and erect and with hair as black as the jet beads he wore (and it stayed untinged by gray until the day he died), Mariano came up from the San Luis Valley with his squaw wife, five children, a retinue of servants and *vaqueros*, and numerous cattle and horses. Mariano had not been idle in the years between his first sight of the clear waters of the Big Thompson and his arrival to make it his home.

Usually a man of great control, unless he was drinking, Mariano had had trouble with a Flathead Indian brave and killed him. He fled the Walla Walla country with John and Louis and went to Fort Bridger. Here he traded with drivers and immigrants on the California trail, buying sore-footed stock at bargain prices. He amassed a lot of beef in this fashion and supplied it to the post, which paid generously.

Mariano Modena also worked as a scout, at first intermittently and then on a regular basis. In 1857 he went with Jim Baker for supplies for the fort and later joined other expeditions. As a chief scout he put up with no nonsense from unruly soldiers who had been misled by his small stature, and his disciplinary actions were tough. He made enemies. So after about nine years at Bridger he became a wanderer again.

A frontiersman later recalled in an early-day interview an encounter with Mariano's entourage not long before the latter arrived in the Big Thompson area. The horseman had just made camp at a watering place in the Taos Valley when Mariano's party appeared.

"I saw this dude-looking Spaniard or Mexican named Mariano Modena. He had a squaw wife who was wearing a blanket and moccasins. Mariano had on a blanket coat with gay decorations of silk. On the road he rode in a dilapidated carriage with a pair of Hawken rifles within easy reach. The four horses were guided by an Indian who rode the right wheeler and directed the leaders with a jerk line."

Mariano was described as "a pompous little fellow who not only lived with Indians but had killed his share." This made him watchful as a hawk in case a buck sought revenge, though Mariano had the reputation of never killing an Indian if he could help it. As souvenirs of some of his encounters he carried six bullets in his body—five by assorted warriors and one from the gun of Jack, sub-chief of the Utes, who was to play

Photo by Harold M. Dunning

A part of the "fort" at Namaqua, Colorado, built by Mariano Modena in 1859 shortly after he moved into the Big Thompson Valley with his squaw wife, John, five children and a retinue of servants and vaqueroes.

a leading role in events leading to the Meeker Massacre at White River. Mariano had had his revenge on five. He was trying to avoid Jack because he was tired of trouble, especially the Indian kind. But he told some of his friends he was afraid that some day he would have to get Jack before Jack got him. Perhaps Mariano could have changed the course of history had he wreaked his revenge for the sixth bullet, for the Nicaagot White River sub-chief helped precipitate the crisis which resulted in the carnage at the White River Indian Agency and the capture of three white women.

Jack, considered by many the most intelligent of the White River Utes, lived for a number of years after Mariano's death, however. He was killed in 1882 by a mountain howitzer in the hands of a soldier who trapped him cowering in a tepee as he tried to evade arrest for a horse theft. But Jack didn't go down without his own revenge. He killed Sgt. Casey who, with five privates, was trying to arrest him.

MARIANO MODENA insured his long life with his Hawken rifle, which he affectionately called "Old Lady Hawkens." He never appeared without it. But after he became a dweller on the Big Thompson, though he always came to the door with his rifle, he came smiling. It was not until he knew death was near that he parted with the old lady. He gave it, the powder horn, shot pouch and other accoutrements to his close friend, Gen. A. H. Jones of Denver. General Jones' heirs presented the treasures to the Colorado State Historical Society in later years and Old Lady Hawkens is preserved for posterity.

Some said Mariano's Hawken killed more Indians than any gun in history. Mariano never said. He did say—lots of times—"Be careful and don't kill an Indian unless you have to." There was one Indian, however, whom Mariano was afraid of and that was John—when she was mad. This tall, muscular squaw really put the sign on the tough little man.

When Modena had arrived at the spot on the Big Thompson which pleased him most there was no one there to welcome him, to pry or to be astounded at his strange retinue. He had the wilderness to himself and he and John set about their new life as they chose—John in her blanket, two long black braids swinging down her back and Mariano bedecked in Spanish-Indian outfits, laced moccasins, big Mexican hat and flanked by Old Lady Hawkens. About them were their children, Louie Papa, Antonio, Marcellina, Martin and Rosita. And swarming all over the place were Mexican and Indian retainers and *vaqueros* whom neighbors later were to refer to darkly as "renegades whose dastardly deeds range clean to the border."

Mariano took up a squatter's claim on a tract of land three miles upstream from what one day was to be Loveland. He said often that his place would be the crossroads of the world. It was here that he built his cabin and it was here that four years later the home of his first neighbor, Antoine Janisse, was to be converted into an Overland Stage station and Mariano was to be known far and wide as a merchant, host and saloonkeeper.

Mariano prepared for lookout and siege as well as hospitality when he built his home. The cabins were made of heavy logs with the added security of a fortress-type stockade. Later, when he built his store and saloon, he made their walls of two-foot-thick adobe. There were loopholes to shoot through.

In the front of the building opposite the store was a tower and dovecote protruding about two feet above the rest of the structure. Mariano kept many pigeons. The buildings were all neatly whitewashed, which made them stand apart in that country of crude cabins and lean-tos. Above the story-and-a-half-high building was a balcony with a railing. Every Sunday, promptly at six o'clock in the morning, Mariano emerged, rang a gong and then draped on the rail a large rug with a bright-colored figure of a tiger on it. The rug was left out for several hours, then folded and brought in. Folks figured it was a call to some kind of Mass—they weren't sure whether Catholic or heathen-Indian, and they didn't dare ask. The balcony was Mariano's lookout on other days.

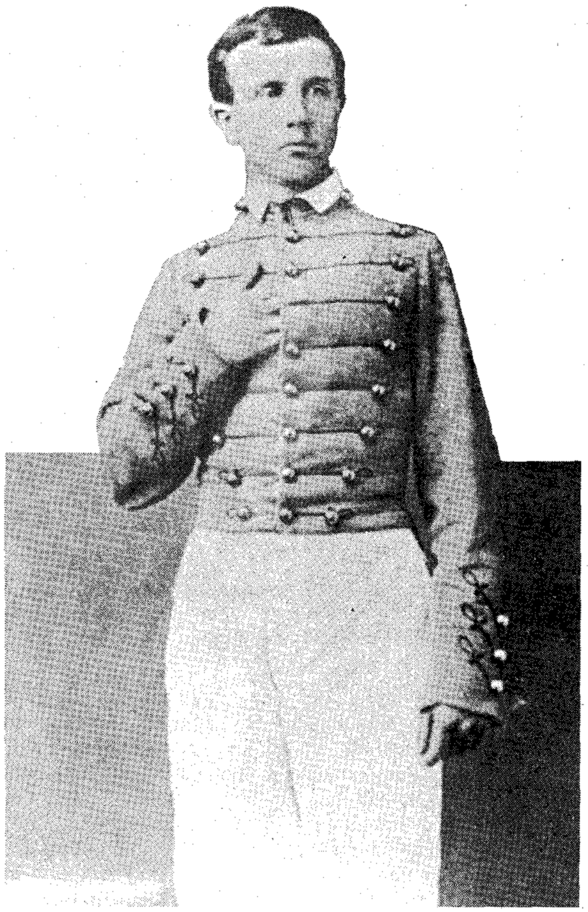
THE SOLITUDE which Mariano so craved was not his for long. Janisse came within a year after the little Mexican settled there and soon other folks found and fell in love with the valley. The Arapaho chief, Left Hand, with eight or ten tepees, camped on the south side of the river in 1862-63 about a mile and a half from Mariano. The Mexican never worried—he knew the tall, big-framed chief was friendly (if sober).

As others moved into the valley they found Mariano an accommodating neighbor as long as they minded their own business and asked no questions. It was all right with him if the womenfolks insisted on calling his squaw "Marie" or "Mary" instead of "that outlandish John." Mariano never talked much, and never against anyone. When his good friend, Kit Carson, visited him en route home from Washington, resplendent in black broadcloth and stovepipe hat, Mariano invited all the neighbors in to meet him and have a cup of cheer.

Life accelerated for Mariano and John when, four years after they came to the Big Thompson, the Overland Trail snaked by their place and a stage stop was opened just across the river. Owner Ben Holladay thought it best to abandon, because of Indian dangers, the North Platte route which ran from Nebraska across Wyoming to Salt Lake City. Today Highway 34 crosses the spot where the trail came through the Big Thompson valley from Denver. From the Denver end the route followed the old Cherokee Trail just outside the hogbacks from the Big Thompson to LaPorte, on through Virginia Dale and to the Wyoming plains. In the Big Thompson area the trail went up a gully now filled with a dike to make a lake. The trail traversed Mariano's land, and headquarters were set up across the river from his stockade. Wells Fargo built a huge barn and James Boutwell was the first station-keeper.

At first the whole setup was called Mariano's but later the station became Namaqua. This name has caused some botheration among historians simply because it appeared in such a strange place. It is variously defined as the name of an exotic, longtailed wild bird of Africa, also the name of the site of rich African diamond mines—hardly relevant to the Big Thompson. Harold Marion Dunning, who probably knows more about the Big Thompson country than any living man, says it is simply a matter of prefix and suffix (older variations) with *nama* meaning "near" and *aqua* meaning "water." Some say that because Mariano was a man of erudition, he named it. Others say Boutwell did. And still others say the first postmaster, Hiram J. Tadder, attached the sobriquet to his post office.

(Continued on page 44)



The CAPTAIN'S "INCOMPLETE"

By
HUGH KNOEFEL

Photos Courtesy Author

Captain Alfred Elliott Bates. Early photo shows him as West Point Cadet.

Dr. Lawrence Frost Collection

PURPLE HAZE at the close of day had begun to clothe the eastern foothills of Wyoming's massive Wind River Mountain range. Lengthening shadows crept toward Camp Brown, the small, new frontier army post located on Little Wind River near where Ft. Washakie now stands. Thirty-three-year-old Captain Alfred Elliott Bates, commanding a blue-clad troop of sixty-three men, Company B, 2nd U.S. Cavalry, gave an order to mount up.

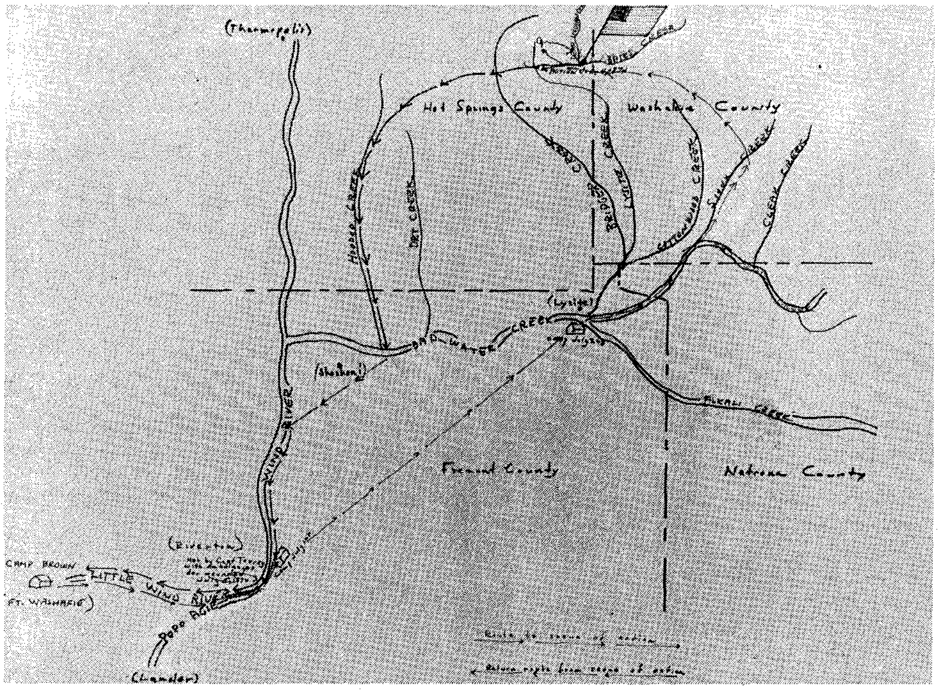
With sundown's last rays reflecting on polished uniform buttons, their campaign hats at jaunty angles, flag and guidon bearers sitting proud and erect in their saddles, the command moved off, its colors fluttering with the horses' motion.

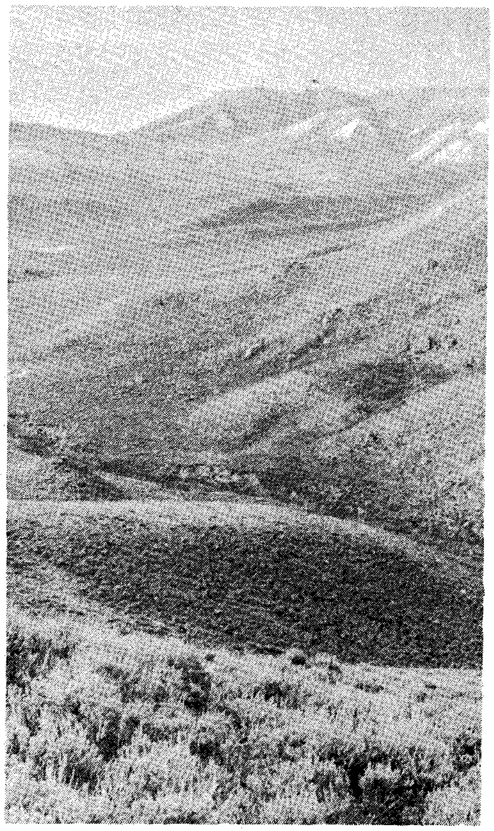
The cavalry troopers were accompanied by 167 Shoshone Indians under Chief Washakie, 20 Shoshone scouts under command of Lt. R. H. Young, 4th Infantry, and two or three civilians, one of whom was named Cosgrove.

It was 8 p.m., July 1, 1874. The punitive expedition leaving Camp Brown was

Map below indicates route of command to and from battlefield located on border between Washakie and Hot Springs Counties, 37 miles southeast of Worland, Wyoming. At right, the peaceful badland valley at the junction of Dead Indian and Bates Creeks was the site of a battle, July 4, 1874, between hostile Arapahoes and U. S. Cavalry troopers led by Capt. Bates. Creek banks were lined with 112 lodges. Sandstone butte at upper right, rising 500 feet above the valley, provided haven for retreating Indians who fired from the protection of a boulder-strewn slope on troopers invading their village. Signal fires were lighted on top of butte. Troopers' charge began down gentle slope (upper left) and continued down Dead Indian Creek toward junction with Bates Creek (foreground).

Map by Author


(Thermopolis)
Hot Springs County
Washakie County
Bates Creek
Dry Creek
Bridger Creek
Lysite Creek
Cottonwood Creek
Clear Creek
(Lysite)
Badwater Creek
(Shoshoni)
Wind River
Fremont County
Natrona County
(Riverton)
Camp Brown
Little Wind River
Ft. Washakie
Popo Agie
(Lander)
Route to scene of action
Return route from scene of action



When you've routed an entire Indian village by 8 a.m., what do you do the rest of the day? Well, you should hunt down the survivors, kill every pony, destroy every thing burnable —that's what!

VICTORY

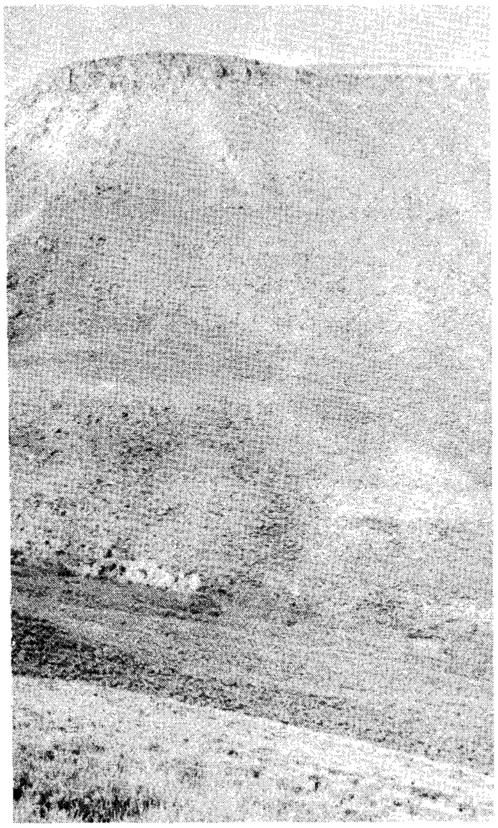
to engage a band of Arapahoes who had been plaguing Wind River and neighboring valleys.

Traveling down Little Wind River, the expedition made camp before daybreak about three miles below its mouth. They were thirty-one miles from the post; two or three miles northeast of present-day Riverton.

After remaining concealed throughout the following day, the command left again at 8:30 p.m., making a rapid march of forty-five miles to the east and a little north. Camp the second morning was pitched on Badwater Creek, a short distance downstream from the present location of Lysite.

It was now the morning of July 3. Again the troops and their allies remained hidden throughout the day. That evening at 8 o'clock march was resumed.

Shoshone scouts had informed the commanding officer of Camp Brown that the hostile band could be reached in two days—an estimated distance of eighty miles. As the crow flies, it was very nearly correct. But the route taken by the expedition was circuitous and somewhat farther.



Undoubtedly there was some excitement—perhaps trepidation—among the young captain and the soldiers under his command. For all realized that somewhere near, in the gathering darkness, Indian enemies were camped. At least information conveyed by the scouts so indicated.

Moving north and east, Bates' command approached the eastern extension of the Owl Creek Mountains where they join the southwestern tip of the Big Horn Mountain range. The route of march probably proceeded from the night's camp farther upstream on Badwater Creek to a point where it intersects Sioux Creek.

It is reasonable to assume that Bates led his troops from that point up the latter creek, past the present site of Lost Cabin, thence across Sioux Pass. Gaining the high grassy plateau, his course turned to the northwest. In Bates' official report he said, "After about 32 miles march the trail led into beautiful country on the north side of the mountains covered with a very luxuriant growth of grass and well-watered with small springs which discharged their water to the north. Our course then turned to the west and north, in which direction we moved, until we found the village after a march of 40 miles."

DAWN of July 4 had begun to break when the expedition came upon two stray ponies. With this discovery they knew hostile Indians were camped in the immediate vicinity. Either the village had been moved since its location had been reported to the commander of Camp Brown or else Bates' scouts had missed it during the night. Slowing his forward march, the captain ordered his scouts to search for the encampment, thus losing about forty-five minutes of valuable time.

Soon it had become so light the command began moving into a ravine likely at the headwaters of Lysite Creek, for concealment. The scouts returned with information that the hostiles had been located in a deep valley about a mile and a half away, near where the two ponies had been found.

"Upon receiving the information," Capt. Bates stated in his official report, "the Shoshonees set up the most infernal yelling and shouting I ever heard from which they did not desist until the fight had commenced."

The expedition immediately reversed its course and moved easterly in the direction of the enemy village. About halfway, Bates halted his forces and rode forward to reconnoiter. The village consisted of 112 lodges in a ravine formed by Dead Indian Creek where it is intersected at right angles by Bates Creek. (The location is thirty-seven miles southeast of Worland on the boundary between Washakie and Hot Springs Counties.) As the troops moved forward, Capt. Bates observed to his left a high sandstone bluff standing some 500 feet above the camp. Large masses of rock had broken loose from the rimrock and had tumbled down the slope.

Photo Smithsonian Institution

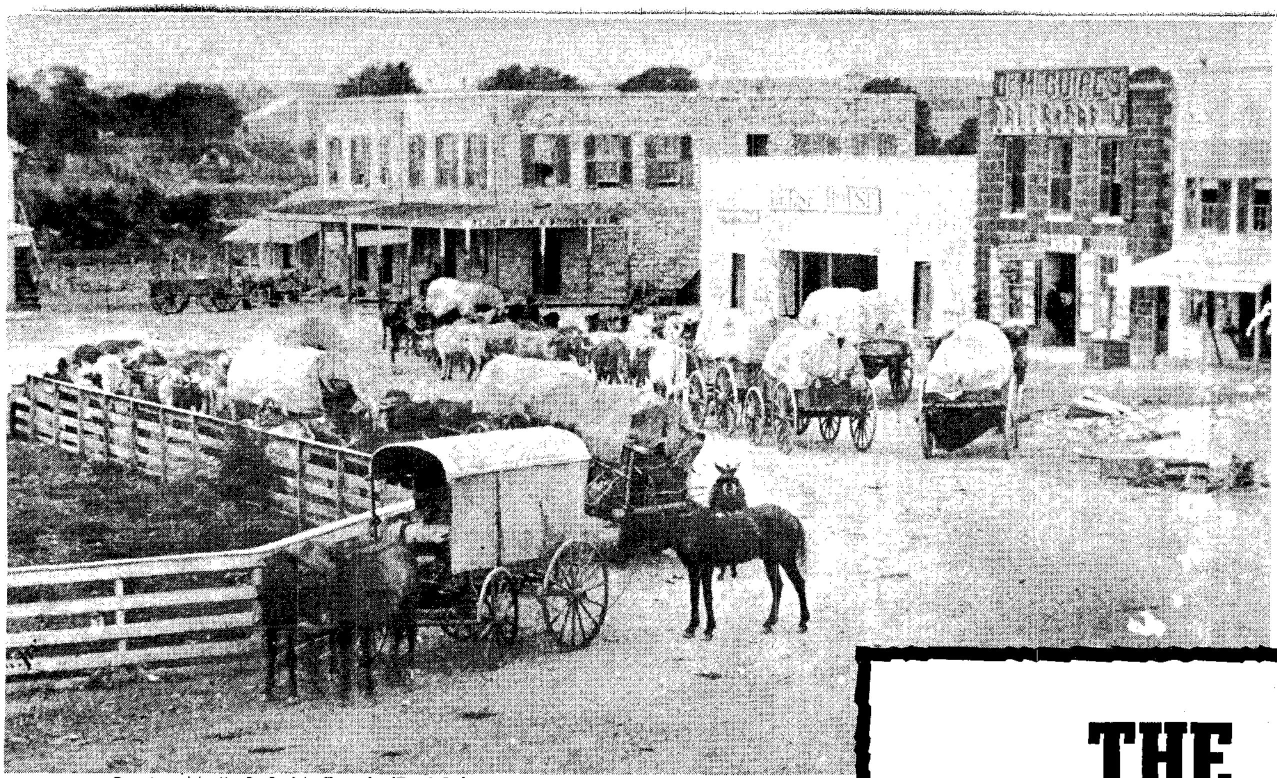
Washakie, one of the strongest and most famous Shoshone chiefs.

Although Bates realized it would be advantageous to occupy the heights above the village, time thus taken would permit the hostiles to be thoroughly prepared. Ordering the excited and noisy Shoshone allies to follow his troopers down into the position of the encampment, the command kept its course and halted about 500 yards to the rear of the enemy lodges.

Bates ordered the bugler to sound "Charge." It was then 7:30 the morning of July 4. Weapons ready, thirty-five troopers spurred their mounts to full gallop down a shallow sloping draw and into the hostiles' camp. The balance of his men were left behind to hold pack animals and lead horses.

Capt. Bates' report described the initial action. "The village was by this time aroused and some of the Indians were cutting loose their horses and others preparing to fight. I found upon getting down into it that it was divided nearly through the center by a gully washed out of the center of the ravine which was about fifteen feet wide and ten or twelve deep. In this a great number of Indians had placed themselves and from it they opened a sharp fire on us as we approached, but fortunately without damage. We quickly drove them down through this gully where they were

(Continued on page 48)



Courtesy Madie B. Smith, Temple (Tex.) Telegram

Belton, Texas, early '70s.

THE COWTOWNS' VEST POCKET ECONOMY

Cowboys and drovers—the "seldom is heard a discouraging word" set—were free spenders, but when the long drives stopped, trail towns dried up

By J. M. SKAGGS

Courtesy West Texas Historical Association Year Book

BUCK WINTERS, a cowboy who was driving cattle from Texas to Dodge City, Kansas, awoke one morning, checked his pockets, and discovered that he was broke. He related this bit of news to one of his companions who immediately reminded Winters he had had fifty dollars only the night before. Then Winters, scratching his head, began to clear the cobwebs from his mind. He recalled his night on the town in which he had visited three saloons and bought drinks around for everyone there at a cost of ten, ten, and fifteen dollars per round. His friend accurately noted that Winters had only accounted for thirty-five of the fifty dollars. Winters, unabashed, concluded, "I us [*sic*] gettin' pretty drunk. I'm afraid I must have spent the other fifteen dollars foolishly."

On such foolish spending, many a trail town based its economy. The sharp report of a pistol shot, the shattering crash of breaking glass, the rowdy noise from saloons where tired and dusty drovers drank cheap whiskey and conversed with loose women about longhorn cattle (and other subjects not so delicate), although not characteristic of a stable society, constituted good evidence that a trail town was thriving economically. Should the nights become peaceful, then the community stood in financial peril. Since each trail herd sold on the northern market funneled hard cash into the towns along the cattle trails, as well as into the area from whence it came, trail traffic created a fluid economy for many frontier villages.

Blessed with a product which could transport itself to market, cattlemen nevertheless found a sizeable investment necessary to trail a given herd northward. Ranchers used a rule of thumb for estimating cost: about sixty cents per head for every 1,500 miles traveled. A federal government study in 1886 estimated the cost at about seventy-five cents per head, while the XIT itemized its expenses, less the initial cost of the livestock, for a 2,000-head drive during the 1880's at:

wages	**$1,340.00**
chuck bill	**386.27**
watering expenses	**48.00**
other	**27.23**
total	**$1,801.50**

Of this amount, only the $386.27 food bill was disbursed primarily, but not entirely, at the point of origin. The drover was paid his salary, less what he had borrowed against it, upon reaching the railhead. Watering and "other" expenses, including the frequent charges made by Indians for allowing cattlemen to graze their trail herds on the reservation, were contracted along the way. Thus, of the total cost of a drive, about eighty per cent was spent in an area north of the point of origin.

A TRAIL TOWN existing far west on the frontier, away from the stabilizing influence of farmers, frequently found it absolutely necessary to cater to the delights of the cowboys. Joseph G. McCoy, founder of the Abilene, Kansas, stock yards and observer of many of the wildest trail towns, characterized such settlements as "sin holes":

"And with them [gamblers] are always found their counterpart in the opposite sex; those who have fallen so low, alas! how low! They, too, are found in the frontier cattle town; and that institution known in the west as the dance hall, is there found also. When the darkness of night is come to shroud their orgies from public gaze, there miserable beings gather into the hall of the dance house, and 'trip the fantastic toe' to wretched music, ground out of dilapidated instruments. . . . In[to] this vortex of dissipation the average cow-boy plunges with great delight. Few more wild, reckless scenes of abandon and debauchery can be seen on the civilized earth, than the dance hall in full blast in one of the frontier towns."

Since cowboys tended to spend their money wherever they happened to be, it is not difficult to understand why bitter rivalries occasionally developed between towns for the lucrative trail business. In 1876, better than 300,000 Texas cattle were driven to market, and the following year was almost as good. The problem was that by 1877 two separate cattle trails existed—the Chisholm Trail in east-central Texas and the Western Trail just west of the ninety-ninth meridian.

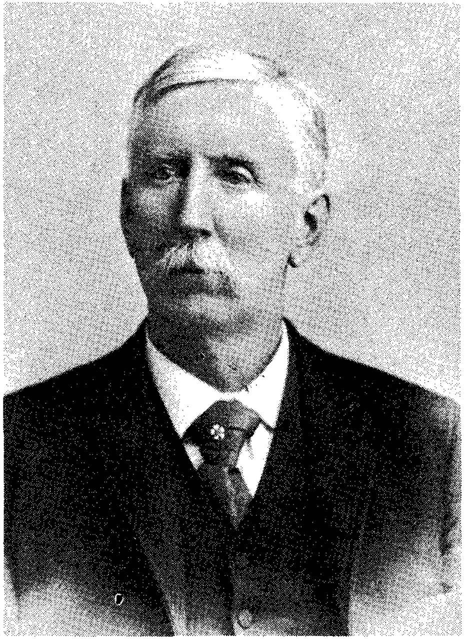
In order to capitalize upon the drovers' spending, vigorous communities on each route sought a lion's share of the traffic. One of the more intriguing skirmishes developed in 1877 between Fort Griffin and Belton in Texas. Merchants from Fort Griffin sent advance agents to points just south of Belton, and they used all the tactics at their command to encourage cattlemen to turn west and to take advantage of a relatively farmer-free route, thereby of course visiting Fort Griffin. Belton retaliated with similar methods and even enlisted the aid of Fort Worth businessmen who undoubtedly would benefit if drovers followed the Chisholm Trail through their city. Three-fourths of all the trail traffic that year remained on the Chisholm Trail, notwithstanding the efforts of enterprising Fort Griffin promoters. But thereafter the majority of the herds turned west, for the Western Trail, as advertised, was better suited by 1878 for cattle traffic.

THE LOSS of the cowboy's money could be disastrous. Abilene, for example, had been one of the earliest and most prosperous of all Kansas railheads. Joseph McCoy reported that in 1867 Texas money had transformed it almost overnight from a sleepy farming hamlet into a boisterous, active city. Profits, however, failed to compensate for the outright bawdy and otherwise questionable characters who soon located in the community. By 1871, local groups were diligently seeking to evict the cattlemen in order to cleanse the city of sin and degradation. The newspaper leaped onto the bandwagon and advised drovers not to return with their herds in 1872. Newton, Kansas, recently reached by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, however, was anxious to have the business; therefore, in 1872, because of encouragement from Newton and in order to get away from the hated "sodbusters" of Abilene, drovers abandoned that railhead. By the spring of 1873, four-fifths of the business establishments in Abilene were vacant, and by midsummer, petitions begging the cattlemen to return were widely circulated among the townspeople. Unfortunately for Abilene, the damage had been done.

Such privations were not unique to Abilene. Dodge City, the last of Kansas' rip-roaring cattle towns, almost died in

(Continued on page 58)

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



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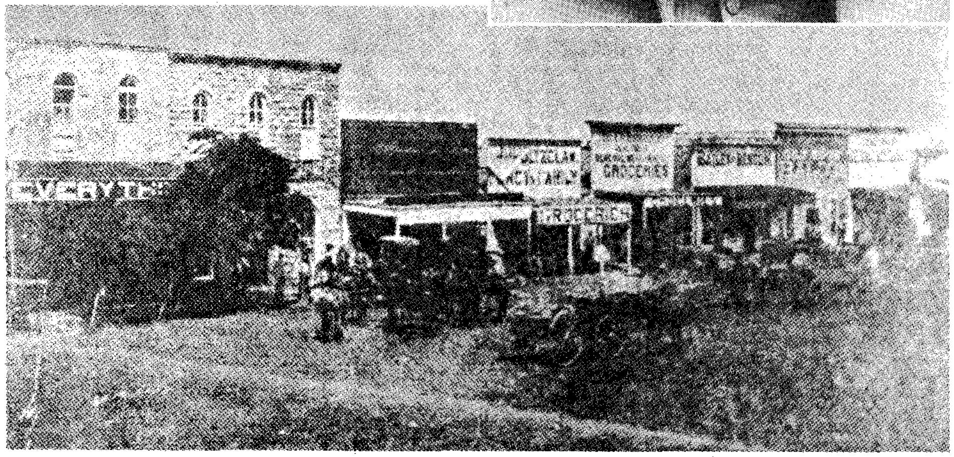
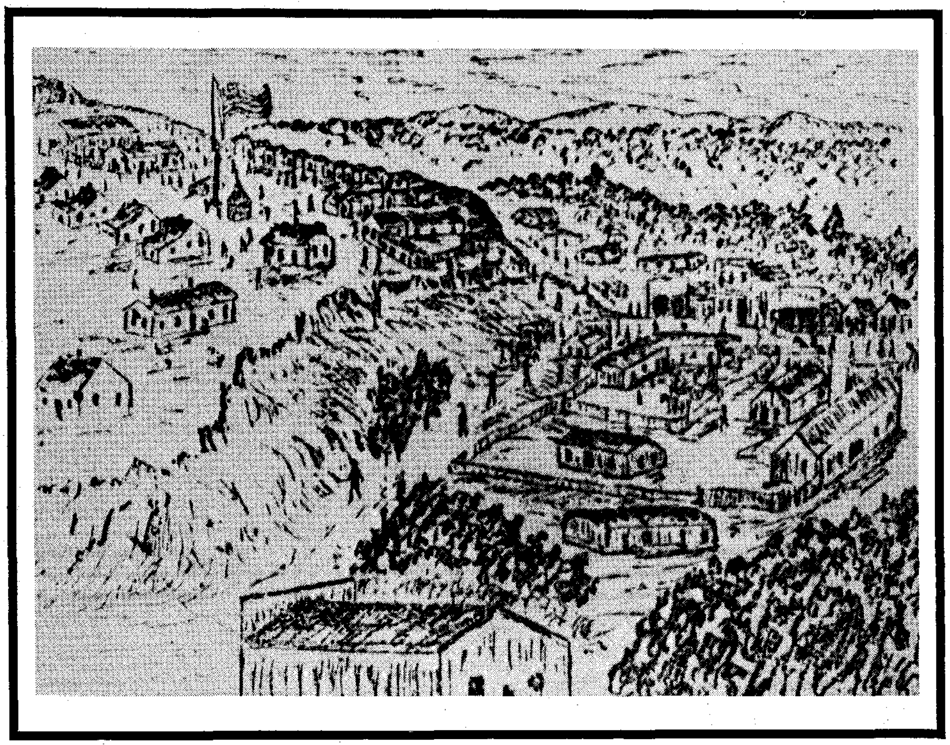
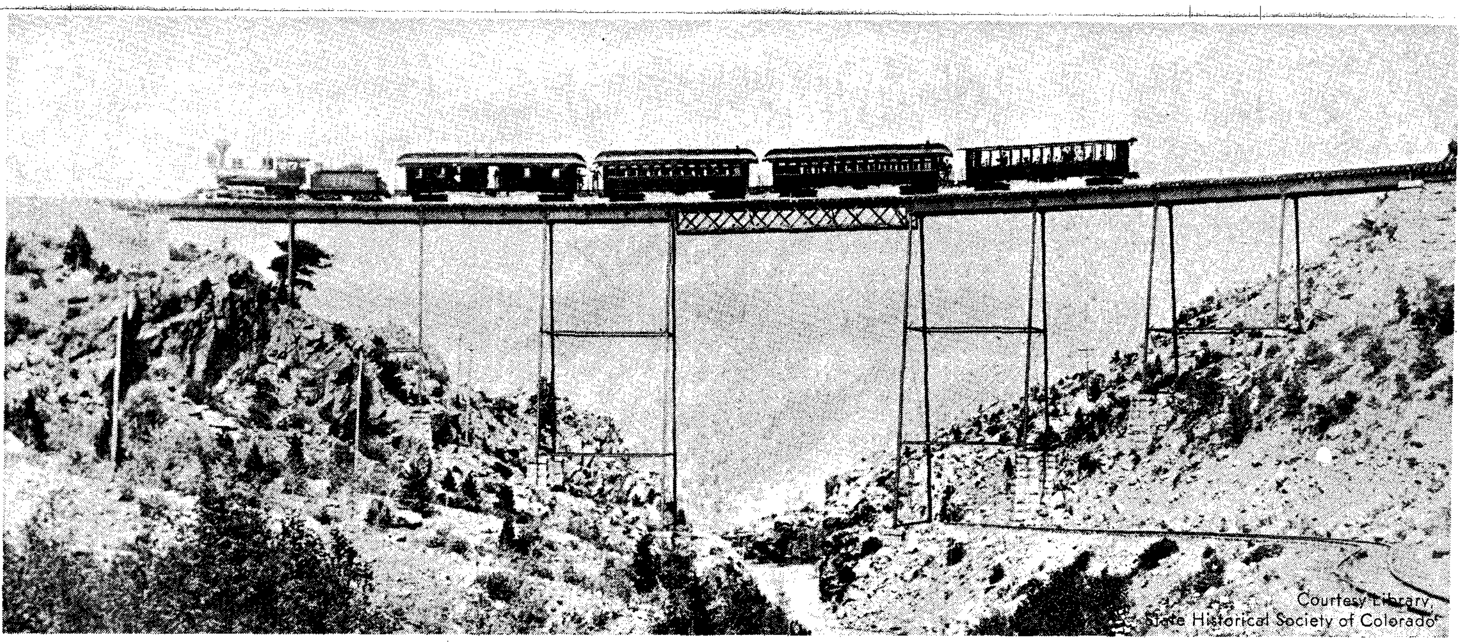
Lubbock



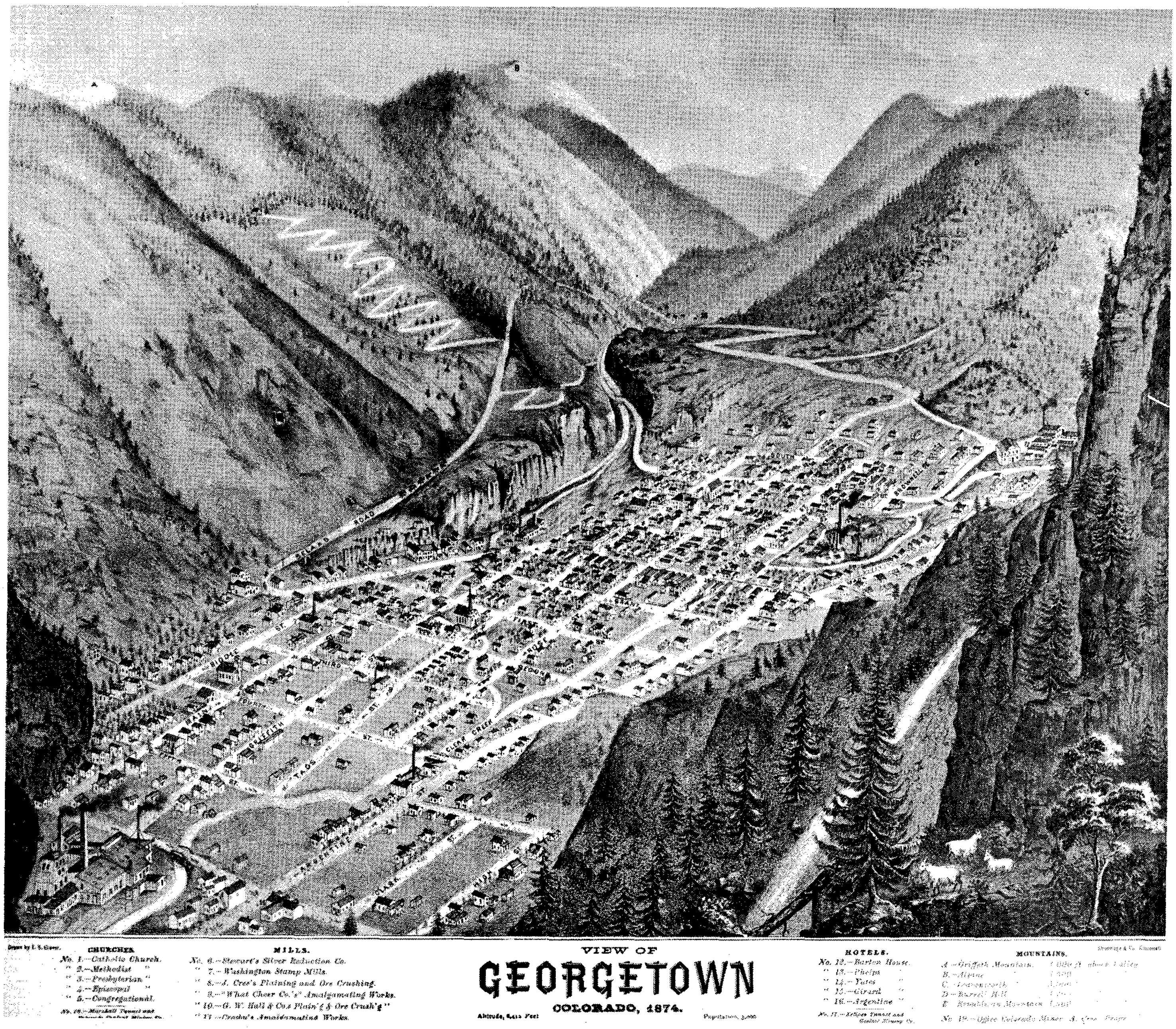
Top photo, Joseph G. McCoy. Above, downtown Coleman, Texas about 1882. The "Gilt Edge Saloon," a popular drover hangout, can be seen at the right. Below, an artist's view of Fort Griffin, Texas, in 1876. The "Flat," with its numerous saloons, was located below the military post and can be seen on the right.





Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

She Rivaled Denver for a Little While

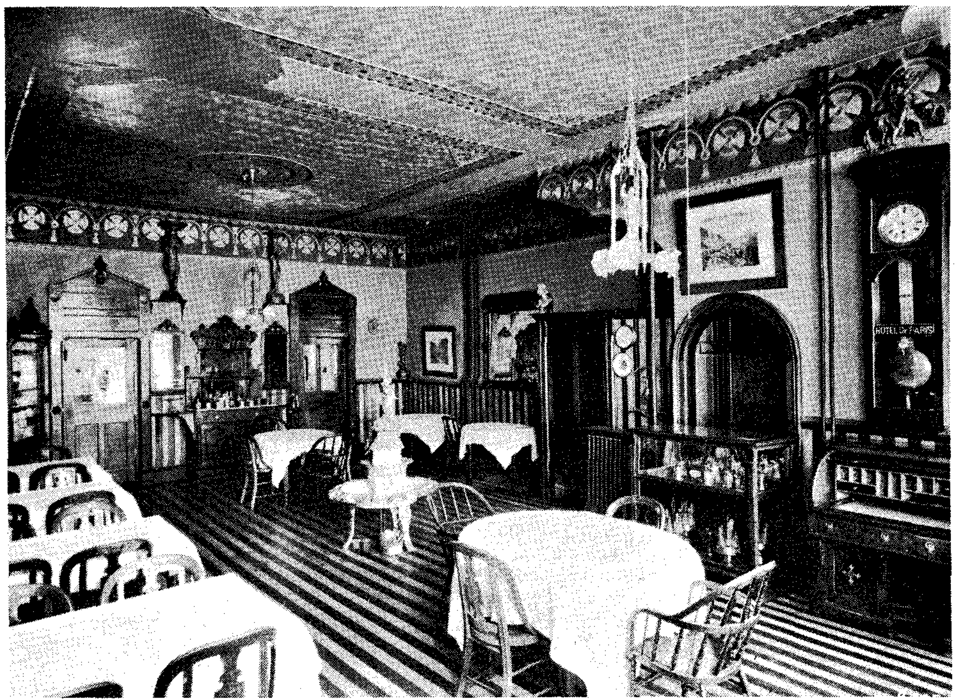


Drawn by E. S. Glover.
CHURCHES.
No. 1.—Catholic Church.
" 2.—Methodist "
" 3.—Presbyterian "
" 4.—Episcopal "
" 5.—Congregational.
No. 18.—Marshall Tunnel and Colorado Central Mining Co.
MILLS.
No. 6.—Stewart's Silver Reduction Co.
" 7.—Washington Stamp Mills.
" 8.—J. Cree's Plaining and Ore Crushing.
" 9.—"What Cheer Co.'s" Amalgamating Works.
" 10.—G. W. Hall & Co.s Plain'g & Ore Crush'g "
" 11.—Crosby's Amalgamating Works.
VIEW OF
GEORGETOWN
COLORADO, 1874.
Altitude, 8,412 Feet
Population, 3,000
HOTELS.
No. 12.—Barton House.
" 13.—Phelps "
" 14.—Yates "
" 15.—Girard "
" 16.—Argentine "
No. 17.—Eclipse Tunnel and Garibaldi Mining Co.
MOUNTAINS.
A.—Griffith Mountain.
B.—Alpine
C.—Leavenworth
D.—Burrell Hill
E.—Republican Mountain
No. 19.—Office Colorado Miner.
Strobridge & Co. Cincinnati

"An impossible feat"—Georgetown's loop —was completed in 1877, connecting the mountain city's mines with Denver. The right of way for this high-trestled approach (pictured at left) was surveyed by Captain E. L. Berthoud, for whom Berthoud Pass is named. Construction of the scenic circular line was interrupted frequently when workmen, after a day or two at the job, slipped away for the greater security of Denver's bars. At its highest points, the trestles lifted the railroad 300 feet above the valley floor.

By GLADYS L. SAVAGE

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

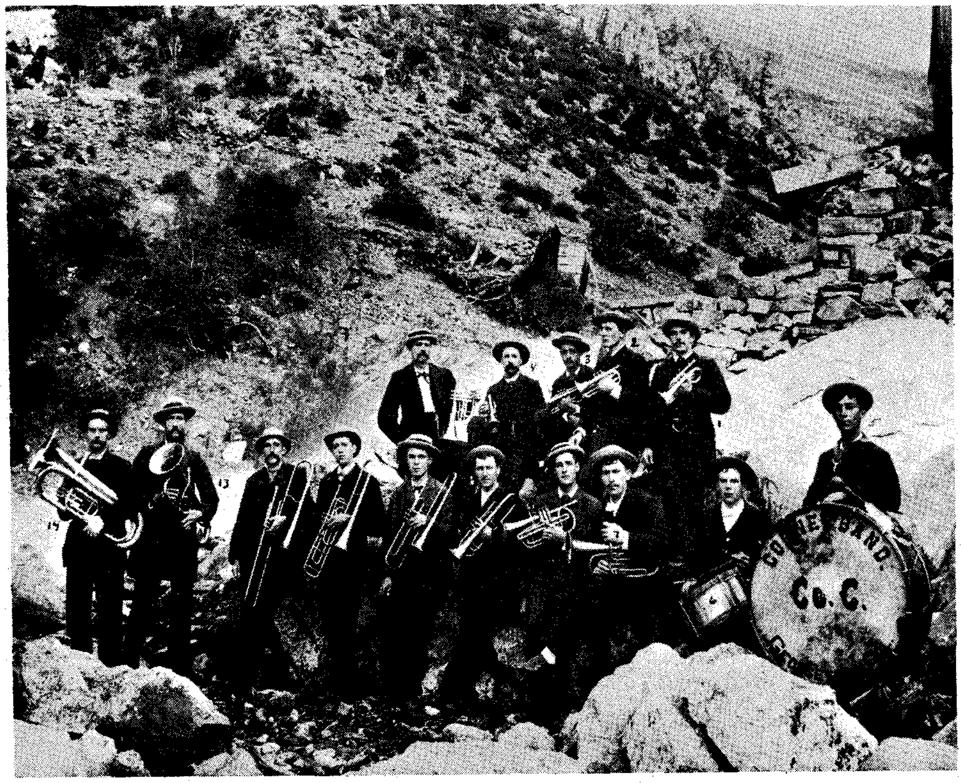
The dining room of the Hotel de Paris has been restored to its 1880 elegance. The owner, a Frenchman who had come to the valley as a visitor and decided to stay, constructed the exterior of stone and accepted as "guests" only those he considered worthy of his establishment. Meals were served on exquisite china imported from France; President Grant and nobility from several European countries are reputed to have enjoyed the hotel's hospitality.

Right now—high in the mountains— is a little pocket of elegance as far as "ghost towns" go

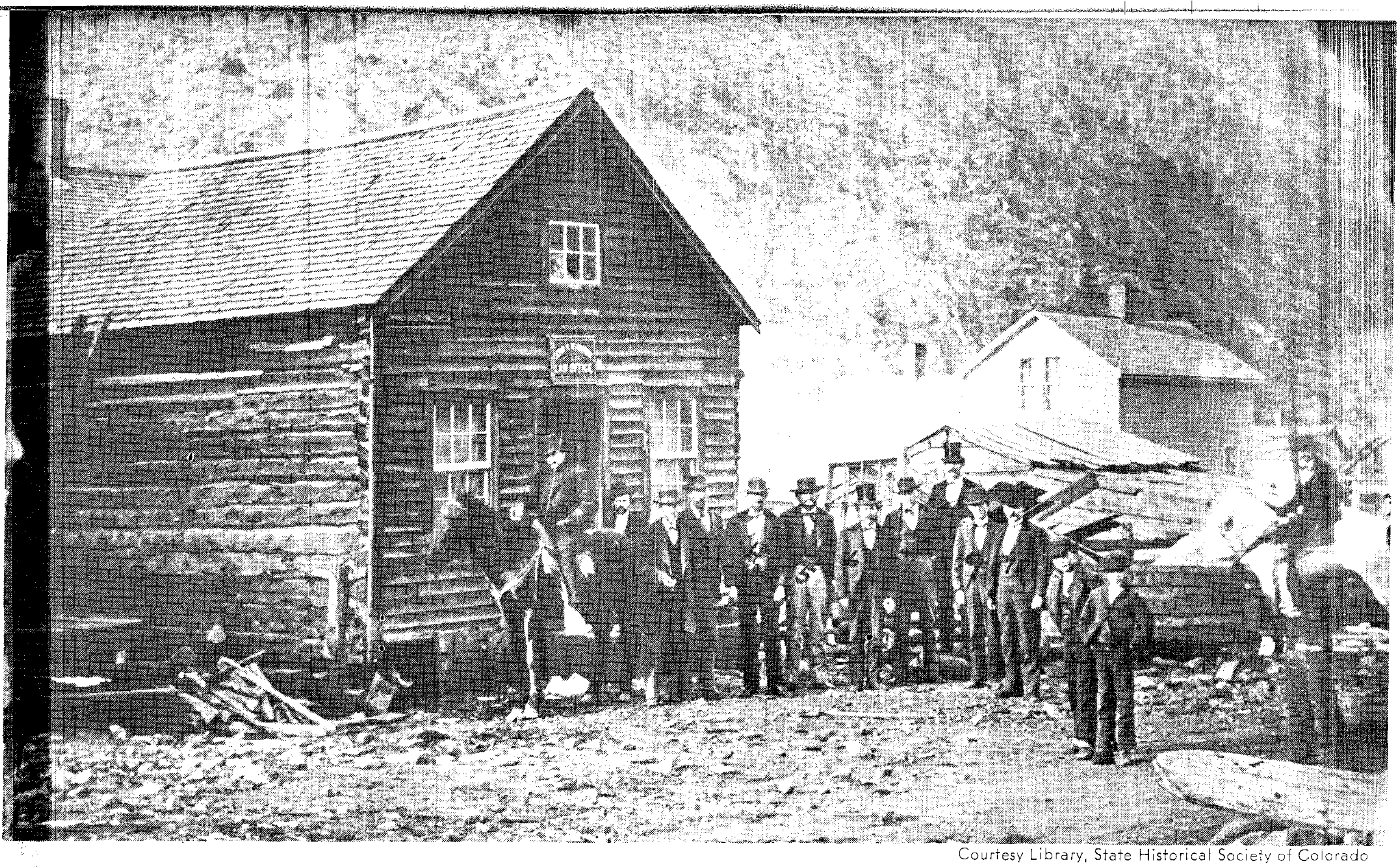
Old print at left shows Georgetown at its zenith, 1874. Six big mills were in operation, and there were five churches, five hotels, and innumerable saloons. Griffeth Mountain, on the far left, was named after the town's founders. Alpine Peak, snowcapped and in the center of this view, towered 3,500 feet above the town, which itself was 8,400 feet above sea level. Leavenworth Mountain, site of General F. J. Marshall's mine and tunnel, is on the far right.

Cornet Band, about 1890. Front, left to right: Lew Saouthoff, A. B. Ray, Bill Emmons, Harry Post, Royal Hogan, John Rodda, Ely Fisher, Ed Thompson, Ray McCail, and Will Rodda. Rear, left to right: Unidentified, Toll Reynolds, John Duncan, John Conway, and A. Barmettler.

Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado



The first instrumental music to gladden the hearts of Georgetown's miners was probably a wandering goldseeker's fiddle. But as prosperity swelled the town's population, more "genteel" amusements replaced the Saturday night get-togethers. Brass bands were organized, tunes were practiced before they were performed, and real balls were staged in the largest hall in town. Because of the big influx of Irish miners, St. Patrick's Day was one of the year's most uproarious events. But by the 90s the sponsors of the big dance were able to report that "charming ladies and men of extreme gentility and courtliness of style" graced the celebration. There was only one donnybrook that evening, and the Alpine Band broke it up with a loud and apparently not unpleasurable version of "Tramp! Tramp! The Boys Are Marching" on their silver cornets. Civilization had come to Georgetown!



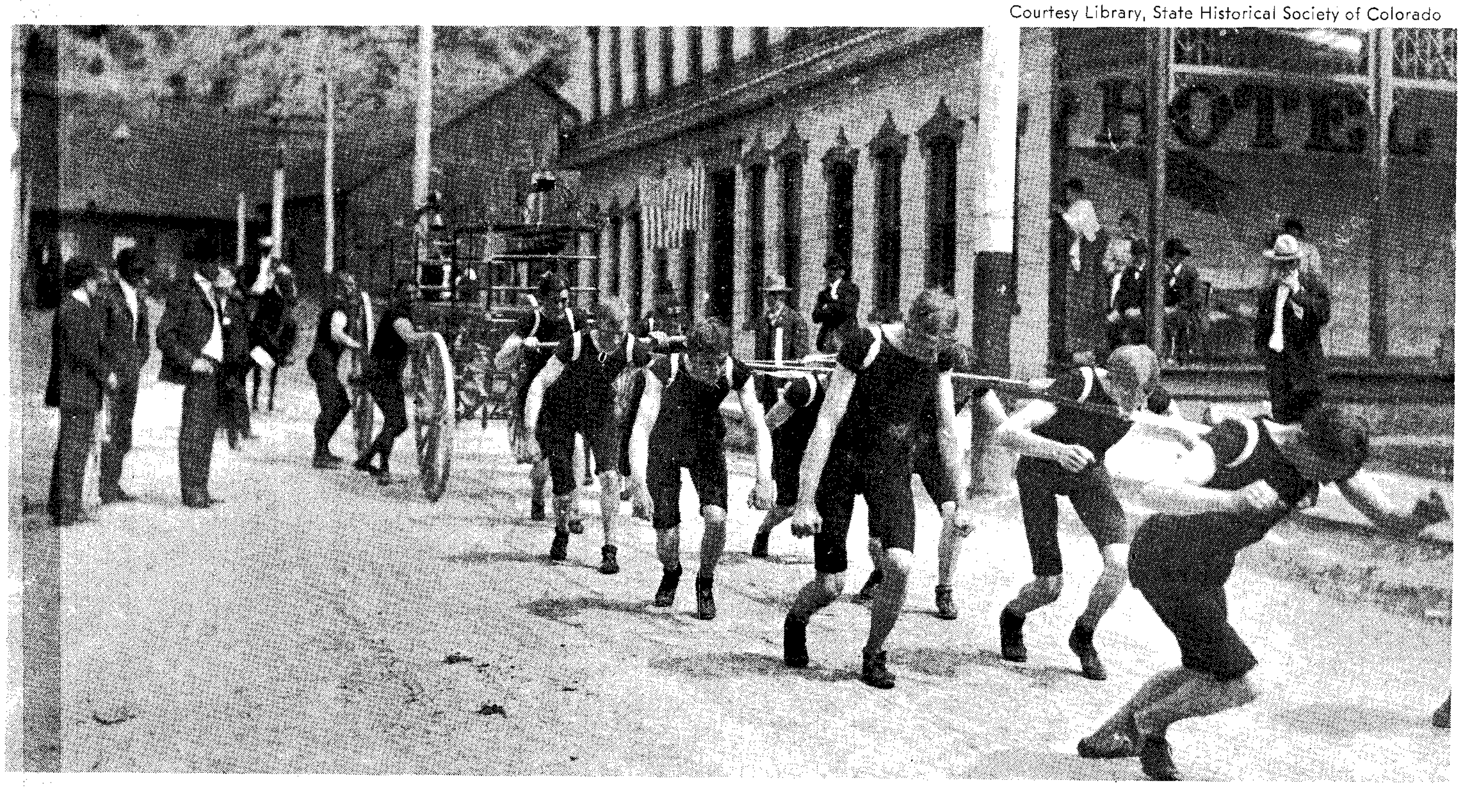
Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

Georgetown's first post office had become the law office of Edward O. Wolcott by 1874. This photo, labeled "Legal Fraternity of Georgetown, 1874" shows future U.S. Senator Wolcott, hand pocketed, sixth from the right. The town, scarcely ten years old in this photograph, already had two-story buildings with neat brick chimneys and fireplaces, stores, hotels, and all that went with civilization. Eastern writers depicted a different kind of wealth and refinement. One Iowa editor wrote, "We learn from a gentleman just returned from the Peak that the gold lies in bands or strata down the slope. The custom of the best miners is to construct a heavy wooden float with iron ribs similar to a stone boat; this is taken to the top of the Peak, where several men get in and guide it over the gold strata. The gold curls up on the boat like shavings and is gathered in as they progress. This is the usual method of collecting it." No photos are available of this operation, however.

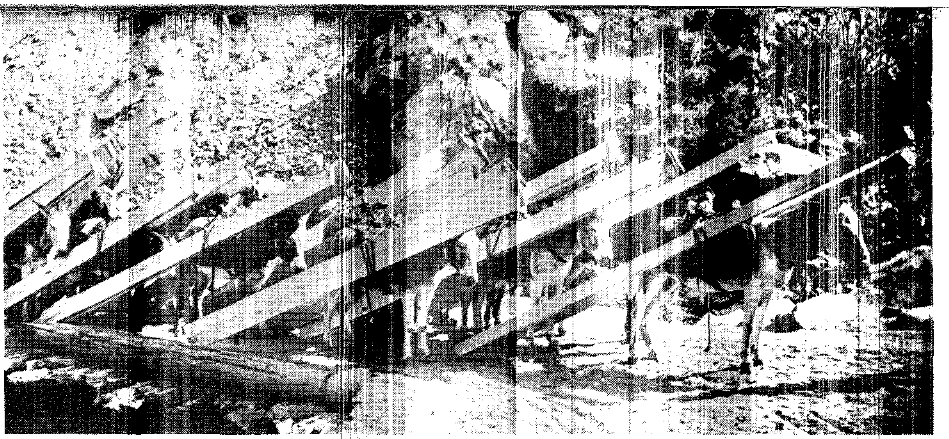
Below, miners of Georgetown, the "Silver Queen" of western Colorado's slopes, race past the La France Hotel during a Fourth of July celebration. The major mines sponsored hook-and-ladder and hose teams, and prizes were awarded the fastest contestants. Besides cash, the Alpine Hose Company reportedly accumulated a brass cannon, a silver teapot, two silver cornets, and a silk flag for winning races. Baseball games and jousting matches also were part of the holiday entertainment.

Those in the photo identified by Georgetown's old-timers include one of the two men seated on the porch, Fred Bromley (on the right), who lived in the town until his death in the thirties, and Charlie Branstetter, standing on the right and wearing a white hat. The only fireman identified was Cornelius Randall (in the lead position). The woman seated behind Bromley is Mrs. J. H. Burkholder.

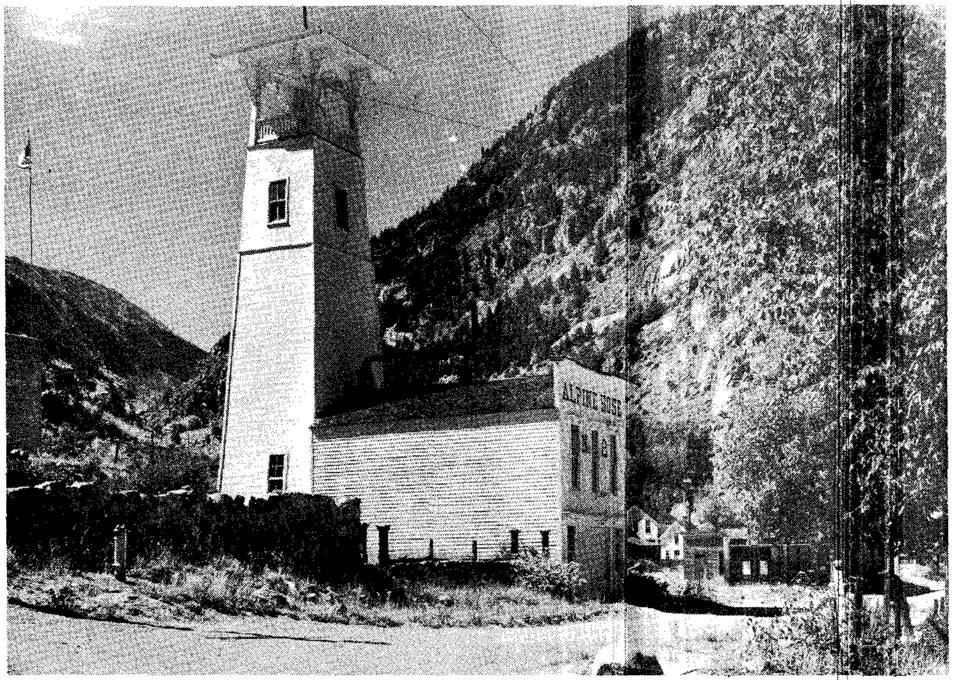
Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado



Colorful and quaint in its high mountain setting, Georgetown survives today. Only sagging rafters and dusty antiques remain from the prosperous mines of the late nineteenth century, but the little valley has kept its beauty and hundreds of travelers stop to visit each year. Two new dams are being constructed and new investors are examining the mines, whose death knell was the collapse of the silver market, not the total exploitation of the veins. Hopefully, Georgetown waits. Ore cart and fiddle again may echo against the now-silent hills.



Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

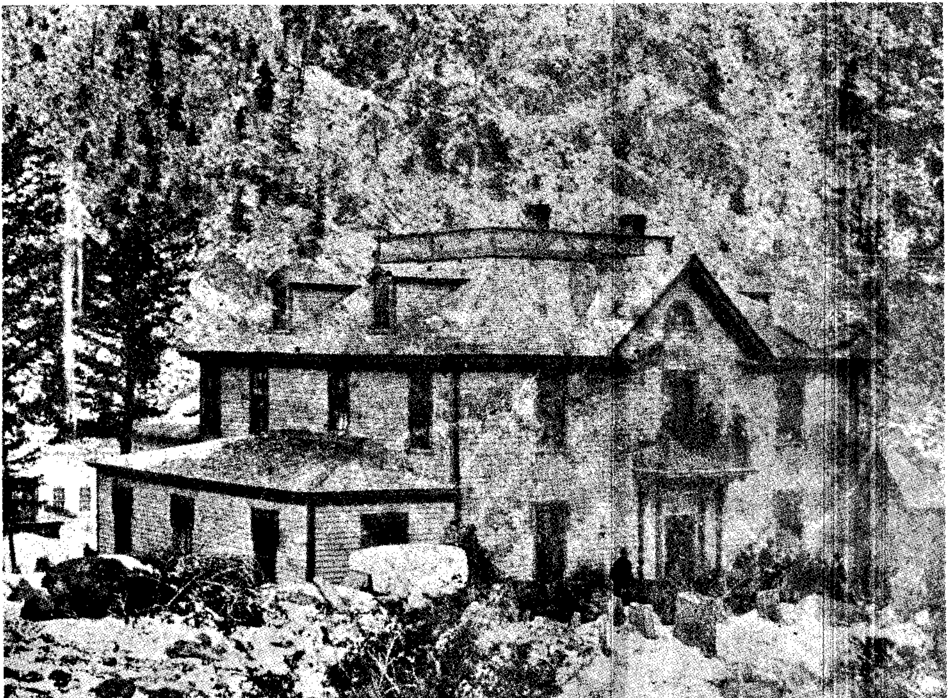


Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

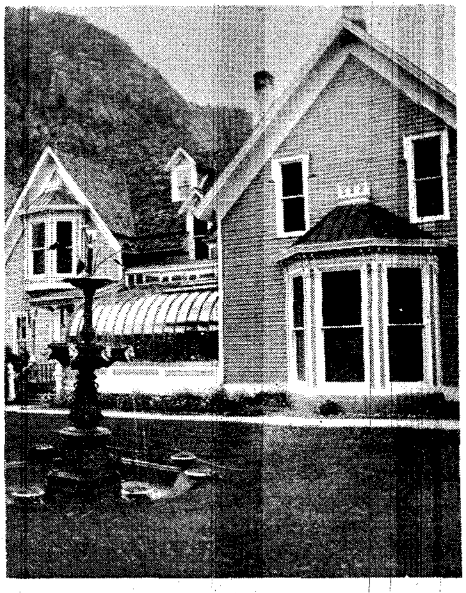
The first buildings in Georgetown were typical miners' cabins made of crude logs and chinked with mud. But soon after the first gold strike in 1859, mills, houses, and flues necessitated the creation of more complete lumbering operations. Planks manufactured in the new sawmills were transported by burro, since roads generally were nonexistent. The same little animals carried ore to the mills, although some of the mines high on the mountainside used tramways with ropes or expensive steel cables. By 1863 most of the high-grade gold ore had been removed and the little mills built by the town's founders were not powerful enough to handle the silver, lead, and other metals in the refractory ores. Big outfits from the East moved in, bringing trained engineers and heavy equipment. The crude mining town began to take on a look of permanence and prosperity.

The Barton Hotel, one of Georgetown's first. The photo below, by A. C. Hull, was taken about 1867. Georgetown was just emerging as the "Silver Queen" and actually was competing with Denver for prominence. Stage troupes playing the capital traveled on to Georgetown for performances. There were also travel lectures, animal acts, and old-fashioned melodramas, including "Nobody's Daughter," "Little Barefoot," and "Sea of Ice." A fine red coach, clean and polished, pulled by six beautiful white horses, hauled passengers to and from Denver.

Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado



Many of Georgetown's more prominent residents built beautiful and expensive homes in the valley. William Hamill's house (below), with its fountain, hand-carved bannisters, and beautifully furnished interior, is one of the finest. The Maxwell house nearby is still visited by architects and artists seeking examples of Victorian elegance. A visit to the homes and the recently restored Hotel de Paris makes visiting Georgetown a delight.

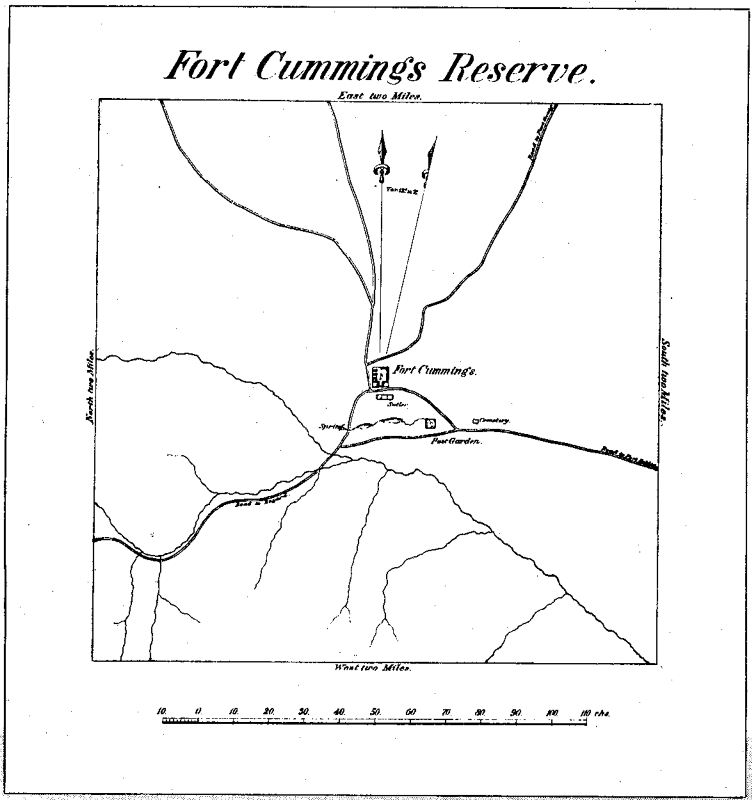


MANGAS COLORADO'S Favorite Ambush Site

By LEE MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy National Archives


Fort Cummings Reserve.
East two Miles.
North two Miles.
South two Miles.
West two Miles.
Fort Cumming's.
Sutler
Spring
Cemetery
Post Garden.
Road to Bayard
10. 0. 10. 20. 30. 40. 50. 60 70. 80. 90. 100. 110 chs.

THE LITTLE GROUP of raw adobe buildings, surrounded by an equally raw adobe wall that was Fort Cummings, New Mexico Territory, was an isolated and lonely outpost of civilization. Eight miles to the northwest, Cook's Peak, the tallest in the area, stood like a lone sentinel doomed forever to keep watch over a raw and savage land.

Off to the west, in a general direction, ran Cook's Canyon. It was not much of a canyon, as canyons go, only a nominally dry watercourse winding through a desolate stretch of foothills, but it was nevertheless one of the most crucial five miles along the southern immigrant trail to Arizona and California. It was a spot favored by wily old Mangas Colorado for the ambushing of immigrant trains, stages and express messengers, whether east- or westbound.

Cook's Canyon and Mangas Colorado's Apaches spelled out the reason for Fort

Left, original reserve of two square miles. "Road to Bayard" is immigrant road through Cook's Canyon. Below, ruins of old Fort Cummings near Deming, New Mexico. This adobe building was a hospital.

Courtesy New Mexico State Tourist Bure

Cummings' existence. Under orders of Brigadier General James H. Carleton, commanding the Department of New Mexico, the fort was established by Captain Valentine Dresher and his Company B, First Infantry, California Volunteers.

Throughout the West regular Army troops had been withdrawn from their small and scattered garrisons to participate in the Civil War. Emboldened by what they interpreted as retreat by the whites, the hostile tribes had stepped up the tempo of their attacks on the frontier. The result was death and destruction on every hand. Carleton and his California regiments, reinforced by a few local militia, were ordered to remedy the situation.

The site selected for Fort Cummings was a small hill-locked valley about a quarter of a mile from a marshy spring, now also bearing the name Cook. (Today Deming, New Mexico sits astride U.S. Highway 80, twenty miles southwest.)

When Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearny led his little army to the conquest of California in 1846 his second-in-command, Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, Second Dragoons, inherited the task of conducting the wagontrain of the expedition, shepherded by the 500-man Mormon Battalion. It was a toss-up whether the wagons or the Mormon recruits were the most difficult to manage.

From Santa Fe, Cooke, doughty and irascible, marched south along the Rio Grande to the vicinity of present-day Hatch, where he swung southwest, closely paralleling today's New Mexico State 26 as far as Florida Station on the Santa Fe Railroad. Here he skirted the southern shoulder of a division of the Black Range, passed a spring, long an Apache camping spot, and then continued on a slightly southwest course through a winding four- or five-mile-long canyon to a crossing of the Mimbres River, thence on southwest to the Arizona border.

It was a wild and little-known country. Cooke and his recalcitrant little band literally were trail breakers. Today this march and the indomitable officer who singlehandedly forced the party to a junction with Kearny in California are commemorated by the Cook's Range of mountains, Cook's Peak, Cook's Spring and Cook's Canyon, those landmarks that he noted in passing. Somewhere along the line, no one seems to know why, the "e" was dropped from the name. But regardless of the spelling, there are few names in western history which have so completely dominated an area.

About three-quarters of a mile southeast of the spring, the immigrant road, established after the discovery of gold in 1848, approached from Mesilla and the east. Just before it dropped off a low pass into the little valley later harboring Fort Cummings and adjacent to the later site of the post cemetery, the Butterfield Overland Mail Company built a change station. This station was operative from 1858 until the line was abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861. Only the outlines of the old foundation remain to remind us of this first daring attempt to provide transcontinental mail and passenger service, and the venturous men who operated it. Cook's Canyon begins a few hundred yards southwest of the spring.

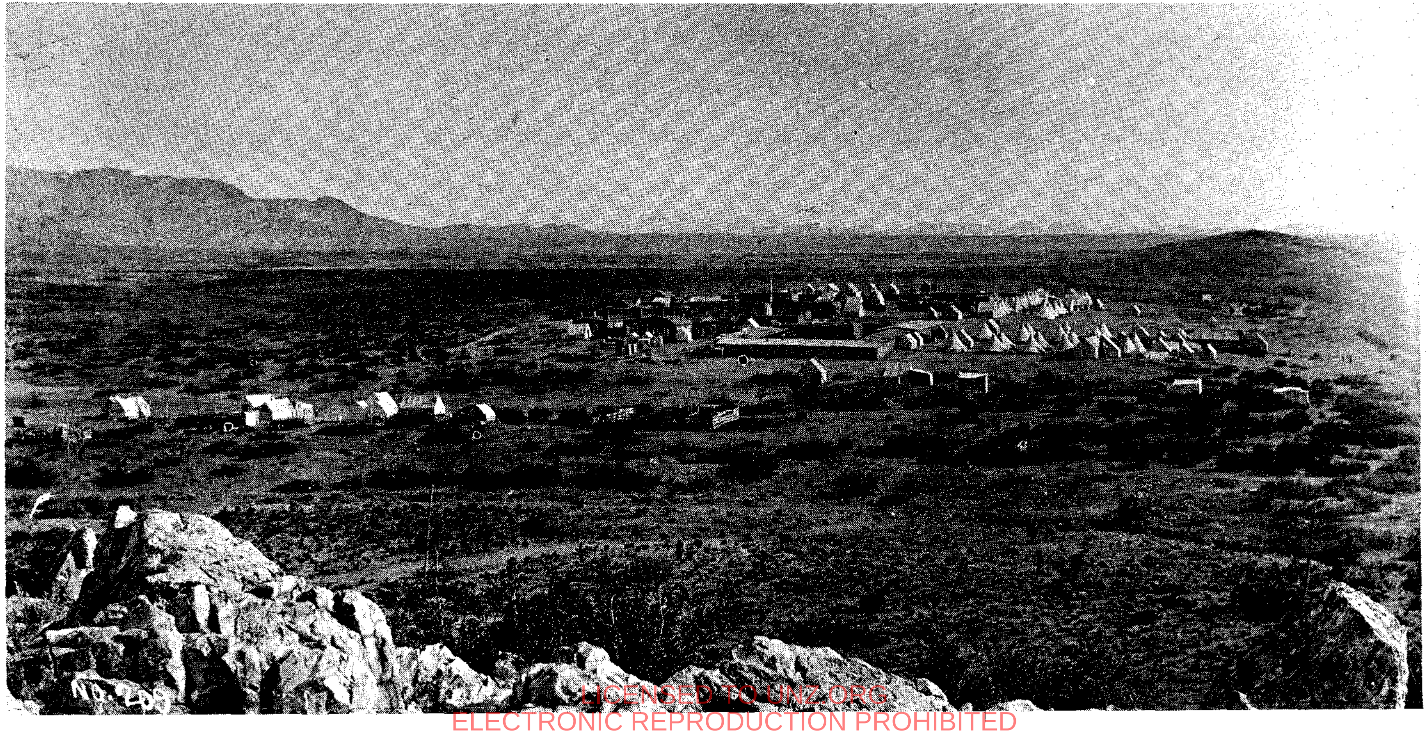
CAPTAIN DRESHER, his two lieutenants and sixty enlisted men, marching from Fort West on the Gila River, arrived at the intended site of Fort Cummings on October 2, 1863. They had their work cut out for them—to garrison Fort Cummings, guard the mail line through Cook's Canyon, and keep the area clear of hostile Indians. Quite often in the West, small far-flung forts were built by soldier labor and such was probably the case here during the first few months of construction. Later, civilian workers were to move in and take over the job. And this was well, for the sixty-three men of the military had escort, punitive and supply duties. (There would be many times later when the effective present-for-duty garrison of the post would shrink to a mere handful.)

At about the same time that Fort Cummings was established, at least in the same month, a sub-post was set up twenty miles west, where the immigrant road crossed the Mimbres River. This post was referred to often in official communications as Camp on Rio Mimbres. It also was garrisoned by units of California Volunteers and operated in close relationship with Fort Cummings.

For some reason construction of Fort Cummings did not get underway until December, for the first mention of the subject in post orders is dated on the 8th of that month, instructing Second Lieutenant Sidney R. DeLong, acting assistant quartermaster, to furnish a sufficient number of adobes for the "purpose of constructing *temporary* winter quarters for the troops, &c, stationed here."

(Continued on next page)

Cook's Canyon, considered the most crucial five miles on the southern immigrant trail, had only one thing going for it— Fort Cummings!



Fort Cummings, New Mexico, prior to abandonment in 1891.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

Second Lieutenant DeLong was also acting commissary of subsistence, post adjutant (which is another way of saying that he was the post commander's workhorse) and when the Captain, for any number of reasons, had to be absent from the post DeLong assumed command. He was a busy young man.

Fort Cummings was named for Major Joseph Cummings, First New Mexico Cavalry, who had been killed by Navajo Indians near Bonito Canyon, New Mexico, less than two months before establishment of the post. The fort was under jurisdiction of the Department of New Mexico, administered from Santa Fe.

Further division placed the post in the District of Arizona, headquarters at La Mesilla, on the Rio Grande sixty miles east. A little-known and short-lived post, Camp Johnson was located between Las Cruces and La Mesilla at this time and appears to have been the quartermaster and subsistence depot serving Fort Cummings.

Except for its close neighbor, Camp Mimbres, Fort Cummings occupied a very isolated area of mountains, desert and valley lands. Fort West, seventy-five miles west had been established several months earlier by Carleton's volunteers. Fifty miles northwest of Cummings a colony of hardy frontiersmen had begun a frantic scrabbling for placer gold at Pinos Altos and were being seriously harassed by the Apaches. Eight miles south of Pinos Altos the site of present Silver City was still an Indian campground. Fort Bayard, twelve miles southeast of Pinos Altos, had also not been established. Another six miles or so east, the Copper Mines, now Santa Rita with its huge open-pit copper mine, had been garrisoned in 1859 by a lieutenant and twenty-two men of the Mounted Rifles but it was apparently deserted by 1863.

About forty miles northwest of Fort Cummings a small adobe post, Fort McLane, had been established in 1860. It was abandoned in 1861 and the garrison moved to Fort Fillmore, near La Mesilla. In the early months of 1863 Fort McLane was temporarily reoccupied by Company A, First Cavalry, California Volunteers, but was soon abandoned again.

Two miles upriver from La Mesilla was the village of Las Cruces, and forty miles south was another village, Franklin, now El Paso, Texas. Going north from Las Cruces, along the Rio Grande River, Fort Selden, eighteen miles north, would be established in 1865, while Fort Thorn, a few miles farther on, had been abandoned in August of 1861. Fort McRae, later covered by the waters of Elephant Butte Reservoir, was established the same year as Fort Cummings.

Next in line upriver, Fort Craig, site of a vicious and bloody battle with the invading Confederates in 1862, occupied a lonely position some thirty miles south of present-day Socorro. Isolated as it was there was little to occupy the thoughts of Fort Cummings' garrison except duty and the passage of time. Even news from the southern battlefronts, belatedly arriving, was scarcely more than rumors and counter-rumors. Fortunately, duty left little in the way of leisure.

As FIRST BUILT, the fort was a rectangle, facing nearly north and south, with adobe walls at least 10 feet high and 320 by 360 feet in length. Its capacity was 100 officers and men and 65 horses and mules. That the Indian menace was acute is evident from the original plan of the post. It was the only walled fort in the Southwest at that time. All buildings, quarters, the guardhouse, offices, hospital, even corrals, were confined within the walls. Entering the fort through a sally-port in the center of the south wall a visitor would have found the interior very congested. Each building was located so that its outer walls were formed by the walls of the fort. The only windows opened into the interior—a matter of security. A flag pole was erected in the center of the enclosure and the parade ground surrounding it must have been small indeed.

Into this tight little enclosure, about the size of a normal city block, the garrison and its animals, horses, mules and beef cattle were crowded except when the herds were being grazed under guard. At night they were literally locked in for fear of Indian raids. It is well that this was done, for all too often the sunrise revealed fresh signs of prowlers under the very walls. It was claimed by men who served there that the Apaches even scaled the walls and stalked the shadows within the fort.

Special Order No. 74, 1869 is a case in point. "Owing to the unusual number of Indian outrages lately committed in the vicinity of this post, and especially the attempt to capture a sentinel on No. 4 post last night, a scout will be organized from the troops at this post to pursue and if possible punish these savages."

POST RETURNS for August, 1864, carry the first report of civilians employed by the quartermaster's department. The list totaled over a hundred, of which most were laborers engaged in construction of the post and its buildings. If the post could have been built entirely of adobe the builders' job would have been much simplified, but there were doors and windows to be framed and installed, bunks, furnishings and a multitude of other items to be made of lumber. There also had to be *vigas* to support the massive, flat, brush-and-mud roofs. The providing of this material and hauling it to the post fell to the lot of the soldiers.

Orders indicate that two separate trips were made with wagons to abandoned Fort Thorn to salvage poles from the roofs of the old buildings there. Another, and later, expedition of two non-commissioned officers and twenty-three men was sent to Pinos Altos for the same thing. Pinos Altos also supplied lumber for finishing.

There were many references in the post order book to expeditions (six-mule teams and wagons, always with armed escorts) to the cool and stately "High Pines" for roof poles. In December, 1864, Captain George Cook, New Mexico Volunteer Infantry, with twenty enlisted men, was ordered there for that job. They were to be rationed for twenty-six days and Captain Cook was specifically enjoined to " . . . urge this labor forward with the utmost dispatch and use every precaution in guarding against Indian surprises. . . ."

More than a month later Captain Cook was still engaged in the above labors, for Special Orders No. 3, 1864 Series, ordered First Lieutenant Dubois suspended from arrest so that he and twenty enlisted men could proceed to Pinos Altos to give aid to the captain. The second section of this order read in part: "If the Indians that he [Captain Cook] reports are still encamped in the vicinity when the party under Lieutenant Dubois arrives he will require them to accompany him into this post. Failing to comply with these requirements Captain Cook will wage war against them with his utmost ability. No procrastination will be allowed; if they desire peace let them exhibit it by coming at once to a military post and there surrender themselves prisoners; let them understand that under these circumstances they can have peace and protection and that this is the only condition under which they can procure peace, that we are at war against them and that we mean it! and that sooner or later they will be obliged to succumb to our will and power. If they consent to come into this post treat them kindly, otherwise with the additional force sent you I think you will be sufficiently strong to spare them not."

Anyone familiar with New Mexico history of this area will readily recognize in this order General Carleton's uncompromising Indian policy and singleness of purpose. He had been ordered to put an end to Indian atrocities in his department and, professional soldier that he was, he believed that the only solution was to fight fire with fire. The subjugation of the Indians and protection of travelers and settlers was paramount. Settlers were usually prompt to follow the establishment of posts on the frontier.

THE QUARTERMASTER department required teamsters, laborers, clerks, carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, painters, saddlers, packers, herders, woodcutters and guides from garrison personnel. There was also the subsistence department to be manned by cooks, bakers, butchers, laborers and clerks. The hospital required, besides the surgeon in charge, a steward, cook, matron and often one or more male nurses. The matron was a woman employe and the washing for the garrison was done by laundresses, usually the wives of enlisted men. On December 3, 1866, Major Julius C. Shaw, First Cavalry, New Mexico Volunteers, commanding the post, ordered: "All women at this post not authorized by regulations will be sent to Las Cruces, N.M., by the first opportunity. . . ."

Authorized by regulations were officers' wives, officers' servants, company

(Continued on page 73)

RUSTLING the RUSTLERS!

By COLONEL JOHN H. BRANDT

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
Frontier
Times

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Winfield, Kansas in the 1890s, when local citizens were finding that popular poaching trips south into Indian Territory could be costly as well as fun!

PERHAPS few of the present-day citizens of the State of Oklahoma [1927] peacefully enjoying their broad acres or living securely in their thriving cities, realize fully—if, indeed, they even know—what part the army of the late '80s played in clearing their territory of squatters and other undesirables just before the great homestead run which occurred on April 22, 1899.

At that time there existed in the place of the present state, two territories, the Oklahoma Territory and the Indian Territory. The entire section was overrun with squatters, men who had—without any authority—moved in with their families, cleared farms, and generally established themselves. In addition there were horse thieves, fugitives from justice, as well as cattle rustlers, moonshiners, and a general collection of outlaws. When Congress decided to open the Oklahoma Territory to homestead settlers, it became necessary to free the country of the element which held the land unlawfully. The army was called upon to do this work.

It was not altogether the people who lived unlawfully in the territory that gave us our greatest trouble, however. Some of the most thrilling ventures were met with in encounters with the solid citizens from the nearby border towns and cities.

It had long been the habit of the more wealthy businessmen of these cities to get together twenty to twenty-five people, consisting of teamsters and others, make up a hunting party, cross the Kansas line in the night, and go down near the Red River where all kinds of game, such as deer, antelope, wild turkeys, and fur-bearing animals were abundant.

They would stay for a week or ten days, load up three or four wagons with game, and then, traveling by night, make their way back over the line. Later they would brag about their feat and consider it good sport to "so easily fool the soldiers."

Their operations, of course, were illegal, and the men were, to all purposes and intents, just as undesirable an element as were the squatters. It was our duty to see that they stopped their depredations. The trouble was that they were hard to catch due to the great amount of border to be patrolled by a few soldiers. Once home, they were influential people and it would have been hard to prove anything on them. One large party, however, we finally corralled, and this was the end of hunting expeditions by the wealthy.

A LARGE PARTY of bankers and businessmen of Winfield had gone to the Red River country two weeks before Christmas, and had had wonderful luck getting deer, antelope, and turkeys. They had four farm wagons loaded to the guards with game when they returned. Also, they still had an ample supply of ammunition and other supplies.

They should no doubt have come out all right had they not made one fatal mistake. Banking too much on their prestige at home, perhaps, they haggled unnecessarily with a rancher's wife over the price of meals. She asked them twenty-five cents per meal for the eighteen men in the party. They refused to pay the price, claiming that it was exorbitant. While the quarrel was in progress, the rancher's ten-year-old boy slipped out the back way, saddled up his pony, and rode twenty miles to inform the soldiers of the whereabouts of this party.

It was seven o'clock at night when we received the news. My commanding officer, Captain Fosbush, detailed four other men and myself to go out "and bring them in dead or alive," with further orders to take no chances.

At seven-thirty we were out on the trail, carrying with us 100 rounds of ammunition for our firearms and some hardtack for rations. We knew the country, which was fortunate, for this gave us somewhat of an edge on the marauders. We knew that they must ford the Chickasha River in order to get out, and we knew further that they could ford it nowhere save at a certain point. Thus forearmed with knowledge of the situation, we rode north directly for this ford, where we planned to wait for the caravan and take the party by surprise.

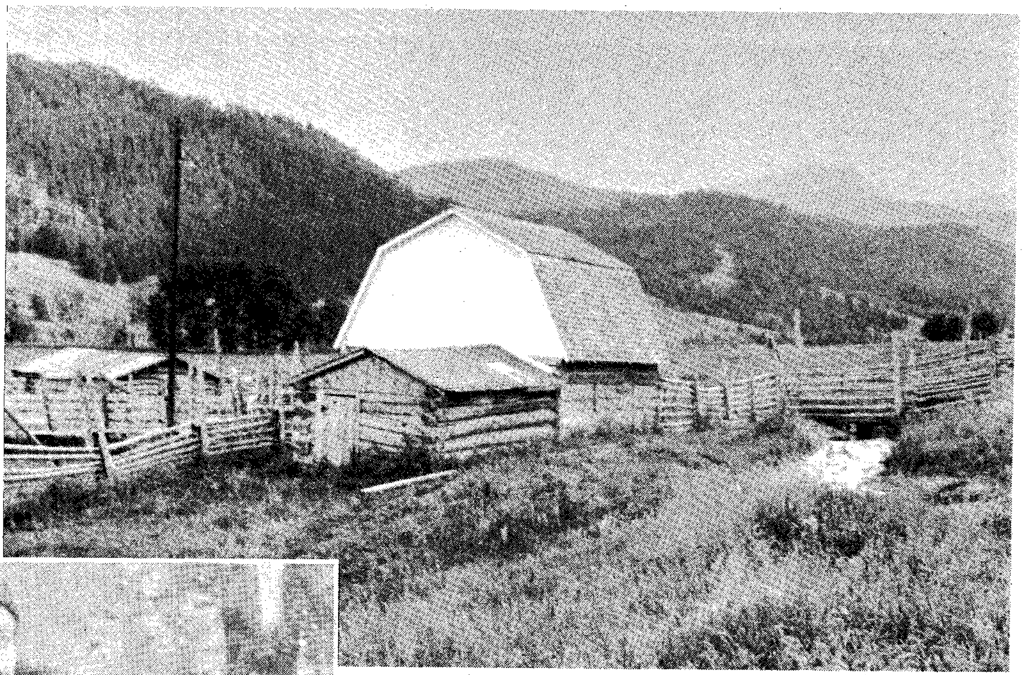
A light snow having fallen, we were able to determine, upon reaching the ford, that the hunters had not yet arrived. Therefore we got under cover at a point from which we could command the crossing, and began our vigil.

At about eleven o'clock we heard the rumble of heavily loaded wagons on the frozen road. As the party drew nearer, we heard the men laughing and joking, little suspecting that there was a soldier within ten miles of them.

(Continued on page 61)

By CHARLES McADAMS

Photos Courtesy Author



Original barns and corrals of Nixon's CN ranch on Smith Creek. He squatted there before filing homestead rights to land in 1888. Below, John W. Nixon, 1889.

Photo Courtesy
Mrs. R. B. Weisner

The Northwest Mounted lost a great Redcoat the day Nixon threw in the towel and headed for Montana—a deserter!

"HELL FOR BREAKFAST" NIXON

IN FORTY BELOW ZERO weather, a seventy-mile blizzard hurled stinging ice and frozen snow. And through this world of no boundaries staggered a medium-sized man in a scarlet tunic. Feeling more dead than alive, John W. Nixon, a Northwest Mounted Police deserter, managed a painful cry. He couldn't hear his own voice.

His eight surviving companions had fallen by the wayside. Unless he could get them to their feet they would soon be dead. Eleven others in the party had frozen to death after fleeing south from Fort MacLeod, Alberta.

Nixon stumbled back to the nearest downed man and forced him to his feet. Each of the others were pounded and cajoled into consciousness.

"Get up! You'll freeze to death!" Nixon pleaded.

Made of sterner material, endowed with greater courage, and physically hardier than most men, he continued keeping his companions alive by constantly moving. Eventually they reached an area where the storm was less terrible and discovered a starving Indian pony. They promptly slit its throat. This was their first food in four days.

After a brief rest, the men cut the flesh from the pony's bones and hung it in frozen solid strips to their belts. And so began another five days and nights of stumbling through the lessening storm.

NIXON estimated they were across the unmarked border, well down into Montana Territory, when a second blizzard hit them. His fellow-Mounties considered themselves doomed, their fate irrevocably sealed. It was Nixon who

SUN RIVER RANGER

slapped life into them, kicked and beat them with tree limbs into going on.

Finally, utter exhaustion overtook this man who had drained his own energy for the others. When he fell, no one missed or returned for him. Never afterward did he remember passing out or dropping into the frozen snowbank where he regained consciousness. He had no sensation in his limbs, yet he managed to rise to his feet and stagger on.

Within minutes he pulled two men from the deep snow. But no others remained. They had disappeared forever.

Nixon, and the two he kept prodding on to stay alive, probably didn't progress far. He remembered falling and trying to yell, but being unable to do so. His next memory was of finding himself held up by a Piegan squaw. The Indian woman guided the three men a short distance to a sheltered camp where they were thawed out and fed.

The deserters had not recovered fully from their terrible ordeal when the March weather turned sunny for a few days. Trading their NMP uniforms for whatever rags the Indians would give them, they headed on south hoping to reach Fort Shaw which they knew to be near the village of Sun River Crossing. But a U. S. Cavalry patrol found them first. They were taken to the fort, doctored, reclothed and allowed to go their way though they were suspected of being runaways from Canada. At that time U. S. authorities made little attempt to apprehend deserters from north of the border. Canadian officials concerned themselves even less with arresting those from the United States army.

Of the surviving Mounties, Nixon alone remained in Sun River Valley to carve out his own personal domain. He became a widely respected citizen and did his share in building the great commonwealth of Montana.

BORN at Chester, England, September 17, 1852, he accompanied his uncle, a sailing ship captain, to Canada in 1863. Later he went back home to school and then served a hitch in the British army. The year 1872 found him in Canada again.

Shortly after, the famous Northwest Mounted Police was organized to maintain order in the outlaw-ridden territories, following a bloody battle between whiskey traders and Indians at Cypress Hills, north of Montana's border. Men with former military service were in demand. In 1874 Nixon marched with the first trained company from Fort Dufferin, Manitoba, 800 miles west to the whiskey traders' headquarters, commonly known as Fort Whoop-Up. It stood 240 miles northwest of Fort Benton, Montana, at the confluence of St. Marys and Oldman Rivers.

Far beyond white civilization, on an island in Oldman River, the Mounties built and manned Fort MacLeod. A town sprang up on its banks. Life at Fort MacLeod proved most grueling. The nearest supplies were at Fort Benton over a long trail through Indian country. Assistant NMP Commissioner James F. MacLeod, left in charge of the fort, spent most of his time elsewhere trying to get food supplies freighted in by Red River carts.

All the harsh winter of 1874-1875, the Mounties were on the verge of starvation. Except for a little Indian pemmican they would have been reduced to eating their skin-and-bones horses. Conditions were so cruel that desertions were frequent and cut down the law force fast.

Other reasons more palatable to dominion authorities than impossible living conditions were given to account for the wholesale redcoat migration. Reported the Fort MacLeod *Gazette* in March 1875:

"Many men became dissatisfied with the strenuous duties required of them for a dollar a day. Wild yarns of Indian massacres and whiskey-inspired tales weakened others to the point of desertion. The greatest stimulant [was] in the traders' glowing stories of quick fortunes waiting in Montana goldfields."

Horses were too weak to ride. But when late February came in sunny and pleasant, Nixon and nineteen others simply walked away from a wood-cutting detail. They had been given directions how to follow the Whoop-Up Trail, the route of fur and whiskey traders to Fort Benton. If forced to get off its trace they were advised to head directly south for Sun River, taking that stream down to the muddy Missouri.

It was on this dash for the border that the violent snowstorm overtook them. Terrible suffering, and death for all but three, followed.

SELF-RELIANT and independent, Nixon had no intention of wandering the American frontier broke and on the bum. Going the short distance to Sun River town he immediately got a job waiting tables in a Chinese restaurant across from John Largent's hotel. He could regain his strength there while deciding what to do.

In those times Chinese were anathema to most Montanans. Working for one was about as low as a man could drop in the public eye. But despite his menial start, from his first day in Sun River Nixon made friends who were steadfast the balance of his life. Among them were Robert S. Ford, Robert Vaughn, John and Joseph Largent, Tom and Matt Dunn, William and Dan Floweree, and Conrad Kohrs. All were stockmen destined to become wealthy as Montana progressed.

Photo Courtesy
Mrs. R. B. Weisner

John W. Nixon left Canada in 1874 to become one of Montana's outstanding citizens.

Nixon was a tireless worker at this stage, and one of his most frequently used by-words was, "I-god! I-god! Hell for breakfast, let's get the work done!" Soon, around Sun River town, he became generally known as "Hell-for-breakfast Nixon!" His constant hurry very nearly approached a run.

That summer an NMP agent came through by stage from Fort Benton en route to Helena. He investigated reports that several redcoat deserters were in or near that city. In the Chinese restaurant during his stopover he saw Nixon but only as a servant.

When he ordered his meal he yelled belligerently, "I want my soup hot, and I mean hot! And right now!"

Nixon kept his temper although he sometimes displayed a violent one. He set a container of soup on the cook stove, and brought it to the boiling point. Then taking it out to the bad-humored Canadian official he held it high over his head, saying, "'Ere's yer bloody soup!"

As the fiery liquid cascaded downward, the agent's hat was knocked off, and he fell from his chair. Nixon was retreating to the kitchen when the Canadian jerked a six-gun, smashing two bullets into the door facing. The Chinese restaurant proprietor hid his employe under a pile of potatoes in the root cellar until the irate investigator left town.

Montana's new citizen was at this time twenty-three years old, five feet, seven inches tall, blue-eyed, dark of hair but red-bearded. His thrift and honesty so impressed his new friends that he managed to start up a profitable livery-barn business that fall.

Almost immediately Nixon enjoyed a steadily increasing trade, and the next year, using his profits and some borrowed funds, he bought a bunch of cattle in partnership with another young man named Cox. Their brand was CN, written out "Cn" for Cox and Nixon. The herd ranged south around Birdtail Rock; their ranch was a one-room log cabin in which Cox lived. After a year the partners sold at a nice profit and Cox wandered elsewhere while Nixon reinvested in more cattle.

After pooling his money with Robert Vaughn, a horse raiser, the two went to Oregon and trailed back 2,000 head of red cattle. The herd was held for two years and then sold at a profit.

NIXON trusted everybody and often did people favors. Very rarely did another man deliberately take advantage of him. The worst such instance ended in tragedy.

Surviving daughters of John W. Nixon: Mrs. John Cunniff, 75, and Mrs. L. B. Weisner, 73. They were born on the old CN ranch, Smith Creek, and still live in Augusta homes their father built.

A flashy, handsome young stranger arrived in town on a stage. Leaving his saddle sack at the liverystable where he later frequently visited, he soon ingratiated himself with Nixon, who was unaware of his carousing along the main cut. One morning early the young man rented a fine black horse, saying he wanted to look around some promising country. Supposedly he was seeking a good investment.

Telling Nixon not to worry if he returned late, he crossed Sun River, setting off on the freight road for distant Fort Benton. Several loungers before the Largent Hotel observed his departure. Two hastened to the liverybarn asking Nixon if he ever expected to see his fine horse again. When he looked bewildered they explained that the fast-talking stranger had been recognized as an outlaw wanted in California. Furthermore, in his cups the previous night he made a statement that he would "cull that Englisher in his own game."

Thunderstruck by this information Nixon naturally lost his temper. Selecting a fast horse and grabbing a rifle he took off in a run. The thief, secure in his belief the easy-going liverybarn man had been completely hoodwinked, carelessly didn't hurry. He was badly surprised when he was overtaken.

As Nixon demanded the return of his horse, the outlaw drew a gun and said, "Here's my due bill and I'm paying off right now!"

The debt was destined to remain unpaid. The muzzle of Nixon's cocked rifle swept up across the saddle and one dead outlaw dropped to the ground without firing a shot. Two riders came along in time to accompany the body and horse back to Sun River.

Even though forced to shoot in self-defense Nixon deplored the happening. Killing a human being was something he didn't want to do. For that reason he never went armed unless it was vitally necessary or he was part of a posse.

THE SUN RIVER RANGERS, a loosely knit group of cattlemen, had been organized as early as 1873 by Robert S. (Bob) Ford. This small body of bold, valiant men was the original stockraisers protective organization in Montana. Marauding Indians and white thieves forced it into being. The next similar organization included the district around Shonkin. These two groups were, for a long time, the only mutual protective associations in Montana. Somewhat later the Montana Stockgrowers came into permanent establishment.

Sun River Rangers were on guard day and night after the news of Custer's massacre reached Sun River via Fort Shaw. For weeks the possibility existed that fleeing Indians might come through killing and destroying. Watchers were posted on high places ready to signal approaching danger. Nixon, who had become a Ranger prior to the emergency, held one force standing at arms, augmented by local non-member volunteers.

When this potential trouble period ended, the Rangers settled down again to routine duty. Instead of being constantly armed, ready to fight, the cattlemen and their crews went about their normal work unless the company captain dispatched messengers summoning them to repel an enemy.

Most Ranger work at first consisted of chasing white stock thieves, driving Indians north out of cattle ranges, and fighting grass fires. But by the late 1870s they faced inroads of sheepmen.

The initial invasion brought this warning as the Sun River Rangers prepared to take action:

Sun River, M. T.
Dec. 10th, 1879

"WHEREAS, we the pioneers of the Sun River Valley having established ourselves here at an early day and prior to all others in the cattle and horse growing business, taking our chances with the Indians and all other outlaws and built for ourselves and families good, comfortable and costly homes;

WHEREAS, if we quietly submit to sheep raisers to graze upon our occupied and long established cattle and horse ranges our occupation will soon be gone;

RESOLVED, that we the undersigned cattle and horse raisers of Sun River Valley feel it our duty to our God, our families and ourselves to oppose to the bitter end all parties owning sheep to locate and graze upon any portion of our long occupied cattle and horse ranges, and we do hereby pledge our all, our property and our lives if need be to the accomplishment of this end."

After this warning was issued in proclamation form there followed a sheep war about which practically nothing was written. Even the nearest newspapers, the Sun River *Sun* and Fort Benton's *River Press* and *Record,* if mentioning its various phases at all, confined them to very small innocuous items.

THREE BANDS of sheep grazed slowly north at low altitude in January 1880. They were wiped out in a single night above Dearborn River. A never-identified force of riders destroyed them, first using rifles and dynamite then running the remnants over high precipices. There is now hardly any doubt, and none existed at the time, that the sheep killers were Sun River Rangers. But they were back in Sun River before another setting sun. Nixon refused to admit or deny that he led a section of raiders. However, he knew too many intimate details of what occurred not to have been along. His character was such that if he felt it his duty to do something, then hell and high water couldn't keep him from accomplishing it.

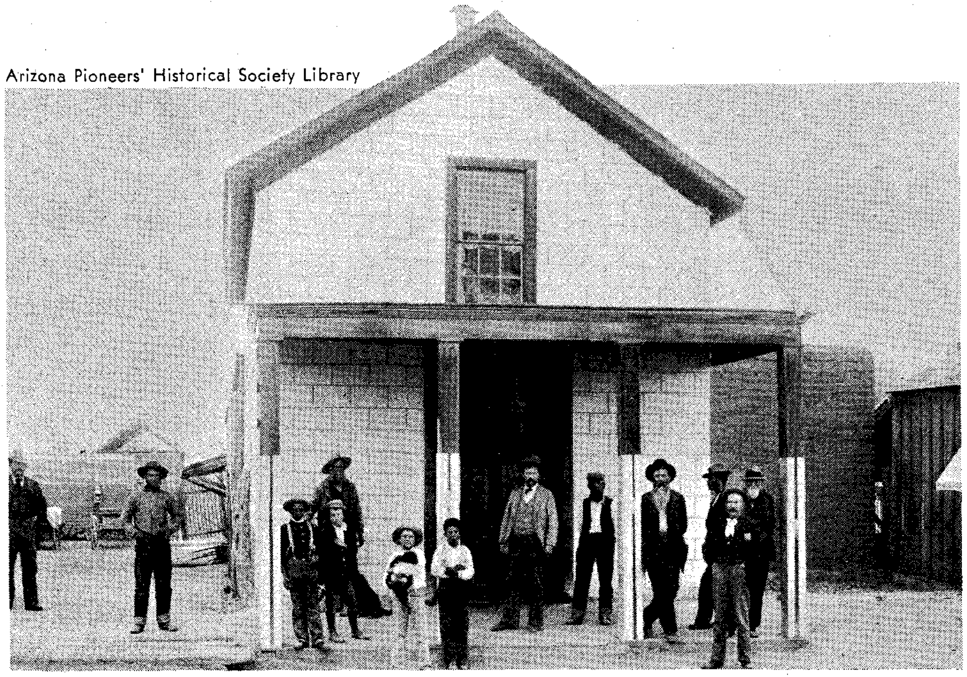
During a few short months that same year, 1880, below Choteau south of the Teton River, Blackfeet Indians killed 3,000 head of cattle valued at $60,000. Described as starving, the redskins were alleged to have slaughtered them solely through hunger. If so, they took only the quarters—leaving the balance to rot or be devoured by varmints. No appeal was made to the army commander at Fort Shaw. Cattlemen had learned long since that military authorities would do little to halt stock-stealing Indians in northern Montana. (This fact was the settlers' biggest complaint against the War Department and Indian agents.)

It fell to Nixon, as first lieutenant to the Ranger company captain, to lead a score of Rangers north to Muddy Creek chasing the red thieves. The Indians were dispersed and some of the cattle recovered. While returning home the Rangers unexpectedly ran head-on into a sizeable war party of mixed tribesmen near Deep Creek. In this sharp, fast engagement an unknown number of Indians were killed. Two cowboys were slain and four wounded. Nixon sustained a few holes through his clothing and a

(Continued on page 66)

A man can brood about something long enough, and then he's got to get it out of his system—the wise ones settled it with words or fists, the reckless ones with guns

Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library



Division of Manuscripts, Library, University of Oklahoma

Fraternally yours
J. Phy

At left, Tunnel Saloon, Florence, Arizona. Above, Joe Phy.

JUSTICE and JOE

By HOMER WILKES

JOHN G. KEATING, co-owner of the Tunnel Saloon, refolded his bar towel. Then, while watching Pete Gabriel from the corner of his eye, he pretended to wipe the already spotless bar.

Pete stood at the rail nursing a glass of beer whose head had evaporated. His jaws moved occasionally as a quid of tobacco was shifted from one side of his mouth to the other. He made frequent and liberal use of a cuspidor. Pete's skin was pale, and his eyes gleamed in the light of the carbide lamp. He seemed mentally preparing himself for a profound experience. The front door of the saloon was to his left. Each time footsteps were heard outside, Pete drew his Colt half out of its holster.

Pete Gabriel, about forty years old (he wasn't sure for both parents had died of fever within a week when he was a small child), was a former sheriff of Pinal County, Arizona Territory. Now, in 1888, he was operating a small quartz gold mine and on June 1 was in Florence, Arizona on business. He had ridden into town early and had been drinking in the Tunnel Saloon nearly all day. He skipped dinner. At supper time he ate in a nearby cafe.

After eating, Pete left the cafe to return to the Tunnel. He was drunk, but an ingrained habit left over from his peace officer days caused him to observe everything going on in the street. He saw nothing unusual until he was diagonally across from the saloon.

On the board sidewalk to the left of the Tunnel's swinging doors a Mexican squatted. The man stared at Pete from under his hat brim. When he was sure Pete had noticed him, he moved his left hand as though shooing a fly.

Pete changed direction, unsteadily crossing the street toward the Tunnel. As he approached, the Mexican started rolling a cigarette.

When Pete reached the door he paused, placed his left forearm against the door jamb, and rested after the exertion of navigating the street.

At that instant the Mexican, head down and apparently absorbed in fashioning his smoke, muttered softly, *"Cuidado! Señor Jose Phy es aqui."*

Only Pete heard. Seconds later Pete stepped through the doors into the saloon. He walked to the rear of the room and ordered a beer at the bar. While sipping the drink, Pete must have recalled his past relationship with Joe Phy—and the recollection must have sobered him.

HE HAD MET Joe in 1881 when the latter was in the business of supplying the citizens of Tucson, Arizona with drinking water. Phy, a generous, friendly man, made a good impression on him. Soon they were friends. Joe had asked for a deputy's job when Pete had become sheriff in 1885, and had been hired.

Joe, tireless, fearless, and dedicated, was a good lawman. Pete noticed that his new deputy was grouchy at times, seeming to have something on his mind, but Joe never discussed personal matters and, anyhow, whatever bothered Joe was no business of Pete's. He had ignored Joe's moods, since they didn't interfere with his work.

Their first disagreement had been over Joe's suitcase. Pete had used it on a hurried trip to California, and on his return was upbraided by Joe for taking the suitcase without permission. The incident was soon forgotten.

In 1887 Pete recommended Joe as his successor, having chosen to go prospect-

(Continued on page 62)

By RUEL McDANIEL

The CURSE THAT KILLED SAN PATRICIO TOWN

It's mighty bad luck to hang a woman on Friday the 13th!

MEN AND WOMEN cluttered in little groups on the courthouse square and watched in ashamed silence as preparations went forward for the hanging of Chipita Rodriguez.

One man looked up at the gathering clouds and watched the thick billowing mass roll in from the Gulf of Mexico to blot out the sun. He pulled his thin homespun jacket collar around his neck and shivered, although the temperature was in the seventies. "If they can't see the sun, they won't know when it's down," he muttered hopefully. "And if they don't do it before sundown, then the sentence will be voided. They should let her go." Others looked at him in silence, some in agreement, a few with scorn.

Chipita Rodriguez was a slight woman of middle age, weighing less than 100 pounds. She was copper-skinned, her thin shoulders slightly stooped. And she was going to be hanged for murder.

The sun had risen that morning—Friday, November 13, 1863—as a subdued red globe on a hazy horizon. Those in favor of the hanging said it was a fitting day. The many citizens who disapproved predicted that no good would come to a community that committed such an atrocity.

Although Judge Benjamin Neal decreed that the hanging should take place between 11 o'clock and sundown, it now was late afternoon, and even those whose boisterous voices had clamored for the death sentence seemed reluctant to see the verdict carried out.

"It's time," said John Gilpin, San Patricio hangman. "On your feet, woman."

Chipita Rodriguez lifted herself with difficulty from the grass of the shaded courthouse lawn. Heavy chains around her ankles dug into the flesh every time she moved. She stepped up beside Hangman Gilpin and attempted to keep up as he headed toward a two-wheeled cart in the street. The chains bound her legs so closely together that she had to take two steps to Gilpin's one.

As he neared the cart, the hangman halted and looked around at the silent gathering crowd. The condemned woman struggled on past him and climbed up to the low bed of the cart, her face drawn with pain.

The eyes of the citizens studied the ground and the shame for what their county was about to do was an affront to their senses. One woman toppled over in a faint; there was a general clearing of throats.

Finally the hangman spoke to the drowsing oxen. As the animals pressed against the yoke the cart squeaked and the broad wheels slowly churned dust from the narrow street. It swirled and caked upon the worn-out shoes of the man as he walked beside the cart. Gilpin walked with a stoop, as one would walk who dreaded what he was about to do.

Some of the people slipped into the gathering shadows and on to their homes, there to hide from the guilt they saw in the eyes of their neighbors. Others followed the rumbling cart at a respectful distance.

IT WAS the time of the Civil War, when the tide was turning against the South. San Patricio, county seat of San Patricio County, Texas, had lost its best men to the cause of Confederacy. The

La Retama Public Library
Corpus Christi, Texas

Judge Benjamin Neal

town was a boisterous pioneer settlement of 1,000 population and growing rapidly in spite of the war. Law enforcement was lax, and the community was the gathering place of many men who scorned laws and the natural rights of others.

Too much crime, bad war news and dissatisfaction with the way the town and the county were being run, had made tempers short. Most permanent citizens were of Irish descent, and superstition was strong among them, especially the older ones. Now a dread uneasiness, which had been building up since the judge passed sentence upon Chipita Rodriquez a week ago, had the people on edge.

A horse-trader named John Savage had sold some animals to the Confederate Army up near San Antonio, and on his way back to Corpus Christi had stopped for the night at the small roadside inn operated by Chipita Rodriguez and her son, Juan Silvera, born of an earlier marriage.

About a week after the trader had spent the night at the Rodriguez inn, someone found his body, wrapped in burlap bags, floating down the Nueces River. It was presumed that the dead man had been carrying considerable money from the sale of his horses.

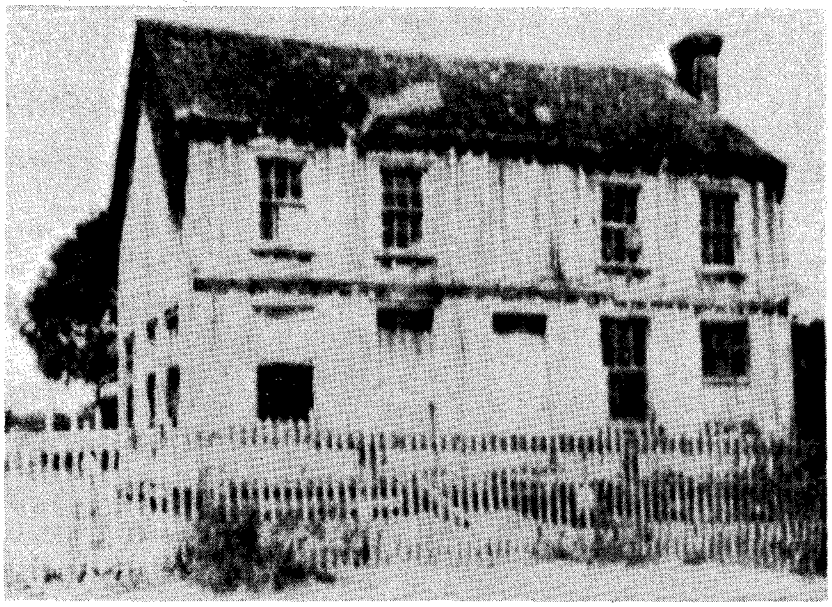
Since the traveler had last been seen at the inn and the reputation of the woman and her son was in some question—mainly because they kept to themselves and people knew very little about them—Chipita and Juan were arrested and charged with murder.

At the time of her arrest Chipita vowed vehemently that she knew nothing of the crime, but during her trial she said nothing at all. She neither affirmed nor denied the charge.

The trial, presided over by Judge Benjamin Neal, was by today's standards highly irregular. Three members of the trial jury had sat on the grand jury which indicted Chipita and her son. Owen Gaffney, jury foreman, was justice of the peace and his court had bound over the accused for the grand jury. Four members of the indicting grand jury had charges ranging from rustling to murder hanging over their own heads at the time they sat in judgment of Chipita Rodriguez and Juan Silvera.

The trial jury pondered the case only a few minutes, then returned a verdict of guilty of premeditated murder, but recommended mercy. The judge ignored the recommendation. He sentenced Chipita to hang on Friday, November 13, six days after the trial. The son drew a five-year penitentiary sentence.

Even before the trial a couple of fishermen found the saddlebags belonging to the murdered horse-trader, and they contained $600. Presumably this was the money for which the woman was accused of murdering the man. The money had lodged in an eddy of the lazy-flowing river, only a short distance from where the body of the murdered man had been found. Most townspeople thought this was sufficient evidence to indicate that Chipita had not murdered the trader. Certainly it disproved the motive, but these and other facts were ignored by judge and jury.



Courtesy Texas State Library Archives

The Brown House, near the site of the hanging, was a two-story hotel erected in the town of San Patricio soon after the United States acquired the territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande Rivers.

THE CUMBERSOME oxen lumbered on to a spot about 500 yards from the courthouse square, and when they pulled the cart into a slight depression beneath a large mesquite, Hangman Gilpin spoke and the animals stopped.

The crowd which had followed the cart now stopped several yards back of the shaded spot and waited in grim silence, embarrassed but morbidly attracted.

The hangman had been forced to requisition the cart, because nobody who owned one would volunteer it; and now some of the same men who would not supply a cart made no move to aid the hangman in his grisly task.

As he climbed into the cart, he told the condemned woman to place her hands behind her back. His hands trembled as he fumbled with the small rope to bind her wrists. Chipita Rodriguez obeyed without a murmur and her cool manner shamed those who watched.

After binding the wrists, Gilpin removed a dirty bandana from his pocket and started to tie it over the victim's face. She murmured a protest, but the hangman ignored it. He knotted the cloth at the back of her neck.

A new hemp rope was tossed over a strong limb and its noose slipped over the woman's head.

Gilpin stepped to the ground and looped the rope around the trunk of the mesquite. He left just a little slack in it. Finally he spoke to the oxen and they rumbled forward out of the grass-covered depression. The noose tightened around Chipita's thin neck and her chained feet slipped off the rear of the cart.

After a while Hangman Gilpin said that the woman was dead. He asked some of the men to help him dig a grave, there under the mesquite where life had been choked from her body. Everyone treated his request with shocked silence. Some of them turned and quietly walked away. Gilpin dug the shallow grave himself.

Those who had not left the grisly site before the execution remained until Gilpin had finished. He then climbed into the cart and guided the oxen back toward town. The citizens fell in behind in twos and threes.

"Lord and 'tis a black day for San Patricio," muttered an elderly Irishman.

The Rodriguez hanging was something that nobody mentioned in public after that day, but in the privacy of their homes people talked. The consensus was that Chipita refused to affirm or deny the crime because she thought her son had killed the trader. And the son had remained equally silent because he feared that his mother had done it.

In public, citizens loudly scoffed at the old Irishman's prediction of doom, but in their secret thoughts they pondered the old man's words, for almost from the day of the hanging, the town began to decline.

In a few years the county seat was moved to the new community of Sinton. By 1920 San Patricio was not accorded the dignity of a post office. Today one general store constitutes the business area where once 1,000 busy people had lived.

About a quarter-century after the hanging, an elderly man in another community, realizing that he was dying, confessed that he murdered the horse-trader and threw his body into the river —not for money but because of the man's having cheated him in a business deal. But of course his confession was somewhat late to do Chipita Rodriguez any good.

And this is the record of the first—and last—woman ever to be legally executed in Texas.

Bound for top of Mt. Hood with 84 pounds of lumber. Elijah Coalman, July, 1915.

Lige started life at the foot of Mount Hood—had he been an Indian, it might have become his name, for the snowy peak dominated his life, and the wilderness "born and raised him"

Lige Coalman

MOUNTAIN BOY

By VICTOR H. WHITE

Photos Courtesy Author

A MAN is living today who climbed to the top of Mount Hood in north-central Oregon in 1896 and who did it again and again until he had reached tne top 586 times by 1919. Mount Hood is the highest point in the state—11,245 feet.

Lige Coalman was born at the foot of the mountain. When he was less than two years old, one might say, "he started up." But, of course, that first time he did not go to the top. It was in June, 1883, that Lige's father had occasion to go to "Summit House" which was within half a mile or so of where Government Camp is today. He was to confer with Perry Vickers, who owned and operated a road house in Summit Meadows for the convenience of travelers. The convenience usually meant one could pitch a tent or spread a blanket on the nearby wild grass, and purchase meager supplies. The elder Coalman's visit was in regard to springtime repair work that needed to be done on the Barlow Toll Road.

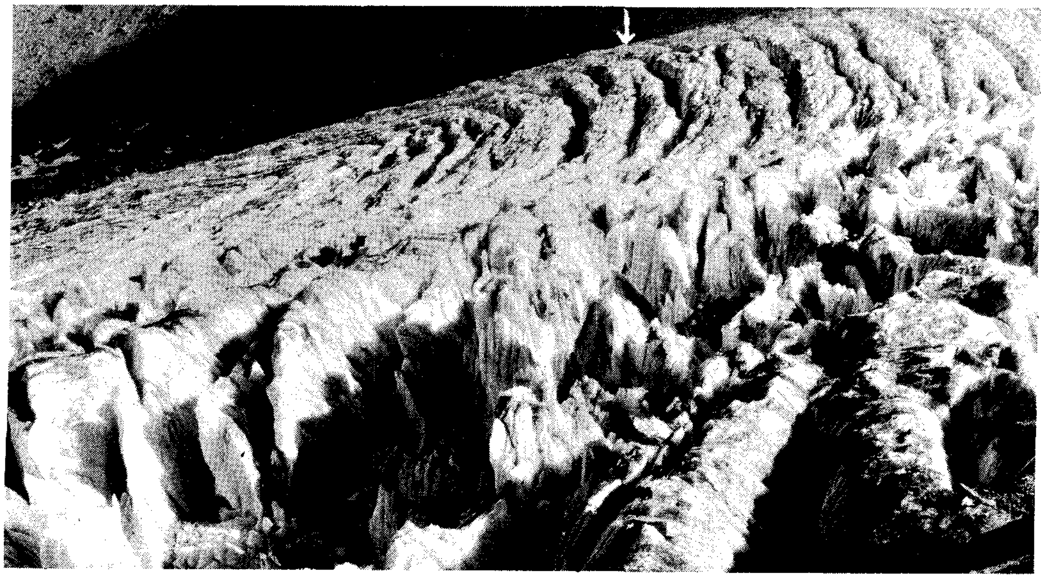
Lige, at age one and a half, was old enough to start having adventures. His father had taken him along on horseback, and while they were at Summit House it began to rain. It rained. It rained. It rained for four full days. When Lige and his father were ready to leave, all the streams were full.

"The Salmon River is going to be so swollen you will have to swim your horse," Perry Vickers warned Lige's father. "You'll have problem enough with a young excitable horse like yours without trying to hold the boy. I'd better go with you."

So Perry Vickers, the innkeeper of Summit House, also on horseback, rode with Coalman down to the river which was indeed flooded beyond what either had expected. They held a consultation. It was agreed that Coalman should handle both horses and that Vickers would strap the eighteen-month-old Lige to his back, papoose fashion, and swim the river. They would meet on the other side. This would be much safer than risking the child on the back of an excitable horse in the turbulent currents.

Stephen Coalman, with the two horses, was washed farther downstream than Vickers and Lige, but all landed safely. "Although wet and chilled," Vickers liked to tell, "that boy never whimpered during the crossing."

STEPHEN COALMAN had built a log cabin on a homestead adjoining that of Francis Revenue, who had come westward by oxcart caravan over Barlow Pass (just south of Mount Hood) in 1850. Another neighbor of Coalman was Daniel Harnet, who had a sister still living in Europe. This sister, intrigued



Crevasses in Elliott Glacier, Mt. Hood, Oregon. Note Glacier party of 27 people under arrow!

by Daniel's love for the new land, crossed the Atlantic and came down the *Columbia* by way of the early Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. While visiting her brother, she met and married young and handsome Stephen Coalman. On November 26, 1881, Lige was born.

This happened near present-day Sandy, Oregon. Sandy then was merely a saddle, sheep and cattle stop on the old Barlow Toll Road, one of the most treacherous stretches of the old Oregon Trail.

Lige remembers himself in early childhood as a "lunger." Tuberculosis was most contagious and was common. Lige makes no excuses for the fact that as a child he was unhappy. Shunned by other children because of his cough and shyness, he was forced to find other than human friends. They turned out to be a dog and a saddle horse. When in distress, he would bury his face in the furry coat of the dog or against the warm neck of the horse and "bawl his head off." While learning to live alone, he developed an uncanny sympathy for other creatures which happened to be in distress.

When about eight, he remembers going to the office of a Doctor Smith who used to come to his father's place to hunt or fish. The doctor's door was left ajar and Lige overheard the medical man's diagnosis. "That boy doesn't have tuberculosis. He has a bronchial irritation which isn't serious. But he does have a psychological problem due to other children being afraid to associate with him."

Lige had lost his mother before he was two. He never attended school until he was nine and perhaps for no more than thirty months in all. His father, as superintendent of the Barlow Toll Road, either took Lige along or left him with a housekeeper. The lad grew up in his own way, enormously self-reliant and very curious about the Indians who came over the century-old trails to the western Hood area in the fall and returned to the Warm Springs inland empire with literally tons of huckleberries which were dried much as raisins are. They came to Sandy River Falls near the Coalman homestead, where salmon fought valiantly to reach the upper waters. The boy watched how the Indian-made spears would dash from human hand to the spray-tossed salmon. The spearhead, sunk deep in the fish, would automatically detach from the shaft but remain on the buckskin string tightly looped around the thrower's hand. These deer-horn spears with flint arrowhead point were a rare product of Indian genius. The fish, skillfully landed, would be handed to Indian boys, who would take it to the women to cut, dry and smoke and thus be added to the winter's meat supply. Numerous deer and elk, which abounded in the vicinity of Hood, were similarly prepared. Lige learned how baskets were woven to contain the berries, how fish and meat and berries were placed on Indian ponies and transported eastward.

The Indian religious philosophy, Lige came to believe, was not so different from Christianity after all. He compared a faith in God, which was strong in himself, with the total and absolute confidence the red men had in the "Happy Hunting Ground Chief."

In Lige's later adventures on Hood, it certainly was his positive faith in the workings of very natural things, for which the Indians gave the supernatural credit, that enabled him to do the right thing at the right time and made it possible to get many mountain climbers out of serious predicaments. At such times Lige Coalman prayed, and those who know of his adventures cannot help but feel that his faith was a factor in his being alive today.

LIGE was six in 1887 when his father took him along to Sandy to do some shopping. As they came in sight of the town's general store, a man with a loaded double-barreled shotgun stood on the store porch in front of a group of people. A rough-looking individual was walking toward the store. Stephen Coalman stopped his horses. When the stranger got near enough to the store steps, he attempted to grab the barrel of the gun. The man on the porch, who proved to be the sheriff, pressed both triggers. The elder Coalman handed the horses' reins to his small son, leaped from the wagon and rushed forward to help lift the fallen man onto the porch, but the fellow was already dead. Little Lige had witnessed the western lawman's quick justice which resulted from a telegram from eastern Oregon advising that a horse thief was headed west by the Barlow Road.

In November 1894 Lige was helping his father dig potatoes when Tom Paine, a neighbor, came by with his son, Tom Paine, Jr. The boy was one of the few young friends Lige had cultivated. Paine, who was carrying a rifle, said they were deer hunting and asked Coalman if Lige might go along.

Stephen shook his head slowly and replied thoughtfully that he needed Lige to help with the potato harvesting, although Lige suspected at the time that his father's real reason for keeping him home was Tom Paine's reputation for carelessness with guns. Paine had been

Elijah Coalman, fire look-out, atop Mt. Mood.

warned several times about shooting at movements in brush or firing with hair-trigger speed.

The two Paines went on into the woods. Considerable time had passed when Lige noticed a man running in the road in front of the Coalman house. Paine, hatless and in his undershirt, was sobbing and he blurted out, "I shot little Tommy!" His broken speech stumbled on to explain how he had instructed Tommy to work his way around behind some bushes in which a deer had taken retreat and when far enough back to make a sound like a dog barking.

"I saw movement in the brush and I was sure Tommy was farther back, but when I shot, I heard Tommy scream. He kept screaming and when I got to him he was lying there bleeding with my bullet hole in his stomach. I tried to stuff a piece of my shirt into the wound, then I came running for help. I can't carry him alone."

Lige's father ordered, "Go back to Tommy. I'll get some things and be right there."

Lige was sent to the Copper farm on horseback to see if the older Copper boys were home to help. When he and the neighbor boys got back they met Coalman and Paine carrying the lad out of the brush. The two husky young boys got hold of Coalman's improvised stretcher and fairly ran with it to the Snuffin place on the Badger Butte Road. Tommy had been asking for water. They got some from a well and gave it to him. It seemed to ease his pain for a time but suddenly he began to cry out and flail his arms. Then he stiffened.

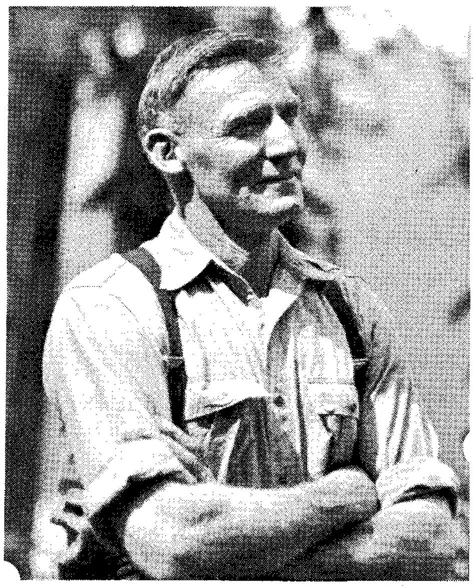
Tom Paine went temporarily berserk. He flew into a rage, broke his gun across a log and screamed at it. "You'll never kill anything again! I'll see to that!"

When Coalman got him somewhat calmed, they proceeded to the farm for a team and took the little body home where the news had to be broken to Nancy Paine, the boy's mother. Lige saw his father perform that unpleasant duty and he never forgot it.

ON MAY 17, 1899 Lige finished helping with crop planting and took leave to see the world. Temporarily—goodbye to Hood—but hello to experiences which fitted him to become its most intrepid climber.

Lige went to Portland. There, he got a railroad job in Eureka, Washington, and was given a railroad pass to his destination. He had no money. The railroad was building from Wallula toward Idaho through the Snake River Valley. It was rainy and cold at first; then temperatures jumped to 106°. Food was rotten, bunks were lousy and alkali water caused dysentery. But he found time to hunt juniper hens and go fishing in the Toosuche River. At night a coyote howled from a strawstack and he could not sleep.

On the Walla Walla, Wallula and Pendleton line a steam engine tipped over. The engineer and fireman were so badly scalded that Lige could hardly stand the stench as their remains were removed in washtubs. His ambition for railroading diminished. He decided to go to Seattle and let the railroad forward his earnings.



A characteristic portrait of rugged, adventurous Lige Coalman.

Lige shipped his clothes in a suitcase to Tacoma, crossed the Columbia at Pasco, and rode on the brake beams of a passenger train till gravel blasted his face so badly he dropped off at Kiona. He spent that night in a hobo jungle and found such life a thrilling experience. Food was secured by backdoor bumming, robbing poultry houses, gardens and orchards.

He rode another passenger train out of Kiona, ensconced in the blind baggage area (vestibule between first passenger coach and baggage car). The conductor caught him and kicked him off while the train was in motion. Lige landed sprawling alongside the track, and lost most of his loose coins. His trousers were torn. He was badly scratched on the elbows, and the side of his face was bleeding. Near a water tank, he found a hobo jungle where he washed up.

At Ellensburg he stayed in a jungle for three days because police were patrolling outgoing trains, and police court was giving thirty days of breaking rocks. Some streets needed paving. But the third day he spotted a flat car loaded with large pipe, four feet in diameter, which was headed for Seattle's new Cedar Water project. The train slowly climbed the Cascades.

Wind whistled through the pipe he had chosen and he was nearly frozen when he entered the long Cascade Tunnel at Easton. Before reaching the west portal at Weston, Lige was almost suffocated by smoke from the two engines. On the climb a brakeman had tried to throw him off but he bluffed his way by pulling an old Bulldog revolver from a coat pocket. He had picked it up on a garbage dump. The brakeman never knew that Lige had no shells for it and that its mainspring was broken, but the railroad employe accepted a dollar bribe, let Lige ride to the end of his division and agreed to keep still about the gun.

Lige walked fifteen miles to South Prairie letting the pure mountain air wash the coal smoke out of his lungs. South Prairie was noted for tough rail cops and even an experienced "Bo" could not get onto a train. Lige lived on slumgullion for three days, then with only seventy cents left he climbed into a car of flour on which the seal had been broken, and hid himself between the sacks. A brakeman discovered the broken lock and resealed the car. Lige was now locked in, and it was a penitentiary offense to break into a sealed car.

With his pocket knife, he carved loose an iron rod from a side door and used this as a bar to pry open an end door from which he leaped into a rolling heap as the train entered the Seattle freight yards. At the waterfront, he spent his last quarter for a meal, then got a longshoreman job, at a dollar an hour, loading the *S. S. Alki* for Alaska. Feeling as rich as John D. Rockefeller, with four dollars in his pocket, he paid twenty-five cents for a bed in a flop house, and the next morning took the Steamer Flyer for Tacoma. There he picked up his suitcase and his Wallula railroad check for $110.00. Lige said he slept for thirty hours.

IN THE next few months Lige worked at so many jobs and had so many close calls (including almost losing his arm) that, in his words, "The heat of my ambition for wanderlust had rather cooled. I developed a yen for the quiet fireplace at home and on June 20, 1900, after thirteen months of wild-oat sowing, I returned to the Sandy homestead."

Lige had climbed to the top of Hood the first time in 1896 with Oliver C. Yocum who started the first hotel at Government Camp, and for a fee of $5 acted as guide for anyone desiring to scale the mountain. As business increased, Lige became Yocum's helper, also acting as guide. The climb would start at Government Camp Hotel and the four-mile hike to timberline (where the resort hotel is now) would be made in the evening after dinner. At timberline the guide (Yokum or Lige) would provide coffee, blankets and tents. The actual ascent would start at dawn, or before dawn in warm weather, because the snowbank to Crater Rock had to be crossed while the snow was still firm enough to support the climber's weight.

In 1905 the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland brought thousands of people to the Northwest and Hood became one of the principal outdoor attractions for this influx of tourists. Suddenly there was business beyond the capacity of the two men and, at $5.00 per person, a minimum of $10.00 for the trip and special rates by arrangements for larger parties, Lige went into business for himself.

Several years later, Yocum found repeat business more than he could handle and he turned over to Lige a request from a Chicago patron for a conducted tour around the 9,000-foot level of Hood. Yocum had circled the mountain at timberline, at 8,000 feet and at 9,000 feet. The latter was a trip only for experienced mountain climbers and Lige demurred at the responsibility. The treacherous part was crossing Reid Glacier, which held the only hanging ice wall of the nine on Hood, and it was most precipitous. The main mass is about 10,000 feet. The extreme upper end of the cirque hangs in a pocket on the face of an old crater wall and extends from Illumination Rock to the summit on the west rim.

Oliver Yocum took Lige out on a day when there were no guests and pointed out with field glasses the best routes by which he had previously crossed Reid and Sandy Glaciers.

The proposed trip by the Chicagoans did not materialize but Lige's interest had been aroused, and that fall he and a workman from Government Camp who had considerable mountain experience made reservations for their second night at Cloud Cap Inn and took off.

THE WEATHER had been unusually warm for the middle of September. They climbed to Illumination Rock, dropped down and out onto Reid. Approximately in the center, a reef rock projected some fifty feet above the ice surface. The hanging part of the glacier lure was directly above them and so beautiful they decided to take pictures. Lige had just set up his tripod when there was an ominous crash. An avalanche of ice, snow and rocks broke loose from the hanging wall. Chunks the size of a house hurtled past them. The air was filled with flying debris and only the fact that they were able to leap behind the protecting rock reef saved them from instant death.

The continuing fall blocked their projected route toward Sandy Glacier. Lige and his companion backtracked to Illumination Rock, descended Reid Canyon to the 7,000-foot level and crossed to Yocum Ridge. They camped in the adjacent canyon and listened throughout the night to almost continuous avalanches on both Reid and Sandy Glaciers caused by the recent hot weather.

At dawn they made short work of crossing the smaller Ladd and Coe Glaciers but the Elliott, the largest on Hood, gave them a considerable workout in negotiating its maze of open crevasses. They arrived safely at Cloud Cap Inn and rested in preparation for the assault on the Newton Clark and White River Glaciers the following day.

The sky had clouded. A thunderstorm threatened. They climbed Cooper's spur, threaded the crevasses on the Newton Clark, which was especially risky because of the hot weather and late season, and about three o'clock in the afternoon got onto White River amid the increasing roar of rolling thunder working up from the direction of Mount Jefferson.

They held high on White River Glacier planning to strike Triangle Moraine in the hope of finding an expensive camera which had been reported lost there a week earlier. The usual snow bridges between crevasses were not in evidence, so they lowered themselves some forty feet to the bottom of the lower of two crevasses, planning to cross on the rock bottom. Hail and pelting rain had started. Lightning flashes struck weird jags of illumination into the depths. The sky in the narrow slit above became threateningly dark, and to this fearsome scene was added the spooky tinkle-tinkle of small rivulets of water and the inferno-like sulphur odor from the fumaroles which exist between Crater Rock and Steel Cliff.

Lige said there was suddenly a feeling that the whole world had vomited. The firm earth beneath became rubber-like and tossing. A sound like the rolling of a thousand surfs against heaving shores, terrifying and totally unbelievable and inexplainable, engulfed them. Propped as they were between two sheer walls of ice, they could neither stand nor fall. Lige Coalman, whom the author has never heard swear, says, "It was exactly like being in hell as Dante describes it, even the sulphur smell. And then, unbelievably, the ice wall above us heaved and tipped. The vertical ribbon of light above waved suddenly into dark obscurity."

They were to learn later that a bolt of lightning had struck the top of Steel Cliff and had dislodged hundreds of tons of rock which had rolled onto the ice between the cliff and Crater Rock. The jarring shock from the lightning and the sudden additional weight had reverberated through the rock and ice strata causing the upper wall of the crevasse to tip against the lower. But at the bottom the walls had held, perhaps from the firmness with which the ice was frozen to the mountain and the cleavage of rock projections. Had the bottom of the ice wall not held, the two men would have been reduced to something resembling specks of butter in a picnic sandwich.

As it turned out, they were able to squeeze through a narrow ten-foot slit that was still open at the homeward end of the crevasse.

"No, we didn't find the camera," Lige said, "but I was getting lessons that taught me how to be careful on future trips around the mountain. I never again entered a crevasse in a thunderstorm. It's too much like riding a bicycle; I don't like to sit down while I'm standing up."

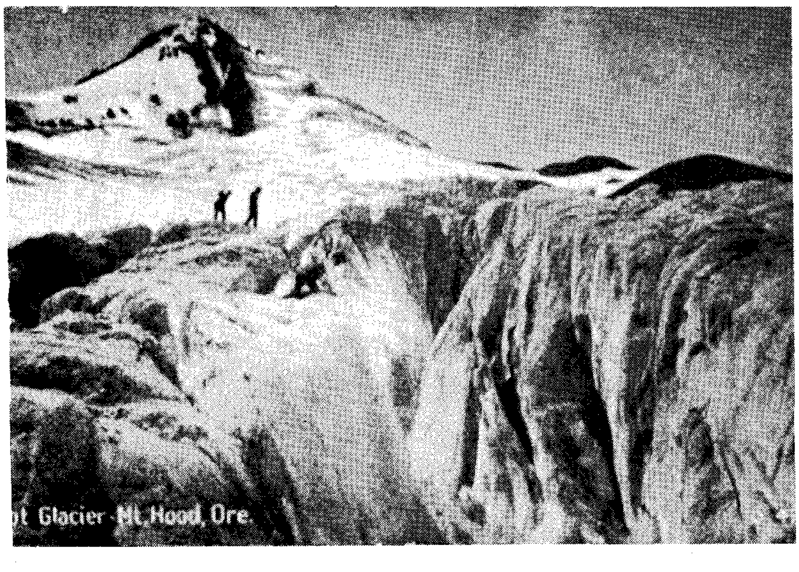
FOR FOUR YEARS, from 1911-1914, Lige lived at Government Camp with his wife and two sons. The nearest butcher shop was at Sandy, thirty-two miles away. Nature furnished a "deep freeze" for three or four months of the year. When cold enough weather set in, usually around Thanksgiving, a hunting party would be organized, and outdoor coolers, protected by fine wire mesh, were lavishly stocked with venison.

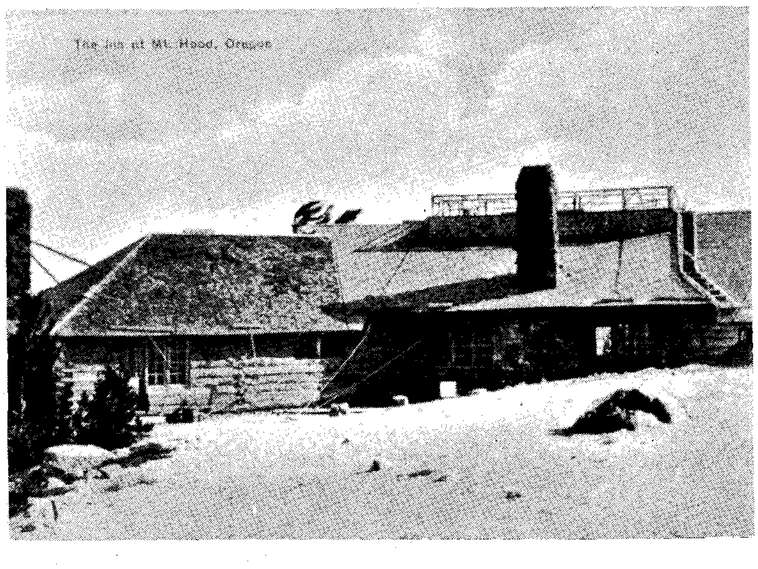
In January of 1912, Lige guided into Government Camp what to all intents and purposes was the first genuine ski party in the Hood Recreation area.

With all of Lige Coalman's experience on Hood it was logical that he should be called in by the District Office of the U. S. Forestry Supervisors to discuss establishment of a temporary fire lookout on the summit. Bruce Osborne, head of Lookout Division of Fire Prevention became Lige's co-worker and immediate superior. In May 1915, the equipment was planned, purchased and hauled to Government Camp. Foodstuffs, such as those used by Arctic explorers, were

(Continued on page 49)

Elliott Glacier, left, and Cloud Cap Inn at Mt. Hood's summit.





GREEN CHILE TOM

He lives in a house packed with the gatherings of forty-six years—some quite valuable, some just amusing, but all reflecting the Southwest as he has observed it

By S. OMAR BARKER

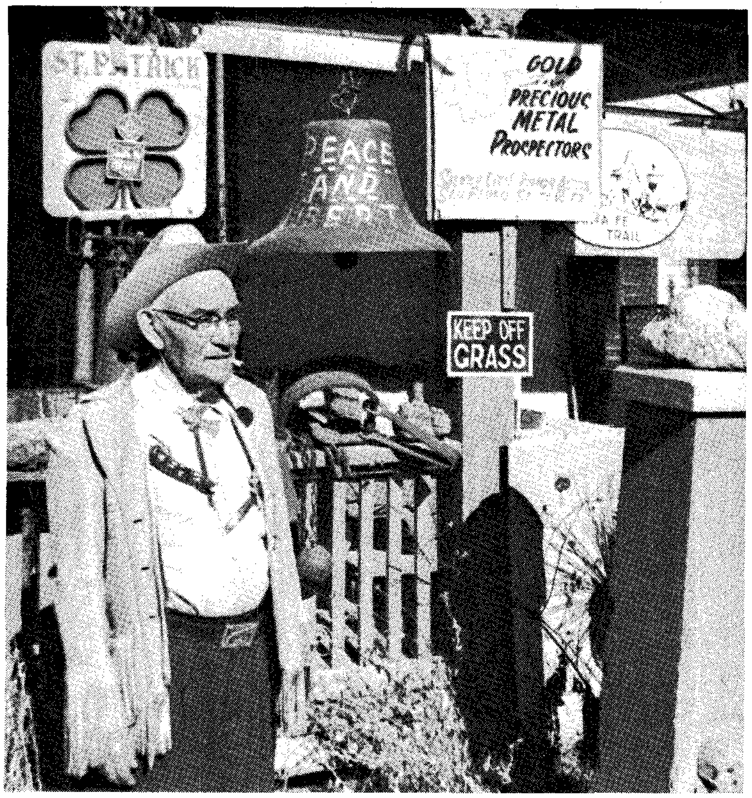
Photos By Author

SHOULD YOU happen to be walking down the street in Las Vegas, New Mexico on St. Patrick's Day, you are likely to meet an elderly gentleman wearing a green *chile* instead of/or with a shamrock. His name will be Tom McGrath, and if you ask him how come the green *chile*, he will explain—with a chuckle.

Back in 1907 the late Octaviano A. Larrazolo, one-time governor of New Mexico, was making a political speech on the Old Town Plaza when he spied Tom McGrath in the audience.

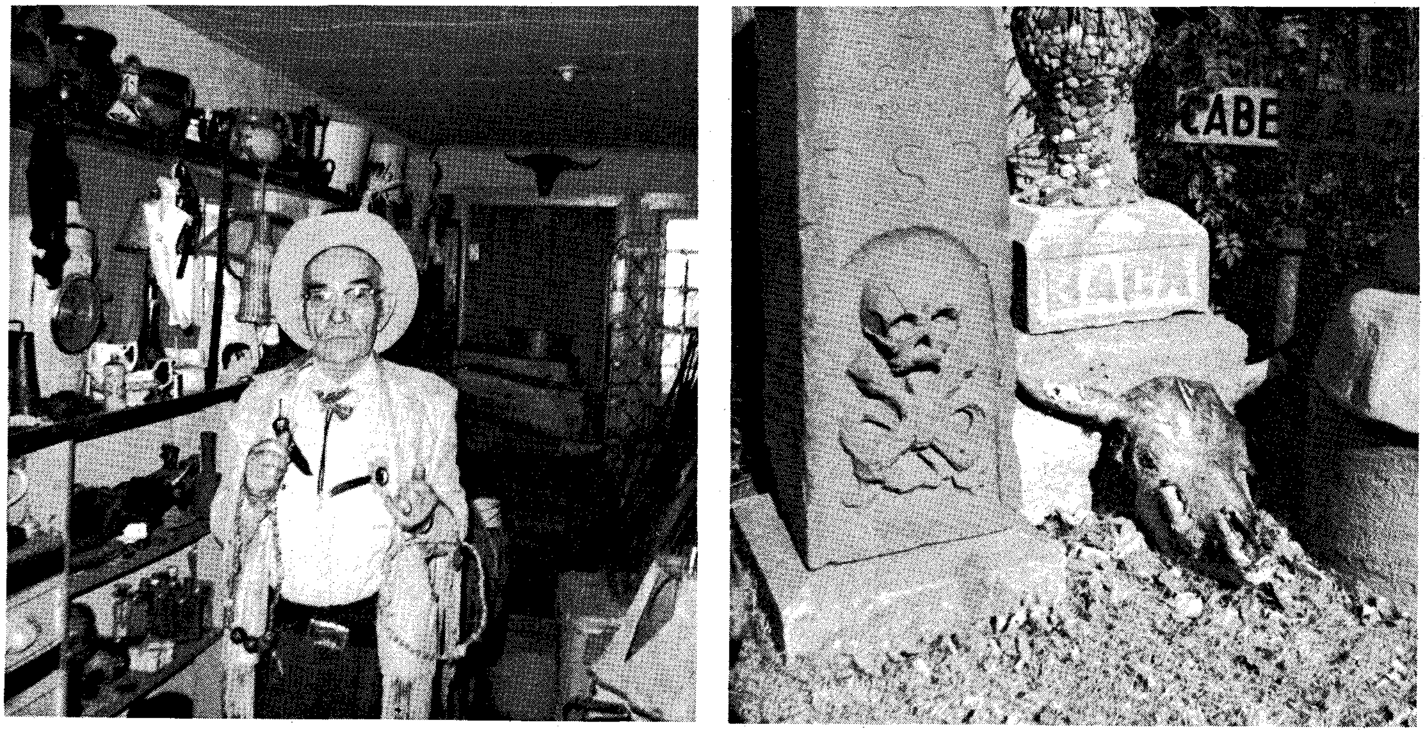
"Come up here, Tom!" he called out. "I want to introduce you to these folks!"

Whereupon Larrazolo, with a flourish,



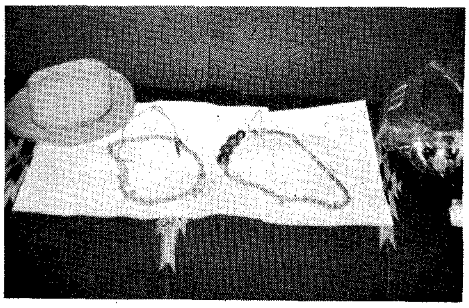
Tom McGrath in dooryard of his home, wearing fringed buckskin coat, green *chile* on his right shirt front.

At left below, Tom McGrath in jam-packed storeroom. Green *chile* shows on shirt just above right hand. Below, right, skull-and-crossbones on Digneo gravestone; Baca gravestone and buffalo skull.



At left, the McGrath's home in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Right, gravestones and Lulu of the bee-hunter neck. Beneath is shown bullet "necklaces" displayed on living room couch.

GOLD
PRECIOUS
METAL
PROSPECTORS



introduced him as "Señor Tom McGrath, the only Irish-Mexican west of the Mississippi!" Ever thereafter, McGrath has sported a green *chile* on St. Pat's Day.

Still a sturdy old-timer at eighty-one, McGrath believes he is the only living person born at old Fort Union, now a National Monument some thirty miles north of Las Vegas, where his father, Jay Dee McGrath was the last custodian of the frontier fort before its abandonment in 1891. His mother, born Guadalupe De Goy, was kin to the Beaubiens and Abreus, noted in history for their connection with the famous Maxwell Land Grant.

Today the modest home of McGrath and his *muy simpática* wife, the former Guadalupe (Lupita) Griego of Guadalupita, is a veritable one-man museum, packed with forty-six years' gatherings of historical relics and assorted oddments—from bear traps used by his grandfather to wanted-man posters and out-dated territorial documents.

Because of the rawhide range of his rambling reminiscences, as well as more than a modicum of equally rawhide spunk in his personality, Tom McGrath is something of a walking, talking, one-man museum himself. For years he has been making speeches at the drop of a hiatus in political *juntas*, giving forth with equally eloquent oratory in English, Spanish, or a judicious mixture of both.

A couple of years ago a rhubarb over parking tickets provided local police authorities with some annoyance and the community with considerable amusement. Fined ten dollars in City Magistrate R. W. Eastland's court for failure to pay up on five parking tickets, McGrath appealed the case to the district court on the ground that the notices of parking violations had never been served on him personally, but only on his middle-aged pickup—which naturally did not come in and pay the fines.

Acting as his own attorney in district court, McGrath pointed out that the complaint supplied to the court by the prosecuting attorney was a carbon copy.

"If Your Honor please," McGrath declared, "Tom McGrath is nobody's carbon copy, and he don't want to be tried by a carbon copy. I respectfully move that this case be dismissed!"

After a brief recess, Judge Zamora did dismiss the case, not because of the carbon copy but because a transcript of the lower court hearing had not been filed by the prosecution within the period required by law.

Ol' Tom will admit that he was a little disappointed in getting to cross examine only one of the half dozen witnesses on hand, including his friend, Judge Eastland; but he will also admit that neither he nor his pickup ever did pay that ten dollar fine.

McGRATH doesn't much like the term "museum" for his amazing collection of relics and mementoes, nor does he maintain it as such, although he is hospitable to anyone interested in seeing what he has.

"What I want," he says, "is for some responsible organization to take over all these gatherings and preserve them as a memorial exhibit in honor of the pioneers of the Santa Fe Trail and the great Southwest."

Many of the items displayed or stored on the premises are of valuable historical significance. Others might better be called interesting relics and "curiodditties." Outside in the yard are huge chunks of petrified wood and unusual rocks, a twelve-foot-long wooden replica of an old-time musket, elk horns, the inscribed cornerstone of a building long since vanished, an ox yoke, a cell door of latticed iron from the old San Miguel County jail where Billy the Kid was once a guest, a huge redstone lintel from the same source (engraved COUNTY JAIL with curlicues), a horse's head hitching post, and various other time-weathered relics, including several gravestones.

Not that ol' Tom is a cemetery raider. When, for one reason or another, most of the gravestones were removed from the churchyard of the historic Our Lady of Sorrows Church in Old Town, McGrath hauled some of the more interesting ones home rather than leave them to a garbage dump. One of them, a slender redstone shaft, is said to commemorate one of the several master stonemasons from Italy who did a lot of building in the prosperous early days of the Meadow City.

The carved inscription reads: *En Memoria de Achiello Digneo Nació en Italia el Día 26 de Junio 1842 Murió en Las Vegas el Día 26 de Mayo 1895 R. I. P.* A skull-and-crossbones is neatly carved in the stone below the inscription.

Beside this gravestone stands a lumpy lady of light gray sandstone with a bee-hunter bend in her neck, unrealistic enough to be modern sculpture—which she isn't.

"I found her on the city dump many years ago," says McGrath, "and the poor gal looked lonesome."

His best guess is that she was a throw-away from some class in sculpture at the local Normal University (now Highlands). The lady claims no historical significance, only that she is unique—and her name is Lulu.

Inside the house the walls of the comfortable living and dining rooms are literally covered with photographs, lithographs, letters, posters and other items commemorating one phase or another of New Mexico's and/or McGrath's somewhat turbulent history. One of these is a panel of photos showing the last hours of the noted outlaw, Black Jack Ketchum. The first is of Black Jack, one-armed, behind bars.

"Black Jack got shot when captured," McGrath explains. "Doc Desmarais sawed off his arm in the state pen in Santa Fe. Black Jack offered to return the favor sometime, but he got hanged at Clayton before he ever got around to it. There he is in that next picture on the gallows with a priest, Sheriff García and

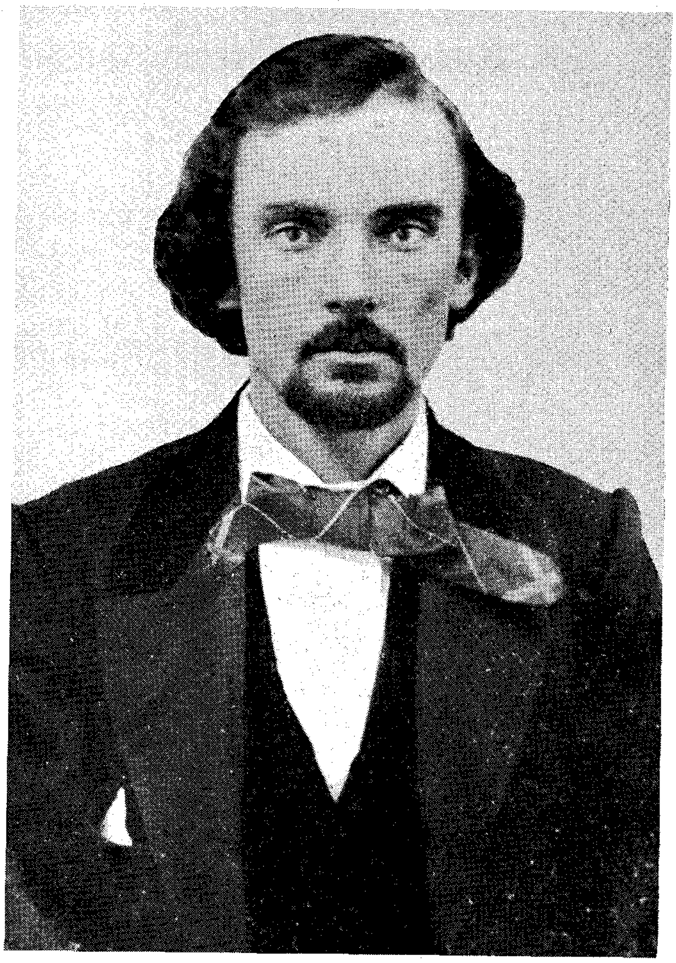
(Continued on page 62)

TUCSON'S MOST FAMOUS SALOON

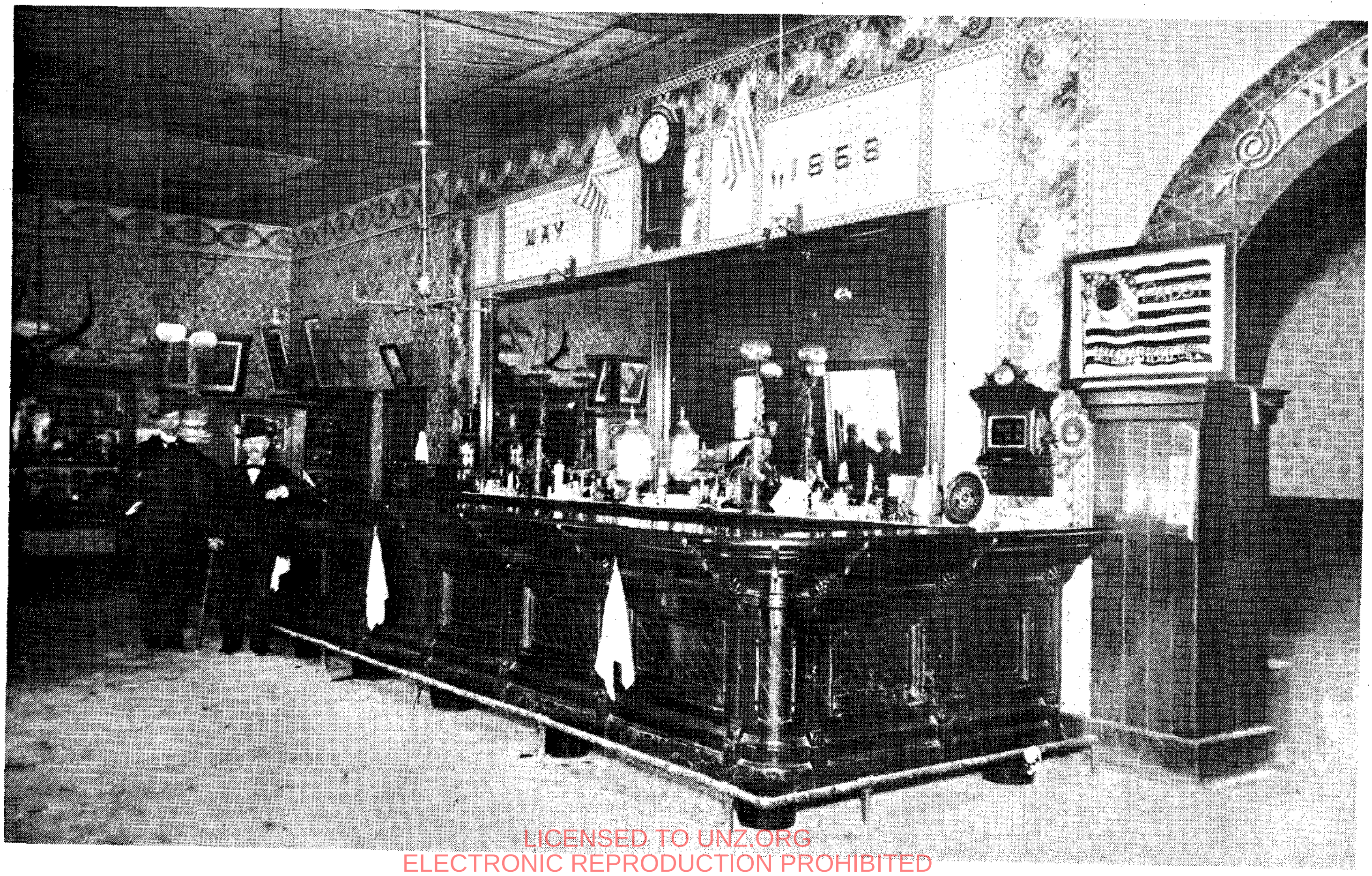
—Charlie Brown and Congress Hall made tin-cup drinking obsolete!

By DONALD N. BENTZ

Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library
Photos Courtesy Author



Above, Charles Owen Brown at 25. He was the founder of Congress Hall and author of the poem, "Arizona." Below, Charlie Brown, owner of saloon, and William Brown, his son, stand at the bar. Note the date, May, 1868, and sign advertising Pabst beer from Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Street scene in Tucson, Arizona, around 1880.

THERE WERE many things about the West to make men thirsty—unrelenting heat, bitter cold, great triumphs, greater losses, aggravations, wild enthusiasms, despair, exhilaration—you name it. The gunfighters, lawmen, military leaders, cattlemen, dancehall girls and prospectors often (or, at least, occasionally) felt the need for a drink. In Tucson, Arizona Territory, Charlie Brown was the man who served them. He was a saloonkeeper.

Charlie Brown, with more than his share of community pride, was a proud man and looked after his property. The story is told that in front of his saloon idlers used to stand around and cut the awning posts while they talked. That did not improve the posts' appearance, and when one of them was nearly cut in two, Charlie had some new ones put in and nicely painted and heavily sanded, thinking that would stop the whittling. But one day Charlie saw a well-dressed man standing alongside one of the posts cutting it with his knife. Some say that the man was Jack Moore, a gambler. Charlie walked up to him and started to cut the man's coat in great slits. The man turned around and asked, "What are you cutting my coat for?" Charlie said, "What are you cutting my post for?" The posts were not molested after that.

Into the dusty frontier town of Tucson Mr. Brown imported the first sewing machine, the first baby carriage (from St. Louis, Missouri), the first zinc bathtub for a private home, and the first square Steinway grand piano.

Charles Owen Brown was born in West Port, Essex County, New York, on October 27, 1829. While still very young he and his family moved to Whitehall, Illinois. His daughter, Josephine (Mrs. John J. MacTeague) Brown, years after his death, recalled these "facts" of her father's early life:

"He ran away from home when he was but twelve years of age and started west. He was on a ship on his way from New Orleans to Tampico when it was wrecked. He grabbed a wooden box and floated three days and three nights before he was washed ashore near San Antonio de Sabinito, with no clothes left on him but a shirt collar and its gold button.

"Here he came across some fishermen who gave him a pair of overalls so large that they came up nearly to his neck. Then he wandered into a bowling alley where the bowlers made fun of his clothes, and he challenged them to a game. When he left the alley he was a winner of about $700. So he got a haircut and a shave and a new Prince Albert suit, went back and paid the restaurant man who had given him a meal, and was ready for more adventure.

"He wanted to get to California, but was afraid to go across Texas so went by the way of Monterrey and to the West Coast.

"He finally reached the gold diggings near Merced, where he took out nearly a million dollars in gold. Then he went back to see his mother and gave her much of his money.

"He started back to California by the southern route, but stopped off in Tucson. This was about 1858. Whether he stayed in Tucson or went on to California and came back, I do not know, but he was here in the 1860s when my mother and her parents came through on their way from her school in Los Angeles to Mexico to take a boat for their old home in Catalona. My father got acquainted with her, fell in love with her and followed the family to Mesilla, where they were married."

These reminiscences of Brown's daughter are generally correct, but it is extremely doubtful that he ever took a million dollars out of the gold diggings in California.

CHARLIE BROWN came to Tucson in 1848, at the age of nineteen, young, eager, and looking for adventure. He found it. (At that time Arizona and New Mexico were a part of Mexico, the Gadsden Treaty not having been negotiated).

Legend has it that for a time he was in the employ of the Mexican government, and worked with a gang who shot and scalped Apaches on a bounty basis, reported to be $150 per scalp. The leader of this gang was a blackguard, a renegade Irishman named Captain John Glanton.

Early 1850 found the Glanton gang in Yuma, Arizona Territory, where they established one of the first ferries across the Colorado River. Glanton still gathered scalps, but from all Indians, not caring whether they were Apaches or not. In April 1850 an Indian uprising occurred and Glanton and most of his men were killed.

Charlie Brown and two companions escaped the massacre as they had been detailed to chop wood. They witnessed what happened, however, and immediately fled to California. (It was said that Brown, prior to the massacre, had accompanied Glanton and some of his men to San Diego, California, to purchase supplies. While there, Brown shot a lad in the San Diego plaza. He was arrested and placed under guard in the military camp, but he and another prisoner prevailed upon a corporal and escaped.)

One newspaper account stated that Brown was warned of the impending massacre by an Indian chief, whom he had befriended, and had left before the final and fatal attack was made upon Glanton and his gang.

Another legend connected with the Glanton gang is that this group had buried jars containing anywhere from $30,000 to $75,000 in gold somewhere along the Colorado River, near their ferry, and this treasure, if it existed at all, is supposedly still intact.

Charlie prospected for gold in California for quite a few years and returned to Tucson in 1858. He opened and operated a saloon and gambling house. He was in Tucson at the time of the Confederate invasion, and remained there after the Confederates left.

When the California Column occupied Tucson, Lt. Col. J. R. West sold Brown a saloon and gambling house monopoly in the town for $500. This was a better deal than had been given by the Confederate Carleton who taxed gambling houses $100 a month for "each and every table in said house whereon any banking game is played," and also stipulated "that every keeper of a bar, where wines, spirituous or malt liquors are to be sold, shall pay a tax of one hundred ($100) dollars per month to keep said bar."

Arizona historian Thomas E. Farish reports that Brown gave him the following version of his dealings with West.

"That he (Brown) received notice from Colonel West, asking him to meet him at a certain place just outside the town walls for a conference. Brown feared at the start that West intended to arrest him, but the Colonel asked him why he did not leave the Territory with the Confederates when they left. Brown's reply was that he was born in New York; that he was in Tucson before they came, and he concluded the best thing for him to do was to remain there after they had left.

"After some preliminary talk, the Colonel asked him if he would like to have the exclusive privilege of selling liquor and running a gambling hall in Tucson. Brown said he would. The Colonel then said he would give it to him if he would pay him five hundred dollars a month for the privilege, which Brown consented to do. The only condition placed upon him was that he should not sell liquor to drunken soldiers; that when they came under its influence, to allow them to have no more. Brown said that he made a great deal of money through this privilege; that his saloon was crowded all the time, and that he had a little back room where the officers congregated, and where he gave them the best that he could find in the way of alcoholic stimulants which kept them all in line.

"The only authority for this statement is that made by Brown himself to the writer. He further said that after the withdrawal of the main body of troops from Tucson and its neighborhood into New Mexico he followed them to Mesilla, where he continued the business. After the disbanding of the California Column, Brown returned to Tucson and settled permanently."

WHILE in Mesilla, Brown married Señorita Clara Borvean, a Mexican woman of good family. (One report states that they were married in Tucson in 1864.)

Shortly after returning to Tucson, Brown and J. A. Rosselle established a saloon and gambling house at the southeast corner of Congress and Meyer Streets. It was a long "L"-shaped adobe building, and as the Territorial Legislature had previously met there, was called the Congress Hall Saloon. Frequently it was simply referred to as "Charlie Brown's Place."

The saloon had floors of wood, the lumber for which was hauled from Santa Fe at a cost of $500 a thousand. The locks on the doors cost $12 each, and all other material in proportion.

A meeting of townsmen (the well-known ones) was called on May 17, 1871, at Congress Hall to organize the municipality of Tucson and elect officers. Sidney R. DeLong was chosen mayor; Charles O. Brown, one of the four councilmen.

Gambling was legal in Tucson, and gamblers considered the games as a business proposition, taxes from which supported the schools. Congress Hall became one of the most famous gambling houses in the Southwest. Many fortunes changed hands over its green baize tables. Fred G. Hughes was one of the well-known faro dealers at Congress Hall. Jack Blinkhorn managed the keno games, and "Six-toed Pete" supervised the game of monte.

Balls, receptions and political meetings were also held at Congress Hall.

"Practically half the frontier history was made within its walls. . . . All early day entertainments, not considering some of the ruder outdoor sports, consisted of tripping the light fantastic, and these dances were invariably given in the saloons and gambling halls of the town. General and Mrs. Cook were so entertained on the occasion of their first visit to Tucson, in Congress Hall. There was no social caste in those dangerous days. Snobbishness had yet to be born in the old town. Many a gay scene of revelry has taken place in the gambling section of that old building from which the street takes its name." *(Arizona Daily Star*, Tucson, December 29, 1910.)

TERRITORIAL newspapers proudly reported any improvement of the famous saloon.

"Messrs. Brown & Rosselle of the Congress Hall seemed determined to evade nothing that is calculated to add convenience to the elegance of their establishment. They have always on hand for the accommodation of their guests the finest of writing materials and a stranger can pass a few hours very pleasantly and perhaps instructively in the perusal of their late files of well-selected journals from all parts of the Union." *(The Weekly Arizonian*, Tucson, February 21, 1869.)

"Charley Brown has just received from California and erected in his ample hall two fine billiard tables. The boys can now find at Charley's any and every species of recreation which may be met with elsewhere in the Territory." *(The Weekly Arizonian*, Tucson, August 28, 1869.)

"C. O. Brown has about completed his extensive and fine improvements in and about Congress Hall. We think it entirely safe to say that there is no billiard, card and drinking saloon equal to it in tasty and comfortable finish outside of the larger cities. For Arizona it is superb. Mr. Brown received last week, a lot of fine wines, liquors and cigars direct from San Francisco." *(Arizona Citizen*, Tucson, September 28, 1872.)

"C. O. Brown received from San Francisco, and by team from Arizona City an immense mirror for any place, and we think the largest ever brought into Arizona. The glass is 5x10 feet, in a beautiful frame. And this leads to the remarks that Mr. Brown has now magnificently furnished liquor, card, billiard and reading rooms, all under one roof and conveniently connected by passageways. The large mirrors, fine pictures, and elegant furniture and finish of the establishment, combine to make it an acceptable resort for men of any turn of mind; and the enterprise exhibited in it is very creditable to the proprietor and the town." *(Arizona Citizen*, Tucson, November 9, 1872.)

"Charles O. Brown has got his mammoth mirror in place in Congress Hall, and in one sense a man may step before it and see himself as others see him—boots, breeches and all his external beauty." *(Arizona Citizen*, Tucson, November 30, 1872.)

Additional newspaper articles, through the years, reported that the floors of Congress Hall were being laid with new oil cloth, and a coat of paint was being applied to the exterior of the building. Also, "his collection of historical reminiscences has been framed, and that, together with his fine mineral cabinet, are public attractions."

However, one newspaper item did make some people wince:

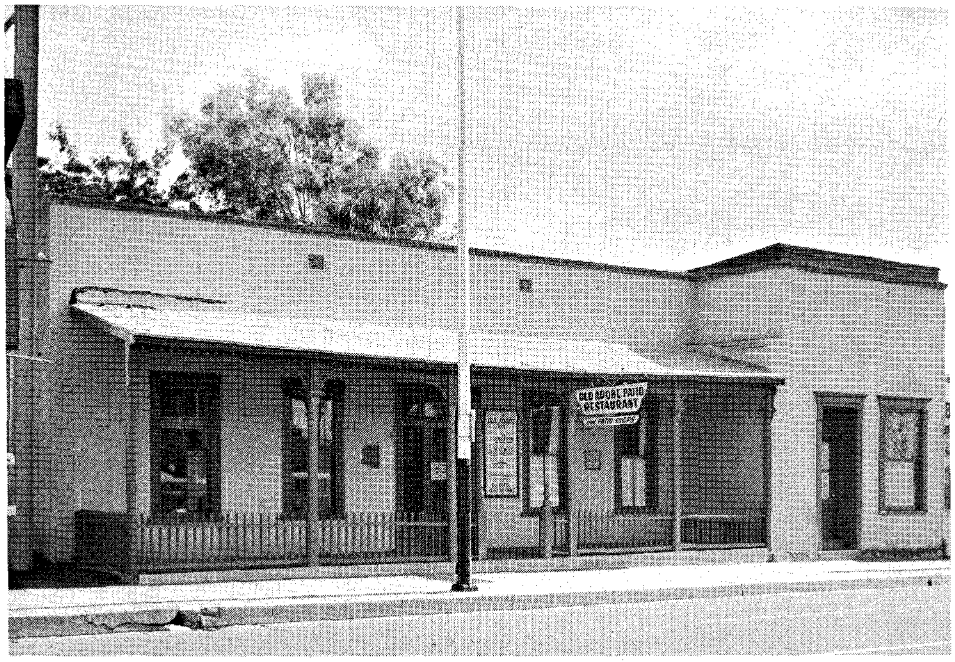
"On exhibition:—The scalp of the Indian killed by Col. Barnard, upon whom was found Col. Stone's gold bar, is on exhibition at Charley Brown's Saloon. The hair is glossay [*sic*] and beautiful, but the ears are decorated by pendant brass buttons." *(The Weekly Arizonian*, Tucson, February 12, 1870.)

Such men as Pete Kitchen, Tom Jeffords, George Washington Oaks, Governor McCormick, Charles H. Lord, George O. Hand, E. N. Fish, James H. Toole, and many others gazed upon this scalp and "enjoyed" the other features of Charlie Brown's Place, "where a shooting scrape occurred almost nightly."

On February 20, 1912, forty-four years after it was built, a portion of the old adobe building known as Congress Hall collapsed. The rest of the structure was torn down and replaced by a substantial brick building which still stands today.

THE SAME YEAR that Congress Hall Saloon was opened, 1868, Charlie Brown moved his family into one of the most beautifully constructed homes in Tucson. It was situated on Jackson Street, and in November, 1868, Charlie Brown combined the old American feast day with an ancient Spanish custom of celebrating the completion of a new home.

Charles O. Brown, Jr., writing from Mexico City, in 1939, stated: "I still have vivid recollections of happenings narrated to me by father and mother regarding the observance of that year's Thanksgiving Day . . . how Father had to go out in the hills and bring in two deer as turkeys were not to be had; how the score or more of invited guests enjoyed that dinner of roast venison; and how that dinner had served a twofold purpose; first, that of celebrating the occasion, and second, to comply with an accepted age-old custom which had been handed down through various generations of Tucson's mixed population;



Old Adobe Restaurant, Tucson, Arizona, as it stands today, was formerly the home of Charlie Brown, built in 1868.

and a custom which did not begin to wane until the middle '70s.

"The old-world custom was a heritage left by the Spanish Conquistadores and consisted of this: When a new home was built, the owner was obliged to invite his friends to a house-warming fiesta—a fiesta which began with a priest's blessing of the house and terminated with a big feed . . . and trimmings! That custom, tho fastly crumbling into the dust of tradition's decay, is still followed here in Mexico City."

Fig, pomegranate, orange and palm trees were planted in the patio. The larger of the two black fig trees, still standing today and bearing quantities of fruit, was transplanted from reportedly the first orchard planted west of the Mississippi—the San Jose del Tucson Mission orchard situated on the west bank of the Santa Cruz River.

In 1876, Brown, with an increasing family, extended his home to Camp Street, now Broadway. "The walls of this house were made of adobe 24 inches thick. The woodwork was of redwood which came by sailing vessels around Baja California from northern California to Yuma and was trans-shipped to Tucson by mule team."

The expense to Charlie Brown was considerable, but he could afford it. The census of 1870 had listed his worth as $17,500. His occupation: Saloonkeeper.

The *vigas*, or roof beams, were pine trees cut from the southern slope of the Santa Rita Mountains, in the vicinity of the spot known as Agua Caliente. They had one flat side as a result of being snaked down the mountainside by oxen.

Only Mexicans plied the trade of furnishing the pioneers with those timbers which they needed so badly for their building. That was because the Mexicans were less subject to attack from Apaches, and they could come and go with a measure of safety. However, the Mexicans never placed too much confidence in their immunity, and always went armed.

The timbers which went into the two old Brown houses have their bit of sinister history. When they were on the move to be delivered, the ox-drawn wagon-train was attacked by the Indians and two men lost their lives. Later, when the Broadway house was being built and its rafters being put in place, one of the peons let his end of the timber drop on the head of another worker. It was accidental, but the unfortunate man died from the effects of the blow.

Each and every one of the *vigas* cost Mr. Brown, under contract price, the sum of twenty dollars. The price was not exorbitant considering the personal dangers involved, the long hauls and slow means of transportation.

Boards were placed across the *vigas* to support the adobe roof. Most of these boards had the word "Liverpool" painted on them. They came from packing cases and crates which contained glassware, dishes, mirrors, and miscellaneous items shipped around the Horn to San Francisco. From there the crates had been freighted to Tucson by jerkline teams which made the fast time of five months en route.

As late as 1888 Brown was putting finishing touches on his Camp Street, or Broadway, home.

The *Arizona Daily Citizen*, on October 30, 1888, reported: "The rooms are all large and airy with high ceilings, lath and plastered and finished with a hard finish and contain every modern convenience, including commodious closets, handsome gas fixtures, iron mantels, bath rooms, etc. A special feature of the building, however, is the roof, which is a double arrangement, the first being a first class dirt roof over which is placed a tin roof of the finest quality, making the house without doubt the coolest in the city. A large porch runs around the entire back and side, opening out upon a large garden filled with beautiful fruit and shade trees. The house is designed with a view to comfort and is an admirable success."

Charlie Brown's home, an authentic example of typical Arizona Territory architecture, still stands. The entire building was restored to its original design in 1937. In March 1961 "The Old Adobe" was deeded by the owner, Elizabeth Congdon, to the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society with the provision that the restaurant and shops be allowed to continue in business. To protect the building from threatened urban renewal bulldozing, it was declared an historic site by the state. Today it houses an art gallery, several craft shops, and a restaurant.

BROWN LIVED in Tucson when it was a center of commerce, a military supply depot, the seat of the territorial government, and the hub of mining, ranching and farming activity. He didn't spend all his time in the Congress Hall Saloon. He had, in fact, several partners and/or managers, a Mr. Thomas Gates among them. (The saloon was eventually handed down to his son, William C. Brown.)

Charlie, himself, spent the last years of his life searching for and developing mining properties. Connected with his name is a legendary lost gold mine.

Briefly, the legend of that mine is this: In the primitive days of the Territory, the Indians had a fabulously rich gold mine in the Catalinas. It was so rich that, at the mouth of the tunnel which led to it, an iron door was always kept locked. When the Indians began to be overrun by white men, they caved in the entrance and left it.

In November 1907, Charlie Brown was reported lost in the Tucson Mountains. He was seventy-nine years old at that time, and still searching for the legendary gold mine.

Brown died on August 13, 1908, "leaving no property whatever." He was survived by his widow; a sister, Mrs. James Flynn, Tucson; Asa Brown, a brother in Wisconsin; four sons, William, Stephen, Owen and Charles; and a daughter, Mrs. J. J. MacTeague, Durango, Mexico. At the time, Brown was the best known of the early pioneers and enjoyed the distinction among the Americans of having lived longest in Arizona Territory.

Brown has received very little publicity. He is almost as unknown as W. S. "Billy" Reid, his contemporary and, like Brown, owner of one of the finest saloons in Tucson. E. C. Gifford and B. C. Parker were gamblers and friends of Reid. Together the three of them—Reid, Gifford and Parker—offered the Board of Regents of the Arizona Territory forty acres of mesquite-covered land in 1886. This donation was accepted and upon it was built the University of Arizona.

Such were the men of those days, unheralded by some, but to many others an important part of the development of the Southwest.

Beau Brummel of the Big Thompson

(*Continued from page 15*)

Everyone knew that Jack Slade had named a station up the line, Virginia Dale, for his wife, a buxom woman known to make Jack snap to whether he was drunk or sober, something nobody else could do. They said if she had made it to town in time the vigilantes would have been hanged instead of Slade.

Slade was a familiar figure at Mariano's when he was superintendent of the Sweetwater division. He raised plenty of hell all up and down the line from Julesburg to Rocky Ridge on Lodgepole Creek. To Mariano's ears came word that Jules Beni had perforated Slade, had been hanged (but not quite fatally), had left the country but returned with a gang to wreck and rob company property in revenge. He thought his arch-enemy was dead. But Slade, who had recovered from enough of Beni's bullets to kill an ordinary man, caught Beni, and the latter's tortuous death, bullet by bullet, made one of the bloodiest chapters in the saga of Slade.

Slade no doubt flipped his watch fob, bearing the dehydrated remains of Beni's ear as a charm, many times in Mariano's saloon but he and the little Mexican enjoyed a mutual respect, it appears. In 1862 as Slade was coming down the line from Virginia Dale he got drunk, and between LaPorte and the Namaqua station began firing down through the top of the coach. Four passengers inside rolled out on the prairie. At Mariano's he ordered Boutwell—*not* Mariano—to make him a drink. A loaded gun stood in the corner—probably Old Lady Hawkens. While Boutwell acted as bartender Slade picked up the gun, cocked it and covered the trembling man while demanding that the drink be made a certain way.

It was also one of Slade's pastimes to hold a cocked revolver in a stranger's face and march him into a saloon to share a drink. That was why Andrew Ames, at the next station west, even in his ordinary business transactions with Slade, always kept his hand on his gun.

One day Slade and his men went on a tear at LaPorte, dumped the storekeeper's groceries in the middle of the floor, poured molasses and flour all over them, dragged out the cowering proprietor and put him in the stage and hauled him to the Laramie plains where they tossed him out. This bit of fun cost Slade and his henchmen $800. He promptly paid when he sobered up.

It was never recorded that Slade bothered even a can of beans, much less the little proprietor, at Namaqua, but he did flatten Frank G. Bartholf, an innocent bystander, one day, and killed a quietly sleeping dog after knocking the coffeepot skywinding. Later Slade wrote a letter of apology to the bruised Bartholf.

MARIANO PROSPERED. His supplies for emigrants included frontier whiskey, salt meats, and flour which sold at $30 for 100 pounds. These supplies were freighted from the Missouri by ox team and sometimes supplies got very low before a loaded freight-wagon train arrived. At such times Modena could get $100 per 100 pounds for his flour.

Mariano's cattle grew fat in the Big Thompson valley and he did well with his toll bridge across the river, as well as with his store and saloon. There was a gate at each end of the toll bridge and it was so well-fenced that crossing was impossible without payment. Good fords existed when the river was down, but melting snow provided Mariano with customers coming and going. It was said the toll charge was according to the degree of friendship the crosser enjoyed with Mariano. A treasured acquaintance got across and back free. An enemy paid the top price or didn't get across at all.

In later years Mariano became interested in agriculture, and records show that he was a member of a resolutions committee of pioneer potato growers protesting against "a shameful conspiracy" to deprive them of a decent price for potatoes. This was in 1872 and the meeting was held at the schoolhouse near the stage station—the first such meeting in Colorado in the interest of cooperative marketing.

Earlier days saw Modena plagued by Indian raids. He was a man of patience but he was hard put sometimes to adhere to his policy of killing Indians only if it was necessary to do so. The settlers were understandably nervous about these raids. Stories of thieving, massacres and torture were common. One time, stovepipes were stuck through the portholes of Mariano's fort to resemble cannon and scare off the hostiles.

In the immediate area, however, horse stealing was the biggest problem; the Indians had an affinity for Mariano's horses. In the summer of 1864 a band of Utes swooped down from North Park on a horse-stealing raid and as they emerged from the mountains they came on one of Mariano's Mexican hands hauling stone. They surrounded him and filled his body with arrows. His scalp was hung on a cottonwood stump. Then the Indians charged on down the valley spreading fear among the settlers, though they molested no one else. They wanted horses and they took 125 head from Mariano and others and started for the hills.

Mariano, Jesus Luis and two Frenchmen organized a pursuit. They overtook the marauders at Ute Pass, got up above them and shot down on the eleven-member raiding party. Mariano was killing Indians that day and Old Lady Hawkens got three. The remaining Indians fled and when they reached North Park they stopped to sleep in a buffalo wallow. Here they were found by the Sioux who killed all but one. They cut off his ears and sent him home to show what the Sioux could do.

The Arapahoes liked Mariano's horses, too, and that same year stole eighteen head. Another time a band of Utes took the little Mexican's horses and fled in the direction of Middle Park. With two friends Mariano pursued them, coming on the party early one morning just as the Indians were eating.

Mariano ordered his companions to be careful and not to kill any of the braves, but to keep out of sight and fire at the ground. Mariano rode toward the camp at dead run, yelling and shooting as his horse bounded toward the startled party. The astounded Indians, supposing they were being surrounded, fled to their ponies and galloped in all directions without looking back. It is said that Mariano came back that day with more horses than he lost.

HOSTILITY of the Indians became open warfare after 1862. Wagon-trains were attacked and burned and their owners tortured and murdered. While the atrocities were blamed on the numerous Indians in the region, the presence of white men in some of the war parties was attested to by more than one survivor. Stagecoaches carrying the largest specie payments were singled out for attack suspiciously often. Accusing fingers pointed to known white renegades and outlaws holed up in the region. Fearful stories spread through the country.

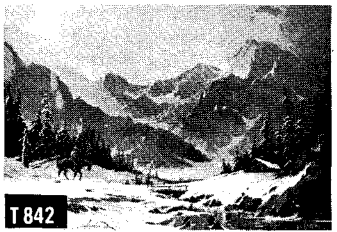
But not all the good Indians were dead. Not long after Mariano settled in his valley a Frenchman named DeVost captured a little Indian boy about twelve, from a band of wandering Utes. He named the bright youngster Zeb. Zeb was precocious and a born thief. He never stole from DeVost, but he did from everyone else. When Zeb was about seventeen a band of roving Utes passed through Huleatt's Gulch and Zeb rejoined his people. DeVost alternately mourned the lad and called him an ungrateful such and such. His neighbors didn't miss Zeb at all.

Several months passed and the Indians continued their pilfering and horse stealing. When a party camped at Huleatt's Gulch the settlers knew their horses' days were numbered. And they were. The Big Thompson dwellers, Mariano and DeVost among them, followed the band, which was evidently heading for North Park. When the party was overtaken the Indians prepared for a skirmish. One young brave stood on a rock and sent his arrows in the direction of the white party. A six-shooter emptied and there was one less Indian to fight.

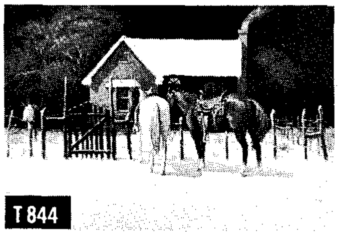
The hostiles suddenly increased in numbers and it looked bad for the pursuing whites when suddenly a young brave leaped from the ranks, yelled excitedly to his fellows and headed in the direction of the whites. It was Zeb. He had recognized DeVost. The other Indians sullenly withdrew.

Zeb was delighted to see his old friend and insisted that DeVost's horses be returned. DeVost's companions didn't fare as well. Despite the Frenchman's pleadings Zeb declined to return with him, but he promised not to bother the white men's horses again. When Zeb died in 1871, he left his blanket and pipe to DeVost. He was buried with typical tribal ceremonies in Huleatt Gulch. Big Thompson pioneer Abner Loomis said Zeb was the only example on record of a grate-

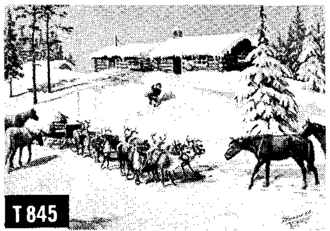
PICK FOR '68 FROM THE **BEST** IN FULL COLOR WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS


T 842

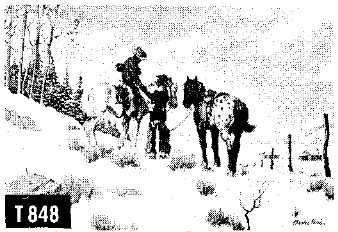
Christmas Day — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all Year — **Lowdermilk**


T 844

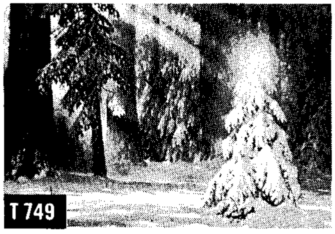
A Good Day For Visiting — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **G. Harvey**


T 845

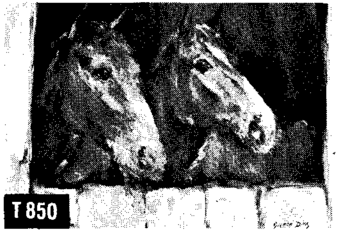
Christmas Eve Callers — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Bernard Thomas**


T 848

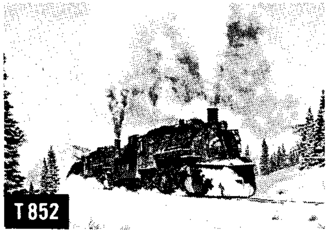
When Neighbors Meet — Best Wishes at Christmas, etc. from Our Outfit to Yours — **Paris**


T 749

Forest Cathedral — May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc. — **Husberg**


T 850

Stablemates — May the meaning of the Season be deeper ... as Christmas comes, etc. — **Dick**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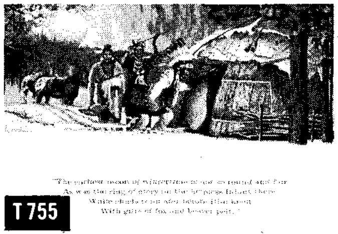
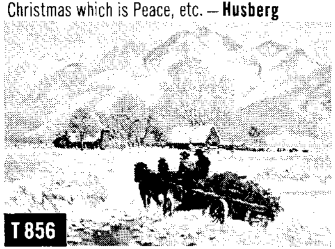
Frosted Steam — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Howard Fogg**


T 755

An Indian Christmas Carol — May Christmas bring you gifts of Peace, Joy, etc. — **EchoHawk**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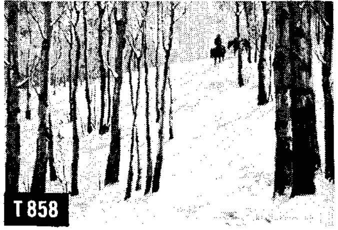
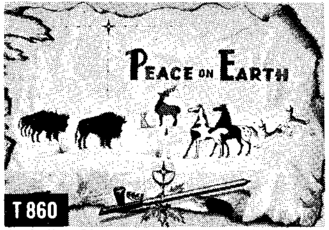
Tree Cutting Time — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Robert Meyers**

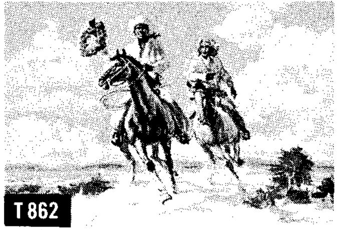

T 858

Through the Aspen — Greeting is an appropriate, merry and cheerful western verse — **McLean**

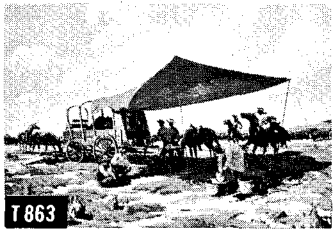


T 860

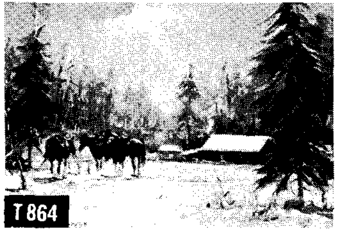
An Indian Pictograph — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas, etc. — **Brummett EchoHawk**


T 862

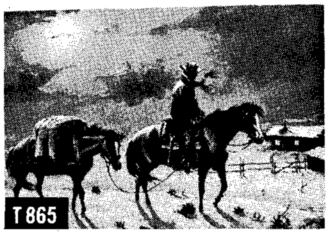
A Happy Pair — Christmas Greetings from the two of us, double Good Wishes, etc. — **FitzSimmons**


T 863

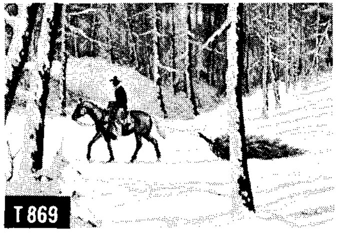
Chuckwagon Cheer — Greeting is friendly, appropriate verse by S. Omar Barker — **Walter Graham**


T 864

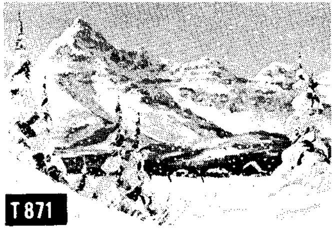
Cabin in the Pines — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Warren**


T 865

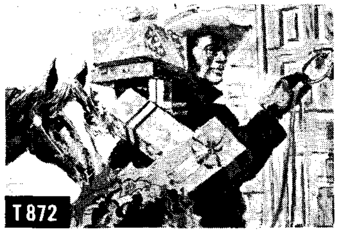
The Gift of Light — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Lenox**


T 869

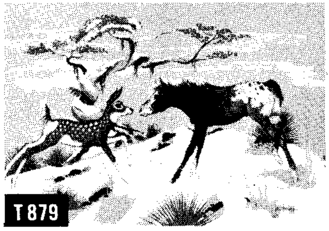
A Tree for the Ranch — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Charles Paris**


T 871

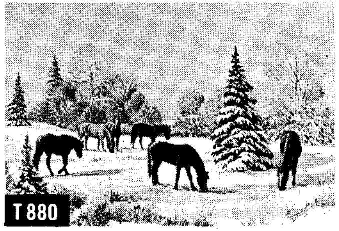
A Joyous Yule — Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through the New Year — **Kerswill**


T 872

Making Christmas Rounds — Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the Year — **FitzSimmons**


T 879

Friendship at Christmas — A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Lee**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Peaceful Morning — May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc. — **Thomas**

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	T 749	T 850	T 852	T 755
	T 856	T 858	T 860	T 862
	T 863	T 864	T 865	T 869
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ful redskin. But this was not quite true. There was Ute Susan, known to her tribe as Shosheen.

INDIANS, mainly those belonging to Left Hand and Friday, were around, straying over into the Big Thompson valley on occasion. Mariano never relaxed his vigilance—he knew his scalp was a coveted one and there had also been threats from the Sioux against John because she was a Flathead. One day in the latter part of June, 1863 J. N. Hollowell, who had come to the valley soon after Mariano, was asleep in his cabin when he was awakened by a party of Arapahoes in war paint. They crowded every corner of the room. Hollowell quickly pulled on his pants and as one of the party pointed to Hollowell's hat and a mirror and said "swap," the unnerved white man clutched both in his hands as they hurried him toward the river. He thought, hopefully, they had a pony they wanted to swap for the items.

But at the camp they dragged a frightened Ute girl from a tepee and flung her against Hollowell. She appeared to be about thirteen years old. Hollowell declined the squaw, but left his hat and mirror for what he hoped was good will. He was permitted to return to his cabin, but he was uneasy. For two nights he heard the thump of war drums and the whoops of the Indians. Then, to his relief, they dispersed, taking with them, Hollowell could see from a safe distance, three Ute scalps with long black hair—evidently the inspiration for the festivities.

Company B of the First Colorado Volunteer Cavalry and some Michigan troops came on the same band of Left Hand's Araphoes a few days later on the Platte. They were preparing to burn at the stake the little girl they had wanted to trade to Hollowell. She was tightly bound and faggots were piled about her. The soldiers rescued her and eventually she was taken to Denver where Governor Evans sent her back to her people under special guard. She was a young princess, sister of Chief Ouray and later wife to Chief Johnson. To Hollowell and others she was Ute Susan. It was her intercession which in later years saved the lives of Mrs. Meeker and Josephine in the White River Massacre.

Hollowell came to the Big Thompson valley in the fall of 1860 and found that about 20 people had preceded him, including two other squawmen besides Mariano Modena. In recalling his early days and neighbors to Ansel Watrous, Hollowell said he and others hauled hay to Central City, seventy-five miles away, to earn a living. They got their meat from wild game, and most folks were usually hungry but they always shared with neighbors. Hollowell, the following year, planted garden seed as an experiment and found that vegetables did well and brought a good price. His were the first ever grown in the fertile valley and he invited Mariano and the two other squawmen to come and share melons with him.

MARIANO was often invited to partake of his neighbors' hospitality. He was known as a friendly, affable—but non-talkative—guest and host. He listened quietly as names that certainly had figured in his past were bandied about the bar. Wild and fearful yarns were spun about these colorful figures of the West, but Mariano never contributed his own recollections. When asked about something in the past he always shrugged enigmatically or muttered under his breath in Spanish.

He never commented when travelers told of the iniquities of Julesburg, the dusty, dirty, wicked little city of the plains beyond the valley. He was impassive when drovers just fresh from the muddy ruts of the town told how Blacksnake Lachut, a teamster, had cut a drunken laborer to pieces with his long whip when the man accidentally jostled him, and how he snapped cigars out of the mouths of bystanders with a flick of the thong, broke the necks of bottles a room's width away and snipped the ornate buckles which held the single strap of the dancing girls' costumes. Mariano listened in silence when told about the mysterious gypsy who foretold the death of many, even that of her lover, and eventually her own.

It has been recorded that Mariano had no affection for anything except his own relatives, his horses and his rifle. He was eternally suspicious, despite his affability, and always wary. He was quick to take offense when he was drunk, and always kept his family and Mexican retainers close by. Mariano would sell to anyone who came to his place, but he never would permit anyone but Mexican travelers to stay overnight.

Mariano was vain, not only in bedecking himself in colorful finery, but also, on occasion, in pretending he was French instead of Spanish if he felt it would impress the listener. And he would cut loose in French for a few sentences as proof. Mariano detested those who tried to meddle and pry into his private life. Larimer County records show that some nosy person filed a complaint with county officers stating that Mariano was living in adultery with a woman he was married to only by contract of barter—meaning John. A warrant was issued and the sheriff was sent out to Mariano's home. Friends had alerted him but he was unable to get away in time, so he entrenched himself in his fortress-like dwelling with his Hawken and dared the law to enter.

Knowing Modena's aim was straight, the sheriff wanted to parley, and tried persuasion until dark. He then called for reinforcement from Fort Collins and they rushed the place at dawn only to find that Mariano and John had fled. This was the Mexican's last brush with the law, and probably it resulted in the Catholic wedding ceremony, though there is no proof of this. Thereafter, neighbors thought it the better part of valor to keep suspicions of contraband, illegal liquor, or questionable domestic life at the Modena establishment to themselves. The sheriff lost the next election because of his role in the fiasco.

MARIANO was devoted to his children, as was John. They lost Martin and Rosita in their early childhood and so Antonio, Louie and Lena (short for Marcellina) received lavish attention and affection. The little Mexican was ambitious for his children and tried to see to it that they received a good Catholic education. He owned a government ambulance of which he was inordinately proud. He called it his "avalanche" and it was pulled by two handsome gray horses. When he took Lena to her convent school, or the family to Denver where he had his picture made in all his finery, he drove this contraption. John, who liked her creature comforts, made a bed in the roomy rear and would sleep most of the trip.

Lena grew into a handsome girl, with dark, lustrous eyes and a lithe, Spanish grace. Her father adored her and provided her with the finest saddle horses, the fanciest saddles and bridles and a Navajo riding blanket fringed with little silver bells. She rode with the natural ease and grace of her father. Lena went to her convent school in Denver two or three terms, but though she was a good scholar, she missed her free life on the Big Thompson. The first time she enrolled, her parents went with her and when they pulled away from the school in the avalanche she fled through the streets after them, fearful of the confines of the convent. Some say she came afoot all the way back to her home, but this is doubted.

However, in a very short time the disease which had killed the two other children sickened Lena. She left the convent, ill with consumption, and died in July 1872. Her father insisted that she be buried in the purple dress she had worn at the convent and her mother placed a large brass crucifix, enameled in black, in her hands. She was buried in a graveyard near her home beside the two children who had died earlier.

The little plot, enclosed by an adobe wall, a year later received John. Lucas Brandt maintained that John died of a broken heart after Lena passed away. He said she would place her hand over her heart and say, "Me sicky, me sicky, me no want to live; me go to Lena." It is said that Mariano buried John with some of her Indian trinkets and two ponies to assure her of safe passage to the happy hunting ground. Until his death Mariano carefully attended the graves with his own hands, a task his stepson, Louie, later assumed.

Only Lena had remained with her parents after 1870. Tall, handsome Antonio, the pride of his father and so like him in disposition, would drop in on occasion, but he was a wild and wayward son, volatile and quick-tempered. He, like Slade, would threaten to shoot a man who wouldn't drink with him. Mariano got him out of one scrape after another, usually in Denver. One day, Brandt recalled, a messenger brought Mariano a letter. As he read it his face whitened. He left Brandt in charge, departed hurriedly without a word to anyone, and was away for several weeks. Then Mariano returned and sold all his stock. It was rumored that he gave his fortune for his son's life. The boy disappeared and Mariano never talked. Though he was almost penniless when he died, Mariano begged on his deathbed that Antonio not be permitted to live in want. The young man later was reported killed in a drunken row in 1888.

AFTER John's death Mariano announced that he was giving up drinking. He kept this vow until he began living with a second squaw wife and forgot it completely when he married a white divorcee, Mrs. Susan Howard. A document in the Denver marriage records dated August 4, 1877 and addressed to Mr. C. P. Scott, county clerk of Larimer County, residing in Fort Collins, reads: "Dear Sir: I send you enclosed one dollar for the registering of a marriage I performed in Larimer County on July 21, 1877. I joined in bonds of marriage Mariano Medina (sic) of Big Thompson and Susan, legally divorced wife of Mr. Howard. She is also of Big Thompson. Please be so kind as to place on the registry and oblige." This was signed "William J. Howlett, Catholic Clergyman."

A son, Ralfalita, was born of this union but died in boyhood, a few years after Mariano's death. There were those who said Mrs. Howard was most unkind to the boy.

Mariano died June 25, 1878 and was buried by the side of John. On his deathbed he begged to be buried in his avalanche with his two gray horses attached, with a tomahawk, some candles and lots of whiskey. A friend tried to point out the impracticability of trying to dig such a big hole, but the feverish little man grew more violent than ever in his pleadings. So the promise was given—but not carried out. Mariano always knew he couldn't trust his enemies and his doubts about his friends seemed, this time, justified.

Only Louie Papa remained of the Big Thompson dynasty and he lived to be a legend in his own time. He grew to be a powerful, striking-looking man, more than six feet tall and weighing at least two hundred pounds. He was an excellent horseman, cattleman, and was absolutely fearless and an unequaled tracker.

Harold M. Dunning, historian and writer of the Estes Park region, knew Papa about as well as anyone now living and this friendship endured for forty years. Dunning used to sit on Papa's lap at the ranch of Lord Dunraven at roundup time. Papa rode the range with Dunning's stepfather, A. C. (Claude) Matthews, and was devoted to him. In fact, one time, Dunning recalls, Louie got the idea that some of Dunraven's hirelings had harmed Claude. Angry, he rode to the ranch on his big white horse and demanded to know what they had done to his friend. Some of the English dandies summering at the lodge quickly emptied the living room. Nobody gave Papa an answer so he mounted and rode his horse right into the room where they were cowering and chased them out the door. Some hid behind the rocks outside

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and these were targets for Louie's pot-shots. Claude heard the firing and rode up just in time to save the day for the Englishmen.

Another time, a party of Indians stole Papa's horse and the angry man took out after them alone. He got his horse back but came perilously close to losing his scalp.

In later years Papa would come into Dunning's store and sit for hours, never saying a word. Again he would talk in broken English, difficult to understand. But he was Mariano Modena's son in spirit—nobody knew anything about his business. His stepfather was good to Louie and the latter liked to recall how Mariano took him to Fort Garland country in 1864 to show him the land of his youth.

Papa left Mariano's home in the 1860s and never lacked for a job, he was such an excellent cowboy. He was a top hand on the ranges and drives in Colorado, Wyoming, Texas, Utah and Idaho. Much of his life was spent looking after Frank Bartholf's cattle, as well as his own, but nobody ever knew how many cattle he had. His stock answer to all such questions was "about forty."

Louie's own father, whose first name he never knew, came to see him in 1877 and stayed about a month. He told Louie he had a French stepmother and some stepbrothers in Topeka, but Louie wasn't interested in leaving the West to meet them and he never saw his father again.

When Papa was about twenty-two—in 1866—he married an Eleanor Williams and a son, Mariano Antonio Papa, was born at Louie's cabin south of Namaqua. A girl was also born to the couple, but died in infancy. When Louie brought his bride to the cabin he planted a tree to mark the day. When Louie died the tree was immense.

Mrs. Papa and Antonio did not live at the cabin all those years, but moved to Pueblo. The son came to Loveland several times to beg his father to come and live with them so they could look after him in his old age. Louie thought they just wanted his money and wouldn't go. He was also afraid he would die of the heat down in the flat country. So he spent his time between Loveland and his home—now the present site of the Municipal Light Plant. The City of Loveland bought all of Louie's canyon land, paid him several thousand dollars, and built him a new cabin complete with electric lights. But he always liked best the old one nearer the Big Thompson. Louie used to imagine in his last years that he was poverty-stricken but actually he was well off.

Louie had to stop riding after his eightieth birthday and he died on September 18, 1935, when he was ninety-one. Dunning wrote his epitaph: "Pioneer cattleman of the West, Louis Papa. Born on Snake Creek, Utah about 1844. Was brought to the Big Thompson Valley by Mariano Modena, his stepfather, in 1858. Here he spent most of his life. He was a real character of the early days." A year later, to the day, Louie's son, Antonio, died.

Dunning likes to recall Louie's reply when some cattlemen, sick to death of rustling, offered to pay him a good sum of money to open his mouth and say who was stealing the beef.

"Huh," snorted Louie, "me get more than that to keep mouth shut."

Louie had learned well from Mariano Modena.

The Captain's "Incomplete" Victory

(Continued from page 17)

crowded so closely together near the lower end that we had a splendid chance at them, and counted afterwards, seventeen dead almost in one pile."

The troopers' attack didn't last long. In less than thirty minutes, not an adult Indian remained in the village except the dead. A number of children had been left in the lodges.

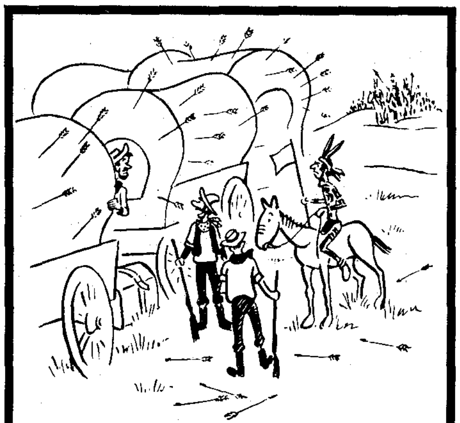
The villagers who had escaped made their way to the shelter of scattered rocks on the sandstone butte above camp. From there they opened fire on the troopers below. The range was from 300 to 500 yards. Two cavalrymen were killed and three wounded in a very few minutes.

Some Indian ponies were driven back up the ravine from the direction of the charging troopers; some fled out of the lower end of the valley; others were driven up the steep slope of the sandstone promontory held by the retreating hostiles.

His ammunition nearly exhausted, and having nothing further to accomplish in the village, Bates withdrew the troopers, sent for their horses, and then returned to the west bluff above the battle site to view the situation below.

The wounded were evacuated to the captain's observation post. It was then Bates learned that Lt. Young had been injured on the opposite side of the height below the rocks where the Arapahoes lay concealed. Leaving Young at the bottom of the valley in care of the surgeon, Bates then decided he would try to take the sandstone butte. As he rode toward it, he met Chief Washakie, together with a few of his Shoshones. From them the captain learned that the Indians whom he had attacked had saved about half of their pony herd.

The hostiles now had a signal smoke going up from the point of the sandstone bluff. Bates was fearful they were seeking aid from other Indians. Estimating it would cost him another ten men killed or wounded to take the position which was defended by both bucks and squaws—and he couldn't afford to lose another man or round of ammunition—he withdrew the command and abandoned the village without destroying it. According to Bates' report, it was then 8 o'clock in the morning.



"They want to know if they can have their arrows back!"

FRIGHTENED by prospects of a counter-attack with reinforcements, the young officer ordered his troops to beat a hasty retreat. Transporting the dead and wounded the tired cavalrymen marched throughout the day of July 4. Nor was a halt called at nightfall. Moving across the crest of the Owl Creek Mountains east of Wind River Canyon, the expedition probably descended to the plains below by way of Hoodoo Creek. Recrossing Badwater Creek, morning found them breaking into open country east of Wind River, just northeast of the present town of Shoshoni.

Traveling in a direct southwesterly course, that evening the command was met at the mouth of Little Wind River by Capt. R. A. Torrey with ambulances for the wounded.

Proceeding slowly upriver the weary troopers, their blue uniforms sweat-stained and caked with brown dust, arrived back at Camp Brown the afternoon of July 6. The return route was twenty miles shorter than that taken to the scene of action, Bates reported. Altogether the expedition had traveled 210 miles going to and from the engagement.

Casualties among the troopers were Privates James M. Walker and Peter F. Engell, killed; Lt. Young, shot through the thigh with the wound considered serious; Privates French, left eye shot out; Gable, flesh wound in an arm; and Pierson, flesh wound in a hand. The Shoshone allies under Chief Washakie had two braves killed and two wounded. Capt. Bates credited Cosgrove and his civilians with having saved Lt. Young's life in moving the wounded man from an exposed position to the ravine's sheltering banks.

Of the enemy, Bates reported twenty-five known dead. And he estimated the usual proportion of four wounded to each killed. Seventeen bodies had been counted in the narrow gully which ran through their village. More were found in other areas of the village and some on the side of the sandstone bluff. Bates stated that Lt. Young and some of the Indian scouts were remarkable shots. Because of this he felt that probably additional casualties had been suffered, inasmuch as the range varied from 10 feet to 100 yards.

Capt. Bates was extremely critical of some of his Shoshone allies, claiming they deserted him in the fight. However, he complimented Chief Washakie and forty or fifty older braves under the chief's command. Other Shoshones lagged from two to three thousand yards in the rear, he claimed, and busied themselves with the Arapahoes' pony herd instead of participating in the action.

It is interesting that Capt. Torrey, 13th

Infantry, commanding Camp Brown, chided Bates for not having accomplished as much as he could have. Quoting the commanding officer's report: "Capt. Bates, in my opinion, expected altogether too much assistance from his Indian allies, oblivious to the fact that Indians almost never do more than skirmish, and are entirely opposed by education and habit to carrying positions by bold attack.

"Capt. Bates and his whole command appear to have behaved with great gallantry; and with a little more care in the manner of attack would have achieved a complete victory."

It was not enough that Bates Creek, meandering through the peaceful little badland valley, flowed crimson that morning. Or that within half an hour, twenty-nine known dead lay stiffening along the stream among the rocks and sagebrush. Or that scores of injured limped away from the scene of battle—to some to die later of their wounds—to eventually recover, embittered with intensified hatred of the conquering white man.

Lige Coalman—Mountain Boy

(Continued from page 37)

canned and dried.

On July 21, the government packer, D. Wright, was ready with four miles of #9 galvanized phone wire loaded on pack mules and it was distributed to Crater via Triangle Mountain. George Leadfore, the Summit House Ranger, and Roy Garwood from Zig Zag station, began laying and connecting wire. They reached the summit at 2 p.m., hooked up a field phone set, and got a long distance connection to Portland. The *Oregon Journal's* next edition reported that telephone communication had been established with the summit of Hood. At 9 p.m. on July 29, the first meal ever to be cooked and prepared on the top was served. The first accommodation of any sort was a tied-down tent on a wooden platform.

The tent had not been completely secured, but the men were sleeping in it. In the night, the sides billowed and snapped. Wind got between the floor boards and the canvas. There was plenty of discomfort from the draft but the real crisis was knowing that the distance between the tent and a sheer drop of 4,000 feet to Elliott Glacier was only 18 feet. Since the wind on top of Mount Hood is invariably from the southwest, this was exactly where they were all going if the ropes failed to hold. You may depend upon it that with daylight a considerable amount of extra zeal was put into the work of more properly anchoring the tent.

But Lige took time to observe the scenery. "The next day brought a beautiful morning with no wind," he said. "We got out early enough to witness the sunrise and it was then I first felt as though the spirit of Perry Vickers, who had been the first man ever to sleep on top of the mountain and write poetry about it, was standing beside me.

"A sunrise or a sunset from the top of the mountain is the treat of a lifetime. I was to witness both of them dozens of times during the following four summers, the glory of each varied by the brush stroke of God's artistry. As the sun peaks over the eastern horizon, the blue haze shadow of Hood extends westward to the Coast Range, well defined. At sunset it reverses itself, starting from Bonnie Butte and gradually extending across the grain fields of central Oregon to the far mountains bordering Idaho. Truly one sits in God's studio and watches the Master of all the universe portray His imagination."

It was Lige Coalman and Roy Mitchell who actually constructed the first lookout building. It was late in the season. They not only had to struggle against the deadline of time but they were accosted by wind, snow and ice. Eight thousand pounds of equipment had to be mule-backed to the base of Crater Rock, where temporary sleeping quarters were established. The remaining 1,200-foot rise, which occurs in half a mile, was negotiated by a crew of men who carried things up.

Every board and article of material had to be tied down with anchor ropes to prevent their being blown onto the glacier below and on one occasion two of the guy ropes which held the tent in which they were sleeping broke from the force of the wind and the weight of glare ice. The men took their table apart and used the pieces to brace the tent poles. A part of the canvas swerved weirdly, and the feeling that almost certainly their next stop would be on the glacier three or four thousand feet below, gave them a terrifying night.

At dawn when they opened the flap they had to cut their way out with ice axes. The base of the tent and the poles were frozen so deeply as to be actually a part of the mountain. It took two days to chop the ice free from the tent and the part of the new building which was under construction.

There were times when it was impossible to stand erect and a man had to crawl to move about. But the cabin was built and during the first season Lige had first reading on 131 "Smokes," the name for an incipient fire. Although none of these developed into a blaze of importance, they pointed up the need for this station.

Lige Coalman was still under forty when he gave up his regular duties on Hood. Telephone communication had reached timberline. Lige lives today in LaHabra, California and the flash of fire in his bright eyes is not unlike the reflected glint from mountain glaciers when the sun is shining. He speaks with enthusiasm of his adventures in all kinds of weather, at all seasons of the year, under extreme conditions of stress, danger and emergency. And the ice-encrusted, wind-swept, always hazardous and forbidding, yet beautiful mountain which was the love of his youth and his very first challenge, has never lost its charm for Lige Coalman.

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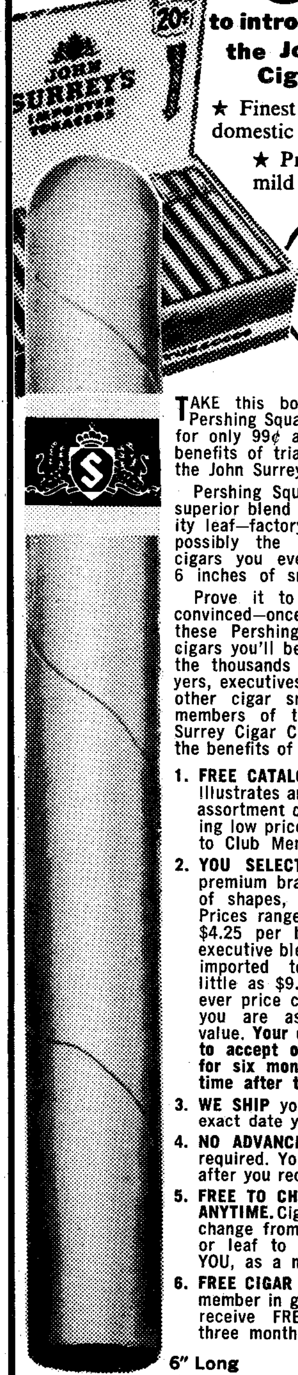

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LETTER RIP!

Dear Sir:

I grew up at Ballinger, Texas. My father told me many tales of cowboys coming in and shooting up the town, Old Hayrick. Runnels was county seat in those days. The sheriff got drunk with some cowboys and my father had to arrest him, as father was justice of the peace. He had a post office in a tool chest and rented a room to hold court in. It had a tent-top. Father was born June 4, 1845. Father had a stage stop near Sonora, Texas where he fed people and they got fresh horses. I gave my son all the pictures and newspapers of our family. He is a major in the Air Force, near South Africa on Madagascar Isle. —Mrs. Hattie P. Henry, 333 West Janisch Road, Houston, Texas 77018

Dear Sir:

I've waited patiently over the years and often thought of inquiring whether or not the story of the Carlen tragedy had been published by Western Publications, and at last I was rewarded when it appeared in your latest edition of OLD WEST. Many years ago I read of this tragedy and it was also told to me more than once by my good friend, the late Ed Young of Wenatchee, Washington, who died a couple years ago at eighty-seven.

Ed surveyed for railroads and highways all over the Northwest, and some in the Southwest and in California. He surveyed for the first road through the Bitterroot Mountains between Lewiston, Idaho and Missoula, Montana and parts of his original survey is now a section of the Lewis and Clark Highway which was finished a few years ago between Lewiston and Missoula. I don't think Ed took part in the search for the missing hunters or the one who died and is buried near the present highway, but he lived and worked in that area when the tragedy was still fresh in the minds of the people of that area. Ed worked up and down the old "Lolo Trail" with the trappers and Indians and could speak Nez Percé or "Chinook" as good as most Indians. He also knew many of the old-timers who lived along the Locsha River, such as "Beaver Jack," "Oury Bend" (or Ouray), Jack's Indian wife "Maggie" for whom "Maggies' Bend" is named on the Locsha River. "Johnny-Behind-the-Rock was one of the survey crew members who had some trouble with a rival crew and hid behind some rocks to keep from "stopping some lead." Two other well known places are the "Indian Post Office" along the Lolo Trail, and "Packers Meadows," along the Locsha River.

Beaver Jack was a "squaw-man" and also a Government trapper, and this job eventually caused his death. He had shot a deer and took half of it into camp, and had returned for the other half, and it was while he was carrying this fresh deer meat that a hungry cougar was attracted by the smell of fresh venison and attacked Jack without warning and killed him. When he failed to return home his wife notified his friends and they found him dead on the mountainside, with part of the deer meat beside him.

It wasn't until after his death that his friends found out his last name was Oury or Ouray. Before that he was just Beaver Jack to everybody.

There might be a few old-timers left in that part of Idaho who remember Ed Young of those early days. Ed Young worked on the famous Ben Snipes ranch near Yakima in later years and told amusing and interesting tales of that place.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Dear Editor:

In some respects I also qualify as an old-timer, therefore I am able to add something to the "Day of the Big Whirlwind," by Ed Bogart. My experience happened when I was a young'n on my folks' farm in northeast North Dakota.

This cyclone came upon us in the fall of 1910. When the clouds started to roll up from the northwest we had no idea what was in store for us. Dad and the older boys came in from the fall plowing, as it had started to rain and blow some. We were living about seven miles east-northeast of Munich, and about twenty-one miles west of Langdon, the county seat. The folks were all in the house, being glad that none got caught out in THAT kind of weather. I was sitting on a chair next to a window, facing north, watching the goings on. All at once I noticed one of our hay stacks just rising up into the air, and sailing away in a southeasterly direction.

Next day reports started coming in that a cyclone had hit Langdon, and destroyed many homes, damaged the railroad, etc. Dad hitched a team to our surrey, piled us kids and Mom into the rig, and away we went (an all-day trip). We arrived in Langdon towards evening. Many people have seen straw driven into solid wood but I saw a telephone pole which looked like a porcupine. When we came to the Great Northern Railroad tracks, where the cyclone had crossed the tracks, the rails were all in a ball, like a mess of spaghetti. About fifty feet of the tracks had been ripped up.

Dad drove on and we were directed to a house that had received special treatment. This was a two-story house, where a Mrs. Boyd had lived. The house had been cut diagonally across. The cut was neat and straight, although slightly ragged, as if one had used a huge, coarse saw. But what was so interesting was the upper bedroom. When the cyclone had cut the house, it had cut just a corner of the inside of the bedroom, exposing the insides. The bed was in place, even with its spread in place, the dresser was in place with the scarf undisturbed. But over all was a slight covering of dust—not very much, though. The next thing that was pointed out to us was a dish-pan of potatoes, and a paring knife, which were still there, but the woman who had been peeling them was gone. They found her body later on, miles away.

We were told about a man who had come back to Langdon a couple hours after the cyclone had passed, stating that he had had a ride inside the twister, and also that there had been some chickens and a chicken crate there too. He stated that about two miles outside of Langdon he had been lowered down, still in the exact center of the cyclone, safe and sound. To prove this statement he took some doubting Thomases out there, and they found the chickens and, later on, the coop.—Henry Workentine, 4123 Durbin Avenue, S.E., Salem, Oregon 97301

Dear Sir:

Your readers may have missed this information, but I came across it recently in a local paper and think it is of interest. Forty years ago on the eastern edge of the Utah desert, on the western slope of Grayback volcanic ridge, a gun was found by Charles Kelly, writer-artist of Salt Lake City. The gun is a 44-inch barrel, maple-stocked Kentucky rifle, bleached and polished by the sun. It is believed that it was discarded by a member of the Donner party. Mr. Kelly has sent the stock to a gun collector friend, Clyde Arbuckle of San Jose, California, who already has the barrel. At last the gun has reached the Pacific Coast—something that few of the Donner party were able to do.—Mrs. William Sellers, 587 El Camino Real No., Salinas, California 93901

Dear Editor,

I was more than a little intrigued with "Murder at Horse Creek" (Summer 1968 OLD WEST) by Bennett R. Pearce. The names James B. Jackson and Norman McCuaig seemed to ring a bell. Finally, going back through the diary of John Hunton for March, 1877, I came upon this account:

Friday, March 30th (Bordeaux) made gate. Sam (and Groves) and Jim went to (Hi) Kelley's Ranch for hay. Wulfjen and Pard come to Ranch and told of the Jacksons being killed by McCuaig.

Hunton was the first president of the historical society of Wyoming. In his diary he told how he and two others had killed ninety-seven elk in two days south of what is now Glen Rock. I have been over this same area and hunted deer there. It is beautiful country and still has lots of game in it.

Hunton hauled logs to build Fort Fetterman and furnished hay for the livestock there. The town which is now Bordeaux was a headquarters of his ranching operations. The creek that runs through the area is named Hunton Creek in his honor.—Carl Bennett, 259 North Main, Manteca, California

Dear Sirs:

I have done considerable research on the Skeleton Canyon Bandit Treasure in Arizona and have made two trips to the area where the loot is buried. I have located Davis Mountain and a mile due west is a canyon of many turns. In the canyon is a cataract or waterfall, and on the west wall of the canyon at this waterfall is a bubbling spring (believed to be Silver Spring). Up the canyon from this spring is another spring (believed to be Gum Spring). Near Silver Spring is a grave under a juniper tree. This tree is more than 100 years old. I believe this to be the grave of the outlaw mentioned in all the stories about the treasure. I have searched the area for a little more than a week and could not find the last two clues, specifically, the burned wagon and the rock with the two crosses on it. I searched the area with as many as three different persons and if the wagon parts or rock were there we surely would have found them. If the burned wagon and the rock are in fact true clues, there could be many reasons for their disappearance over the years.

I have heard that there is a map showing the location of the loot, but I am unable to find out who has possession of such a map. If the wagon and rock have been washed away by the elements, then the map is the only possible way to find the treasure.

I have found remains of wagons in Davis Canyon but the location of my finds does not fit the story. I found the remains of a buckboard which I know was not the wagon used, and I found the remains of three freight wagons of which one shows definite signs of being burned. I collected small pieces of the burned wagon, which included a shovel (less handle) and a hoe. This find was near Silver Springs, but too far west to be the wagon in the story.

In one of the published stories I have read, the author has indicated that the loot was thrown into a mine shaft and then covered up. This is a good possibility as there are many diggings in the area made by prospectors in the late 1800s. It is a known fact that the outlaws were a lazy bunch and wouldn't go digging a hole to bury loot if they knew of a hole already dug. It is possible then while the outlaws were transporting the loot through Davis Canyon they came upon a prospector's diggings and used the readymade hole to bury the loot.

I have even heard it said that when the Skeleton Canyon loot is found, the finder will also discover loot from other robberies, as it is believed that Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds (Billy Boucher) shared the same hiding spot. Hunt and Grounds were close friends and worked at the same mill prior to becoming outlaws, and I believe they were making plans to recover their loot and leave the state when their career came to an end at the Chandler Ranch in Charleston. Although the exact number of robberies Hunt and Grounds conducted is not known, it is a fact that they rode with the Clantons, Curly Bill, and Jim Hughes on raids against Mexican caravans, robbed stages, and held up trains.

I will be making a few trips this summer to Davis Canyon, and if anyone could help me locate the map I am sure we could recover the treasure.—John Halligan, 2674 Dumetz Street, Camarillo, California 93010

Dear Editor:

On a recent trip to Texas and HemisFair, we spent a few hours in San Marcos, where we visited an old cabin. From a poster I read these words by Pat M. Neff, former Governor of Texas, and I came to realize how thankful we really should be:

"A country should never forget its history and heroic past. The people who do not hold in reverence the resplendent achievements of their ancestry will not of themselves accomplish anything worthy to be remembered by posterity.

"A citizenship that does not now and then take a backward glance at the land marks already passed, will not develop sufficient vision to see very far in the future. We must keep on the shrines of yesterday if we would rock aright the cradle of tomorrow."

Many of us fail to appreciate as we should modern conveniences and luxury items that are used automatically—without thinking much about them. We push a button here, turn a knob there, and the job is done. It would be wonderful if everybody could get away from the fruits of civilization once in a while. This would lead people to appreciate them more.

How would it be to go back to the days like this cabin? Candlelight, cooking over an open fireplace, horsedrawn vehicles, less efficiently trained physicians, pre-radio and TV? These were times when a diagnosis of appendicitis or pneumonia was usually equivalent to a death sentence. Now such victims generally are restored to complete health, even at an advanced age. By horses and buggy it used to take several hours to go from one town to another. Now it is usually a matter of minutes. In grandmother's days it was far more unpleasant; yet in spite of all we have, we hear a lot of complaining. Little vexations that grandmother would not even have noticed. In reality we moderns have it pretty soft. Don't you think so?—Mrs. Gerald Followwill, 125 S. E. 57th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73129

Dear Editor:

I was interested in the story "Echoes of the Plains" by Ida Canaga Miles which appeared as a scarce book bonus in the summer OLD WEST. The Canagas were neighbors and friends of my parents and grandparents near Red Willow, and I was born in 1898 a mile or so from there. I have heard my parents, George W. Ball and nee Pearl A. Brown, mention the Canagas and Crockfords many times as they grew up together as young people there on the Red Willow in Nebraska.

The Browns in the blizzard of 1888 referred to in the story were my grandparents, Mary and Marion Brown, who with their four daughters, Pearl (my mother), Emma, Roxy, and Tillie, came overland in a covered wagon from Kirksville, Missouri, to Red Willow in 1879. My Ball grandparents, Samuel and Mary, moved there from Sheffield, Illinois, in 1885, over the railroad and settled about a mile from the Canagas.

The William Crockford whose picture appears in the story signed my Grandfather Brown's pension application as a witness in 1880. My parents married in 1895, and five years later we moved to Colorado. I visited that Nebraska area in 1947 and was shown the place where I was born and where my grandparents lived. Grandfather Brown died in 1891 and first was buried at Indianola. Later, all Civil War veterans were moved to the McCook Cemetery. Many of his old neighbors from the Red Willow are buried nearby.

My mother taught school near Red Willow in the early 1890s and may have gone to school with the Canagas. Ben Canaga was one of my father's best friends and visited him here at Pierce, Colorado, about 1915.

The experiences of the Canaga family in Nebraska—the hardships and joys they remember—were also told me by my own parents. Such was the life of the true pioneers.

In December, 1966, I published a book entitled *Into the Sunset* containing reminiscences of early days in this area.—George S. Ball, Pierce, Colorado 80650

Dear Sirs:

I am hooked on your Western Publications. Once I have started an article, I just can't let go. They provide a rare opportunity to get details of early America that can't be obtained in any other way.

"Echoes of the Plains" in the Summer 1968 OLD WEST was one of the most outstanding works of its kind that I have read. I am placing it with the Nebraska Historical Society here in Lincoln.

It would be interesting, I think, if a

magazine were devoted to the pioneers of the eastern sections of the U. S. Most of the developers and pioneers of the West came from old established families—pioneers who were important in their communities throughout the East. By all means keep these factual stories coming.—C. G. Walker, 2320 North 52nd., Lincoln, Nebraska 68504

Hello Joe:

Reading "Dangerous Days of the Horse and Buggy," by Dorothy G. Milek in your Fall 1968 OLD WEST put me in mind of a runaway my uncle, Christ Oved, owned about forty-five years ago. Uncle Christ was just a little fellow, hardly able to see out of a triple wagon box, and this, coupled with the fact that for some reason he favored big horses—big, rawboned, rangy brutes—which, because of his size he wasn't strong enough to handle, and possessing a loud mouth when around animals, assured that he had more runaways and smashed up more machinery in a month than most people did in a lifetime. Guess that's one of the reasons he quit trying to farm and went back to Minnesota.

Anyway, in this particular instance he was seeding corn, almost directly across the road from our place, with a cart drill (on which he had plugged up the required number of holes) and four of these big horses. Everything went just fine until he ran out of seed and came up to our place to get a couple of sacks that my dad had left over. This seed, because of mice, was kept upstairs in the house, and my Uncle Sophus, my dad's and Christ's younger brother, who was also with us at the time, had carried down and out one sack and I had come in with him to open doors for him.

So how things started I'm not just sure, but suddenly voices were raised, hollering "Whoa!" and "Ho!" and then Sophus came in saying the horses had run away. I immediately ran outside, but was too late to see anything. Everything was long-gone down behind the barn and heading for the other end of the pasture, my dad's double-seater buggy with them. I was about five years old at the time, and that buggy has intrigued me all my life. Did they go over it, under it, or what? They hit it from the end—back-end or front-end I don't remember which—so perhaps they pushed it, at least for a way. Anyway, it disappeared with them, and as any oldtimer knows a cart drill is no wider than the horses pulling it, so it could hardly have been hooked on a projection.

Back of our barn was a big, deep coulee. They crossed that, circled the east end of the pasture which was a half-mile away, then headed back. Coming back through the barnyard, they headed down the cowpasture lane which had a single strand of barbed wire across it to keep out the horses. But not these horses. I doubt if they even noticed when they hit it. Then south they went for another half-mile, circled the end of the pasture, and headed back. But by that time there wasn't much steam left, nor machinery either, and they were no longer running as a bunch, but as singles. And there they dropped the last piece of the buggy, the wishbone, or forkpart of the pole, and the last of the drill with it.

For years we picked up pieces of buggy, drill, and harness, and I imagine there are still pieces out there, for they sure did a good job of scattering things around. Seems kinda odd now when I think back, but I don't remember any blood on any of the horses; seems like some of them should at least have had a good scratch. But I don't remember any.

Thinking back, puts me in mind of another runaway I saw once. Back in CWA days, 1932. We were hauling gravel with teams for the Civilian Works Administration. I was coming up the trail, loaded and walking, because it was about twenty below zero. Upon hearing a bunch of racket I looked up and coming down the trail towards me was a fellow and team on the dead run. Thought for a while he was going to run right smack into me. But he got them turned out and went on by, and as he did I saw he had lost all his wagon planks and was standing on the front bolster. If you have ever tried to stand on a wobbly, swiveling, loose bolster while a team dragged your wagon at full speed across hump-backed gumbo, rocks, snowdrifts, badger holes and washouts, or even if you can imagine it, then you'll have some idea of the balancing job this fellow was doing. Well, he finally got them stopped, turned them around, went back and picked up his planks, and kept right on hauling. Don't remember his first name, but believe his last name was Fenster from somewhere south of Noonan, North Dakota. These are just a couple of more incidents of bygone years I thought you and your readers might be interested in. —W. J. Oved, Crosby, North Dakota 58730

GUNPOWDER
X X
Fitch

Dear Sir,

I would like to obtain the addresses of some institutes, museums, libraries, schools, universities, etc., dealing with the problems of the United States Indians. Can anyone help me?

I wonder if any of your readers would like to know more about Slovakia? It has a colorful history, interesting folklore, music, and beautiful landscape. I would be happy to exchange photography books on nature, people, ancient castles, for similar books showing the U.S.—Pete Schmitz, 20 Mierove Nam, Trencin, Czechoslovakia

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading "Desert Log Drive" [by F. L. Hernandez], in the summer 1968 OLD WEST, and as I am quite familiar with the territory mentioned in the article I feel the urge to make a few comments. Having resided in Las Vegas, New Mexico from the '30s until 1954, several companions and I made a yearly pack trip to the high Pecos country during many of those years to fish for the beautiful and elusive native trout which abounded in the many streams and lakes in the vast area.

As our whims dictated we alternated our entrances to the scenic paradise between Cowles, New Mexico and Penasco up the Santa Barbara River. Our first pack trip was made in the '30s, and at that time many of the old tie-making landmarks were to be seen from the Penasco side and my companions and I spent many leisure hours "poking around" such places and marveling at the ingenuity of man in his efforts to harvest timber and get it to the lowlands in the Rio Grande Valley for further transportation to its destination.

Mr. Hernandez speaks of the wild beauty of the high Pecos country, and thinking back to my first trip to it, I recall that my first impression of it was one of reverence and awe. Never had I looked upon scenes so serene and peaceful, and I might add that in the years to come I was privileged to return to that land of high peaks and alpine valleys. It was not until 1948 that I first noticed evidence of fishing tourists in the area. I understand that now from the town of Penasco to the headwaters of the Pecos River each summer tents and makeshift camps can be seen all along the route. That also applies to the Cowles side. No longer can one go to that beautiful country and feel the part of an explorer in a land where few men have been before. Even though the Forest Service and the New Mexico Game and Fish Department have strict rules against an entrance being made into the area except by horseback or afoot, "tote goats" and even jeeps have been known to penetrate the wilderness. With the Agriculture Department being so intent on making all our wilderness areas accessible to everyone, it won't be long until such places as the Pecos wilderness country will be a veritable playground.—Dewey Tidwell, P.O. Box 381, Morenci, Arizona 85540

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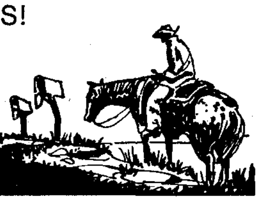

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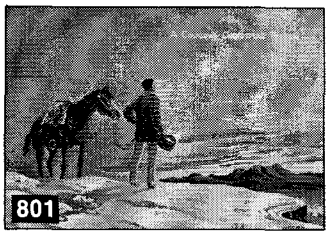

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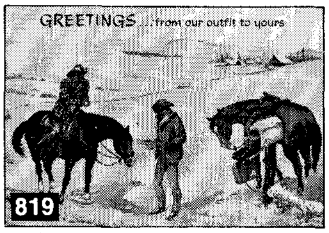
A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer by **Robert R. Lorenz** — May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with You. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



GREETINGS . . . from our outfit to yours

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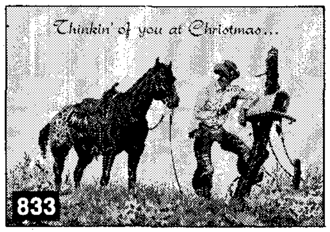
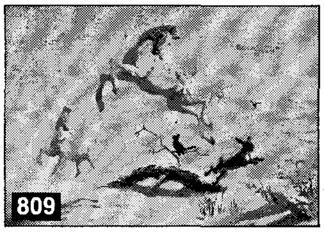
Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year.



Thinkin' of you at Christmas . . .

833

Thinkin' of You at Christmas by **Robert R. Lorenz** — With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.



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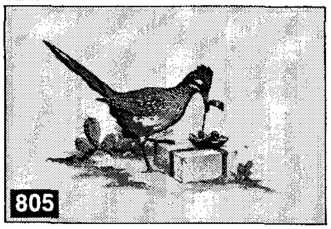
Frosty Fantasy by **H. Goodwine** — Wishing You a Bright and Gay Holiday.



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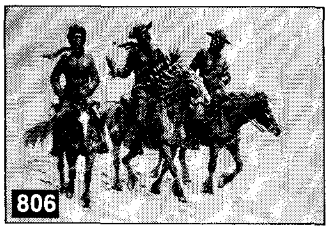
Fascinating Ribbon by **Clark Bronson** — With all Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.



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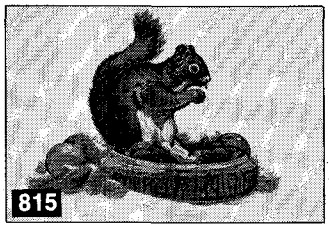
Cowboy Carolers by **Harvey Johnson** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



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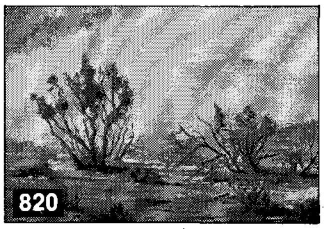
Holiday Dinner by **Clark Bronson** — Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.



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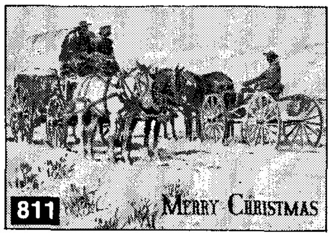
God's Garden by **Sid Cedargreen** — Greetings of the Season . . .



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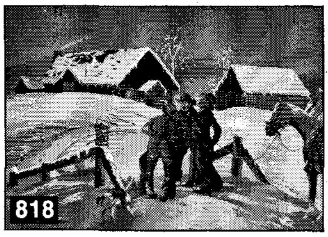
Merry Christmas by **Nick Eggenhofer** — May the Joy of Christmas Abide with You . . .



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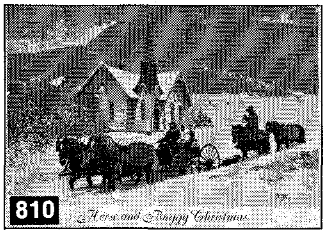
Cowboy Harmony by **Ted Long** — Wishing You a World of Happiness for Christmas . . .



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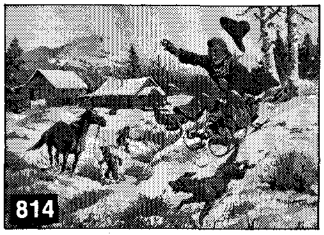
Horse and Buggy Christmas by **Robert Lougheed** — With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



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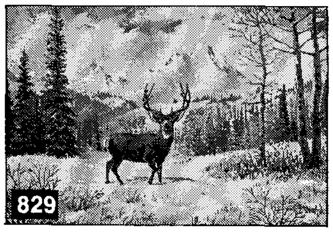
The Sled Snitcher by **Fred Harman** — Best Wishes for a Real Old-Fashioned Christmas and a New Year filled with Cheer.



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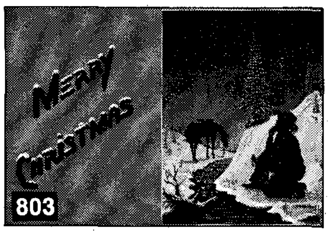
Christmas Trail by **Norman Miller** — Christmas Blessings and Best Wishes for a Joyous New Year.



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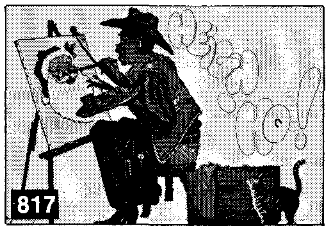
Merry Christmas by **Larry Smitherman** — Greetings and Good Wishes for the Season.



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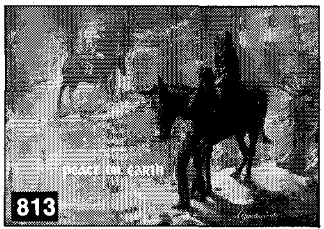
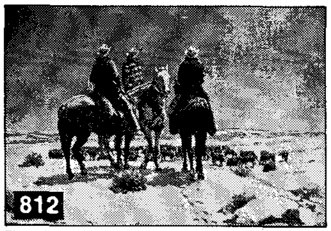
Heigh Ho! by **Roy Morrissey** — Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.



813

Peace on Earth by **H. Goodwine** — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with You. Bible quote — "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest . . ."



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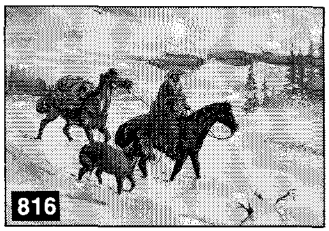
Thoughts of Three Wise Men by **Paul Salisbury** — May every Happiness be Yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year. Quote from St. Mathew 2:9 — "And behold, the Star in the East went before them."



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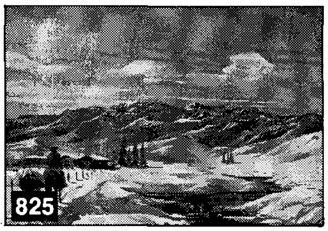
A Gift for Christmas by **Ben Cooper** — Merry Christmas. May the Coming New Year bring You every Happiness.



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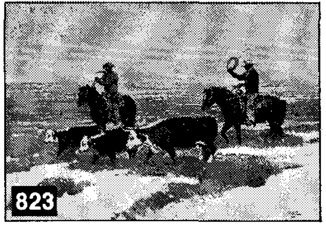
Star Filled Night by ***George D. Smith*** — *Bringing You every Good Wish for Happiness . . .*



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Winter Pasture by ***Robert Lougheed*** — *Season's* Greetings with all Good Wishes for Happiness. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GOLD!

Gold Rushes and Mining Camps of the Early American West (Caxton Printers, $15.00) by Vardis Fisher and Opal Laurel Holmes “was written not for the scholar and professional historian but for the general reader with an interest in the American West.” This massive work consists of over 250,000 words; 300 pictures, many of which are published for the first time; an index, and copious references. The twenty-eight chapters are divided into four parts: The Gold Rushes, Life in the Camps, Crime and Justice, and Special Characters and Situations. The gold rushes and mining camps were a major facet of western development and Fisher and his wife tell the story in grand style. The author's western heritage and deep knowledge of the West together with extensive research and writing skill will make this one of his best books and one which truthfully portrays the West as it was.

CALIFORNIA PHILANTHROPIST

The Generous Miser (The Ward Ritchie Press, $10.00) is the story of James Lick of California as written by his great-grandniece, Rosemary Lick. Your reviewer confesses that all he knew about California's one-time wealthiest man prior to the appearance of this book was that the Lick Observatory was named for its donor. This is a fascinating account of the rise to riches of a carpenter-cabinetmaker apprentice who left his Pennsylvania Dutch home to seek his fortune. It is said that he told the mill-owning father of the girl he loved (then carrying his unborn son) on the occasion of the miller's refusal for them to wed, “Some day, I will own a mill that will make yours look like a pigsty!” This he did—but much later—after he had made a considerable fortune in Buenos Aires and added to it in Lima, Peru. He arrived in San Francisco before gold was discovered but he brought gold with him from Lima. Lick spent a week at the diggings but decided San Francisco real estate offered greater opportunities. He invested wisely in both San Francisco and San Jose and he prospered. He built the Lick House, the finest hotel in San Francisco, was a pioneer fruit grower in the Santa Clara Valley, and owned Catalina Island. Most of his wealth was distributed through a trust to the people of California. Lick did not marry and his son and his nephew disappointed him. He gave Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton to the University of California and large grants to the Society of California Pioneers (he served as its president for three years), the California Academy of Science, and smaller amounts to other charities. Dick Dillon edited Miss Lick's manuscript after her death in 1966 and wrote the informative foreword. C. D. Shane reviews the distribution of Lick's wealth in the introduction. The book is illustrated with photos and reproductions of old California prints and was handsomely printed by Ward Ritchie. A distinctive contribution to California history.

TWO TRAIN TRIPS

Out West on the Overland Train (American West Publishing Co., $12.95) is the dual account of an across-the-continent excursion with *Leslie's Magazine* in 1877 and an overland train trip along the same route ninety years later by Richard Reinhardt. Reinhardt did not travel in the style the Leslies did (a private Pullman Palace Car) and with many of the crack trains discontinued in recent years had to use mail trains and day coaches and even buses on occasion to get the daylight views enjoyed by the Leslies. The Leslie account of the trip was written by Frank Leslie, Mrs. Miriam (the second Mrs. Frank) Leslie and Bracebridge Hemyng, star reporter for Leslie's juvenile magazines. W. B. Austin was their photographer and Walter R. Yeager and Harry Ogden did the drawings. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* carried the dispatches from mid-1877 to late in 1878 and there were numerous engravings to illustrate them. Many of the illustrations appear in this book as does the text, edited and improved by Reinhardt. The 1967 account follows the 1877 version for each segment of the trip and in addition Reinhardt has contributed a highly informative and entertaining introduction with the title “Before Climbing Aboard . . .” We think you will enjoy this double look at Chicago, Omaha, the Valley of the Platte, Sidney, Cheyenne, Denver, the Laramie Plains, Salt Lake City, Carson, Virginia City, the Comstock and San Francisco—we did!

GOOD HISTORY

Charles G. Coutant's *History of Wyoming* (Argonaut for University Microfilms, $35.00) is a two-volume facsimile reprint of the huge, quite scarce and rather expensive one-volume edition issued at Laramie in 1899. There is an informative new foreword by the erudite William A. Hinrichs, M.D., Western Americana collector and historian, of Douglas, Wyoming. Another notable addition in this reprint is the fine index compiled by Don Ward. Coutant was a veteran newspaperman who visited nearly every point of interest in Wyoming. He knew personally many of the Territory's history makers. Coutant wrote well and the Oregon Trail, Fort Laramie, Yellowstone, South Pass, the Platte and the Big Horns are well covered. Mountain men, Father De Smet, Fremont, Bozeman and numerous army officers who served in the Territory receive their just dues. Actually Coutant planned to issue a second volume to cover the period 1869-1899 but the expense of the first volume was too much for the printer—a shame!

CUSTER COURT MARTIAL

Hero or non-hero. Take your pick—the controversy rages on. For those not yet satisfied, *The Court Martial of General George Armstrong Custer* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Lawrence A. Frost revives a bitter chapter in the colorful man's life. In the summer of 1867—nine years before the bloody Battle of the Little Big Horn, Custer commanded the cavalry in an abortive expedition against the Plains Indians. When Custer returned to Fort Wallace, conditions were bleak. Supplies were gone, Indians had decimated and unnerved the garrison, and cholera was rampant. Without waiting for orders from General Hancock, his commander, Custer took about 100 men and headed east to Ft. Harker for supplies. Reaching Ft. Harker in record time, Custer obtained permission from General Smith to continue on to Ft. Riley, ninety miles east, to visit his family while his command readied the provision train to return to Fort Wallace. Custer received word from General Smith to return to his command. As soon as he returned to Smith, he was placed under arrest to await court martial on charges of leaving his command at Ft. Wallace without authority. The result was his being given a year's leave without pay. The author meticulously retraces the expedition of 1867, Custer's trek for supplies to Ft. Harker and on, and the details of the court martial. Whether the charges were justified and the sentence just, the reader will have to decide.

DO YOU KNOW?

Western Quiz, privately printed by the illustrator, is a book of drawings of western events, people, places and things by Al Martin Napoletano (Box 512, Novato, California 94947). Under each drawing there is a place to record your answer and later you can check it with the list of right answers in the back of the booklet. Great for the youngsters who are curious about the West and some of the oldsters will find it a rewarding review.

UNDER THE CAPROCK

Scurry County Style (University of Texas Press, $5.00) is by Viola M. Payne, who was born in Mitchell County and raised on a farm in Scurry County. Scurry is below the Caprock in the rolling red plains of Texas—grain sorghum country, cattle country and in the old days, cotton country. One guesses that Mrs. Payne is a good listener and that like J. Frank Dobie was not ashamed to improve the tales told by her relatives, friends and old-timers. She lives in El Paso now but she has not forgotten Scurry County—or its folks and their ways. Entertaining and you can bet that not all of them are fairy stories.

REMINGTON-RUSSELL

How the West Was Won (Wildenstein Galleries, 19 East 64th Street, New York, $4.50). We don't ordinarily review catalogues of art exhibitions but this one is so unusual that we know that everyone interested in the art of the Old West will want to know about it. Here, for the first time to our knowledge, is an exhibition of many of the major paintings, watercolors, and bronzes of *both* Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell, the two giants of western art. The handsome catalogue of ninety-six pages reproduces forty-five works by Remington and forty-nine by Russell. The exhibition was a charity affair in support of a New York hospital and the works depicted include many of the choice items from more than sixty public and private collections throughout the country.

COLORADO CANNIBAL

Fred and Jo Mazzulla (1930 East 8th Ave., Denver, Colorado 80206) have just issued a new pictorial chapter in the history of their state—*Al Packer, A Colorado Cannibal* (wraps, $2.00, hardback $3.50). It is illustrated with sixty-one photos (forty-five from their own fabulous collection), a double-page map, and facsimiles. Much has been written about Packer over the years but Fred, a prominent Denver attorney, has sifted the evidence for nigh thirty years and if this isn't the true story, it will probably never be told. Your reviewer was particularly entranced with the story (and pictures) of Bonfils and Tammen (co-founders of the Denver *Post*), Polly Pry (their sob-sister) and the lawyer, "Plug-Hat" Anderson whom they hired to get Packer paroled—a bizarre aftermath. Entertaining and worthwhile.

GOOD GUIDE

Cliff Dwellers (The Naylor Co., $4.95) by W. E. S. Folsom-Dickerson was written to give junior and senior high school students an understanding of the cliff dwellings of the Southwest and the people who inhabited them over one hundred years ago. Puye, northwest of Santa Fe, New Mexico is the cliff dwelling the author uses as a focal point. From the Pecos National Monument to the Gila Cliff National Monument and on around, the exploration embraces every major dwelling. The descriptions and explanations are projected from the experience of a family exploring together—the author and his wife, their daughter and her husband, and the three young grandsons. Thirty-two excellent photographs enhance the text and all in all, the book is a first-class guide.

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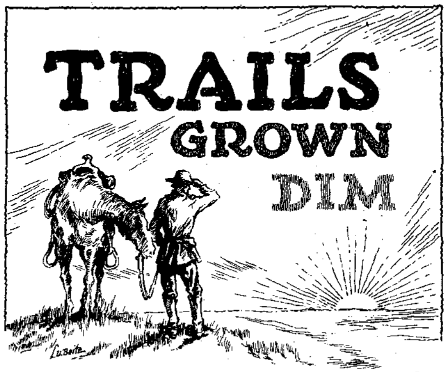
Indicate No. of Ranchos______Total enclosed $______



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Cemetery Records

New Mexico Genealogical Society is interested in publishing cemetery records from this part of the country. We would particularly like records from small, lost, or abandoned cemeteries. There are probably many family cemeteries on ranches that would be unknown. We would like copies of inscriptions. Sometimes someone in the area will know who is buried and would be able to give us the names and possibly some dates. Or maybe someone who has been delegated caretaker would have a plot of the graves. No cemetery is too small. In fact, it is the small ones that are so hard to find.

Records of this kind have been published for many parts of the country but very few in the West. We are so anxious to get them in print so there will be a permanent record. We would appreciate any help we might receive.—Mrs. Vesta Agnes, Secretary, New Mexico Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 8734, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108

Bradford Descendants

I am interested in locating descendants of my dad's brother, Charles, or sisters Cora and Ida Bradford. Charles lived near Charlton, Massachusetts on a farm with his wife and two children about 1917.

My grandmother, who had remarried in later years after my grandfather was believed killed at the beginning of the Civil War, was a Mrs. Blake and she lived at 39 Prospect, Worcester, Massachusetts. Cora was married to a Mr. Lucas, had a daughter, Barbara, and was living in Los Angeles, California, about 1914.

Ida (married name unknown) had a daughter, Helen, who was married to a Lucian Wilson. They had several children and were living at Pasadena, California at the time. My dad, Arthur J. Bradford, and mother, Mary Calhoun, lived in Wyoming. If I can contact some of the younger generation of my uncle and aunts mentioned above, I would be pleased to communicate with them.—John J. Bradford, Box 133, Wilson, Wyoming 83014

Borwing or Bowen

I am writing through you to your readers in Waco or Fort Worth, Texas. I am trying to get any information I can about Aunt Mary Borwing, or it could have been spelled Bowen. I thought I might get information through old records, newspapers, etc. She was the daughter of Hiriam Couch. I would like to find her burial site; we think she passed away in 1890, but do not know for sure. Her last marriage was to a Mr. Harris and after his death she left Dalton, Georgia, and moved to Waco. She didn't have any children. Elderly folks and young who perhaps have heard of this person, please write to me. She could have been going by the name of Harris.—Mrs. Ira Crisp, Star Route Box 401, Winston, Oregon 97496

Uncle Murphy

I am interested in obtaining information concerning my great-uncle Murphy, whose first name is unknown, but could have been John, James, Joseph, or Mathew (names of his nephews). He had a brother, Michael, born circa 1835. He would have been a year or two older or younger than Michael, born either in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or brought there from Ireland as an infant. He went to California in the late 1890s and was not heard from after that. His brother, my grandfather, founded Murphy Oil Company of Pennsylvania and Oklahoma and at one time was president of Pure Oil Company. He married Margaret McHugh of Philadelphia and died in 1915.

Between 1945 and 1952, search was made by a person or persons in California for descendants of a Murphy man, son of a successful gold prospector, to settle an interstate estate. The deceased could have been my father's cousin. My father, then head of the family, prohibited any attempt at establishing kinship. Until I recently read your "Trails Grown Dim," I did not know how to proceed with an inquiry of this sort.

I have no interest in claiming any part of the estate, if already distributed. My main interest is to ascertain if the descendant was a cousin of my father, and if so, are there any living male descendants? Neither my father nor his brother had sons, so the name has died out in our branch of the family.

Also, I am interested in learning the burial place in California of William Davis, my mother's brother, who died about 1924. To my knowledge he left no issue. He would have been in his late 60s.—Mrs. Anna Beatrice Murphy Walsh, 7810 North Fourth Place, Phoenix, Arizona 85020

William Francis Baker

I would be interested in corresponding with anyone who might be a descendant of my grandfather, William Francis Baker, who, as far as is known, was born in New York November 9, 1868, and married my grandmother, Iona Haines, August 20, 1890, at Toledo, Ohio. They were divorced at Toledo in 1898 or 1899.

They had two children, son Clell Loren Baker, born 1891, and daughter Ethel Alwilda Baker, born 1894. She was known in childhood as Wilda.

My mother lost all contact with her father when her parents were divorced. Any information will be greatly appreciated and all letters promptly answered.—Mrs. Alice Tucknies, Route 1, Booneville, Arkansas 72927

Edward Cain

Would anyone have knowledge of the family of Edward Cain (my great-grandfather), born October 11, 1828, in Salina County, Illinois? Who were his parents, brothers, and sisters? Also does anyone know of the family of Squire Cain, born 1855, who married Ammie (last name unknown) in Oregon, 1873? Would appreciate information on any of these whether living or deceased.—Mrs. Elma Rust, Route 1, Box 83, Blachly, Oregon 97412

Dorethy McKinney

I would like to get in touch with Dorethy McKinney, born in Randsburg, California, about 1899.—Edward H. Crow, (Phone NE 2-3836) 457 W. Tichenor Street, Compton, California 90220

Fairbrother Family

I am interested in finding information on a part of my ancestors by the name of Fairbrother, who, around 1880, were living in Webster County, Iowa.

I think my great-grandmother's given name was Menah or Mirrah Fairbrother. She married Great-grandfather Harsey Scott around 1856, and their eldest son, James Orin, my grandfather, was born June 2, 1858. My great-grandparents had twelve children, but I can remember only a few: William and Marion Leroy, who were the youngest. My great-grandmother was born in 1837 and died November 12, 1897.—Alvina E. Locke, 3314 West Ohio Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80219

P.S. If any of your readers want information on Indian ancestors, write to Indian Affairs, 316 North 26th Street, Billings, Montana 59101

William Sanderson

I am seeking information as to the whereabouts of my grandfather, William Earl Sanderson, born about 1886 in Mt. Sterling, Ohio. He moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, at about 18 where he married Doris Curtis. They had one son, Paul, my father. Soon thereafter, William Earl Sanderson vanished, never to be heard from again. It is believed that he did have a sister, Julia Sanderson, who married Frank Crummett. Julia and Frank were radio entertainers back in the 1920s and 1930s. Any information as to the mystery of William Earl Sanderson will be more than appreciated.—Anthony W. Sanderson, 5644 Mt. Vernon Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49002

Colonel Abe Harris

Is there an old-timer who remembers my great-grandfather, Colonel Abraham Harris, who died in Fort Worth, Texas in 1915 at age 90?

He came to Fort Worth in 1849 as Sergeant Major at the fort. He married Margaret Conner in 1851. He was a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars. Their daughter, Inez Luinda Harris, married Anderson Bennette Webb, and their daughter, Elizabeth Lucy Webb, was my mother.

Would like to hear from any member of the Harris, Conner, or Webb families.—Inez L. Collier, Route 1, Box 123R, Yreka, California 96097

"Grizzly Dan"

Would any of your readers have any knowledge of an old-timer known to his friends as "Grizzly Dan McDonald"? I think he came from the west coast of Ireland, County Mayo, in the early 1800s. He was a mountain man who trapped all over the Rocky Mountains. Toward the end of his life, I understand he lived in Corpus Christi, Texas.

He owned a lot of property, and my uncle Charlie O'Brien and his sister Katie Guerin received their share of the estate but my father (who was Charlie's brother), who died in 1927, did not receive his share. "Grizzly Dan McDonald" was their uncle.

In the late 1950s, when Charlie O'Brien was close to death, he told my mother to write to Corpus Christi to try to get her husband's share of the estate. She did not have all the facts and figures, but the above is a brief outline. We thoroughly enjoy your TRUE WEST magazine.—William O'Brien, 5124 El Segundo Boulevard, Apartment 3, Hawthorne, California 90250

Edward Sieberman

Does anyone remember Edward Sieberman who came to the vicinity of Guymon, Oklahoma, from Illinois and operated a ranch in partnership with another man in the early 1900s, approximately 1908 to 1916? After he died, he was shipped in a coffin by rail to Kampsville, Illinois.

His death has remained a mystery to this day. It was rumored that he was hanged for stealing horses, but the truth has never been brought out.—Carl F. Becker, 2611 W. 178th Street, Torrance, California 90504

Manter (or Mantor)—Ritter

I would appreciate any information on Fordyce Ridgeway Manter (might also be spelled Mantor), who was born January 28, 1838. He evidently did not marry, and the only other thing I know of him is that he died at Rio Mimbres, New Mexico, July 18, 1864, age 26.

Next is Robert H. Ritter. I have a letter he wrote to a Miss Jones while his ship, the *S. S. Lake Farmingdale* of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, was located "somewhere in the China Sea" November 12, 1921. Ritter may still be living.—Wesley S. Clarke, 210 Central Avenue, Westerville, Ohio

Tim Calnan

Although the streets in Anaconda, Montana, still bear the name of "Calnan & Whalen," the trail has indeed grown dim. I am very interested in contacting anyone who can provide bits of information on our children's great-grandfather, Tim Calnan. The trail leads tenuously over the ocean in 1876 to Hawaii and reappears in San Francisco only to be completely dissolved in the earthquake of 1906.

Tim Calnan was born 1868 in Cork County, Ireland, and died in 1946 in Los Angeles, California. Please send information to Mrs. John R. Calnan, 371 East Michelle Street, West Covina, California 91790

Abraham Hill

Does anyone have information on Abraham Lincoln Hill, born 1804, died May 15, 1895, buried at Eaton, Colorado? I would like to hear from any relative for I want to know who his parents were, brothers, sisters, children by first marriage and where he was born.

My great-grandparents were David Williams Duke and Sarah Martin, married in 1851 at Terre Haute, Indiana. Does any one have any information on either of them or their ancestors?

I also would like to locate the children of Lawrence Sorensen who lived in Omaha, Nebraska. His children were Lillian, Alice, Hazel, Pearl, and Eugene.

I surely would appreciate any information—Mrs. John H. Laycock, Box 143, Burns, Wyoming 82053

Masterson Cousin

Laura Isabella Dorwin was married to James Masterson near Bannock City, Idaho, July 14, 1863. Present at this wedding was "Masterson's cousin, his only relative on this coast" according to Laura's diary. Masterson's cousin had a ranch in the Boise Valley. On October 7, 1864, he got on a stage in Boise to go back to Springfield, Illinois to get his wife and family. The stage was held up and in the raid one of the passengers was accidentally shot. We are trying to find out the first name of this "Masterson cousin."

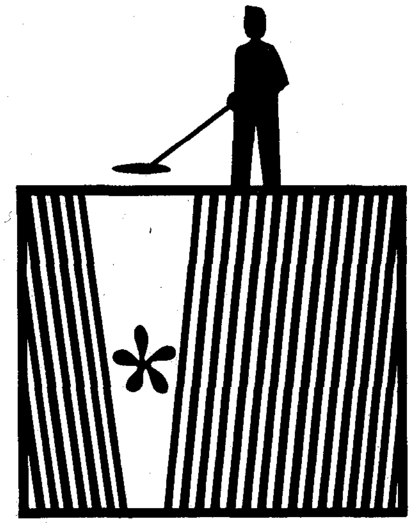
Also we would like to know the name of Bat Masterson's grandfather. His father, Thomas, was married in upstate New York before moving to Kansas. Was a Charles ("Blind Charley") Masterson active in Oregon politics, possibly early in this century? Was a James Masterson the first constable in Cheyenne, Wyoming? And who was Winfield Scott Masterson? Are there any descendants of the Mastersons from Mason County, Kentucky, alive today? I know I am many years late in asking, but perhaps some information can be supplied.—Mrs. Eugene C. Masterson, 440 S.W. 122 Street, Seattle, Washington 98146

Caleb Starr

I would appreciate hearing from kin of Caleb S. Starr (Cherokee), born in Indian Territory around 1889 or 1890. Later he moved to Pryor, Oklahoma, where he attended school.—Nellie Starr Williams, 30 Daltner, Houston, Texas 77029

Dan'l Boone Kin

I am trying to locate anyone with information on Jane Boone, relative of Daniel Boone. She was born at Bowling Green, Kentucky, sometime in the late 1700s or early 1800s.—Mrs. J. L. Boyd, 339 Willamette Street, Oregon City, Oregon 97045



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Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Newton, Kansas, about 1872.

The Cowtowns' Vest Pocket Economy

(Continued from page 19)

1885 when the state legislature quarantined all cattle capable of communicating Texas Fever—*i. e.*, the majority of the trail traffic. Many Dodge businessmen, owners of such well-known enterprises as the Alamo, the Comique, the Lady Kay, and Long Branch saloons, quickly picked up and moved west to Trail City, Colorado, which was not at that time subject to quarantine laws.

While trailing continued, however, communities prospered. Coleman, Texas, located on the Western Trail, had been settled in 1876, the first year that any discernible volume of traffic followed that trail northward to Dodge City. While herds watered in Hords Creek, then slightly more than a mile north of town, drovers imbibed in stronger draughts in the local saloons. Readily aware of the economic importance of trail traffic, townspeople organized to promote it and even dispatched riders toward the south every day from the first of April until late fall to greet drovers and to invite them to linger in the community. Such measures apparently paid high dividends, for the town boomed.

Almost all businesses were either directly or indirectly related to trail traffic. By 1880, on both sides of Coleman's hundred-foot-wide main street (designed to handle a trail herd passing through downtown) a countless variety of establishments, including a dozen saloons, offered their wares. At night, the only women reportedly seen were those who were dedicated to easy money. Even the community's cemetery is said to have been christened after one cowboy shot another. Coleman's population grew rapidly and apparently in relation to trail traffic. In 1860, Coleman County reported no residents; in 1870, it recorded 347; ten years later, and before farmers in any significant number had settled in the county, there were 3,603 inhabitants, a growth rate of better than 1000 per cent.

The "Flat" at Fort Griffin is another example of a community with a trail-oriented economy. Originating in 1867 as a crude collection of adobe huts built about the new military post, the Flat capitalized upon soldiers, buffalo hunters, and drovers, in that order. When the buffalo trade was about exhausted, or about the time Fort Griffin merchants were trying to divert cattle drives from Belton, the town became an important supply base for trail herds which plodded the Western Trail.

At first, about 1874 and while the Indian threat was still very real, drovers heading toward dangerous Indian country had routed their herds through the community to take advantage of military escorts. Following the successful Red River Campaign of 1874-1875 (when the immediate threat of Indian depredations was removed) cattlemen continued to trail longhorns by the fort because the small village catered to their needs and delights. As there was no law and order in the town—other than that occasionally administered by the military—the Flat soon acquired a reputation for bawdiness which rivaled that of Deadwood and Dodge.

Charlie Meyers, owner of the Beehive Saloon, did a thriving business in what he claimed was the "best and wildest tavern west of Fort Worth." As proof of his assertion, he boasted that it was a rare week indeed when his place was not shot up by at least one drunken drover. Because of the lawlessness, a viligance committee was formed about 1878, but it was designed to keep disorder within reason, not to cleanse the community completely, an action which doubtless would have ended the town's appeal to the cattle trade. The group, however, could dispense swift justice. Once when Frank Collinson, a drover-turned-buffalo hunter, was camped with another hunter, Jim White, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, a posse of the Fort Griffin Vigilance Committee rode pell-mell into their camp and demanded whether or not White knew one of the men they held captive. Had not White identified the man as George Causey, another buffalo hunter, the posse, according to Collinson, would have hanged "him to a tree . . . with some horse thieves who had been found in his camp." Collinson, however, had no grievance against the vigilantes or against the Flat. After all, the saloons in the community had not been closed. Only drastic action such as that would have constituted a grave injustice to the cowboys, for as Collinson once observed, "water is Primarily intended to wash in and [to] mix with things that are more drinkable."

Oregon City, as Seymour, Texas, was known in 1878, likewise saw the absolute advantages of maintaining amicable relations with the countless thirsty drovers who paraded through town from early spring to late fall. In 1880, a two-story hotel was constructed to capitalize upon the trail traffic and upon the westward-moving migrants who traveled through town on an east-west immigrant road.

According to A. P. Black, a drover who often visited in Seymour, the trail town was well aware of the economic importance of the trail. He even claimed that the city fathers erected a two-story courthouse to prevent irate and drunken cowboys riding through town on horseback from shooting the judge. Whether or not the new courthouse was designed to decrease the mortality rate of local judges as Black insisted, Seymour did grow beside the trail. In 1890, the community reported 1,125 residents, an increase of almost 1,000 per cent over the preceding census figure.

ALBANY, strategically located at that point on the Western Trail where the Potter-Bacon Trail splintered northwestwardly to traverse the Texas Panhandle, offers perhaps the best example of what trail traffic could mean to a frontier village. Although the townsite was plotted in 1875, it was not until 1876

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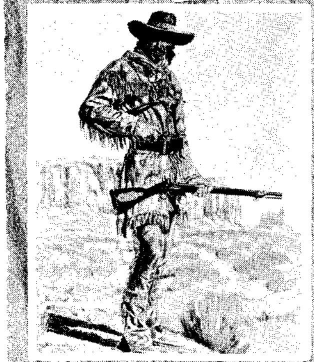
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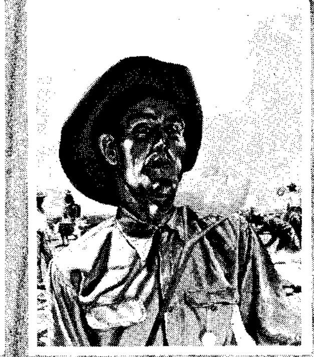
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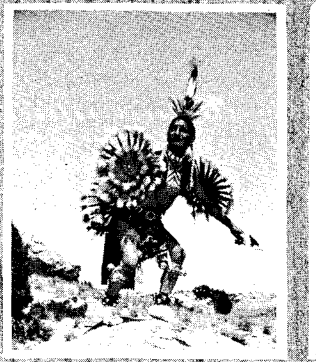
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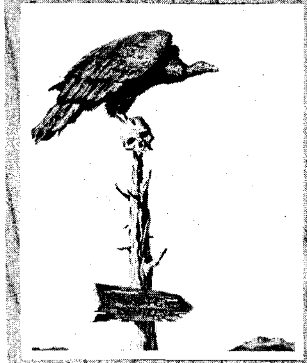
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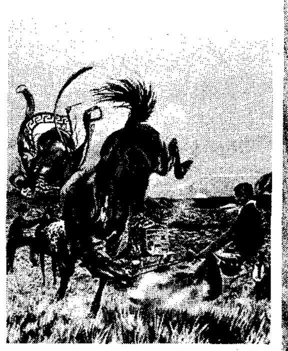
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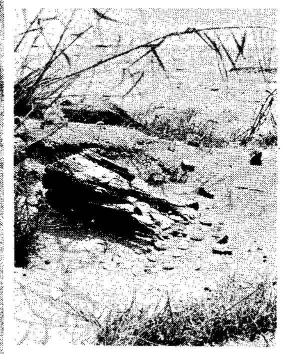
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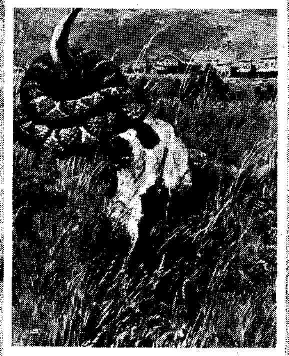
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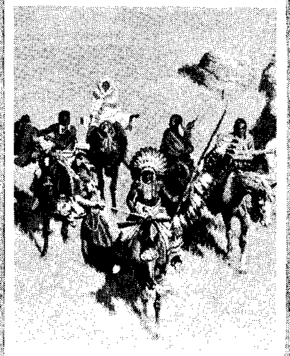
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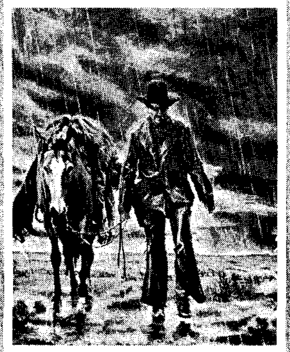
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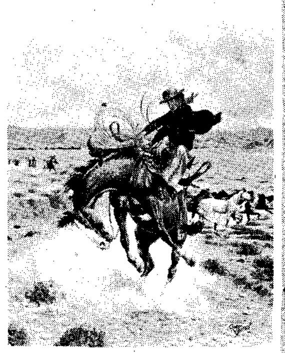
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City____________________State__________Zip__________ when there were herds in sufficient numbers to support an economy, that the first business, J. S. Simpson's general store, was established. By 1880, the population of Shackelford County had climbed to 2,037, of whom 890 lived in Albany. One year later the county's population had jumped to an estimated 5,000. Tax assessments, one of the best indicators of economic growth, had likewise risen; the county in 1881 listed $755,263 worth of taxable real estate, more than double the previous year. The tax base continued to climb until 1885 when, at the peak of trailing, it had seemingly stabilized at $2,367,821. Civic leaders credited trail traffic as being the mainstay of the obviously phenomenal growth.

One of the many businesses which sought earnestly to capitalize upon Albany's prosperity was the firm of Webb, Campbell and Hill. The enterprise was organized as a land and cattle company in 1885 when the firm of Campbell and Hill emerged with that of Webb and Webb. L. W. Campbell, a lawyer and later general counsel for the Texas Central Railroad, and Louis Hamilton Hill, a land agent, had used their respective talents to profit from the real estate boom which, since 1880, had been characteristic of Albany; W. G. and Sam Webb, father and son, respectively, had been active in the cattle trade for years. The combined organization thus hoped to profit not only from the source of Albany's growth but also upon the community's future.

Unfortunately for the Webb, Campbell and Hill Land and Cattle Company, 1885 was not an outstanding year for the trailing industry. First and foremost, by the end of the year Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Wyoming, and even Canada had enacted legislation which seriously restricted the importation of all cattle capable of carrying "Texas or Spanish Fever." These actions had been taken to prevent the total destruction of the northern range cattle industry, a calamity which, in 1885, seemed imminent to many northern ranchers. Only those beeves bred in and trailed from South Texas were "capable of communicating" the disease, but the net result of the various quarantines was to stifle trailing.

One of the largest Texas trailing companies, Lytle, McDaniel, Schreiner, and Light, organized in 1874 and based in Lytle and in Kerrville, Texas, was destroyed by the quarantines. In 1884 the concern handled 91,000 head of livestock; in 1887, it moved only 12,000. It was dissolved that year. Moreover, by 1885 farmers had migrated in large numbers to West Texas, thereby restricting the cattlemen's freedom of movement while on the trail. Barbed wire had been strung across the trail at several points. And local railroad facilities by then allowed ranchers to ship direct to northern processing points. In 1885, trailing began to wane.

This then was the economic climate in which the Albany firm of Webb, Campbell and Hill began its operations. The first effects of the quarantines were felt in Albany in early January 1886. Sam Webb confided to veteran cattleman C. C. Slaughter that, since Albany fell north of the actual quarantined area, cattle prices for beeves raised in the vicinity should remain high. Thus, Webb added that local ranchers were "*dubious*—actually *afraid* to put a price upon them [their cattle], unless it is a very high price." Webb seriously doubted that the market would support needlessly inflated prices.

Indeed, few cattlemen knew fully what to expect from the quarantines. Webb, Campbell and Hill, obviously anxious to keep abreast of the situation, advised one correspondent, "We had a long 'consultation with two of our largest and most substantial cattlemen today, and they were both at *sea* as to what they would do—both prefer[r]ing to deliver at home. One agreed to deliver 2000 N. W. Texas raised 2 year old steers (nearly all raised in the County) in Fall River Co., Dakota, for $19.00 and at Dodge (if the quarantine would admit [them]) for $18.00. You are no doubt aware that Kansas is very strict with her quarantine laws, and while they have generally admitted cattle from *this* County and section, she may at any time refuse to do so; hence you will not find one in five hundred [trailing contractors] who will agree to deliver in Kansas."

And although Albany ranchers expected high prices for their beeves, the firm noted that "buyers here expect a low market." Indeed some cattlemen, such as George West of Gainesville, even considered abandoning cattle for sheep.

The role of the cattle trail in this recession is best seen in one of the sales attempted by Webb, Campbell and Hill. Late in 1886 the firm had been engaged to sell the "Barnes House," a two-story hotel located in Albany. They dutifully advised a prospective buyer in Dallas, George W. Hyreson, that the hotel contained more than a thousand dollars' worth of furniture, twenty-four sleeping rooms (eight of which were double rooms), a cottage on the grounds for the proprietor, a cistern for drinking water, a fireproof safe in the office, and a good clientele comprised primarily of cattlemen en route to Dodge City. They further noted that the boom-town rent of $132.40 per month on the building had been recently reduced to $100 per month "until times get better." Moreover, the business, worth $3,500, was being sacrificed by the owner because of his health for $3,000. The major selling point was that "Albany is on the old 'Cattle Trail' you hear so much about."

Hyreson soon retorted, "I have learned from a gentleman who has a ranch only 1 or 1½ miles from your town that the place is dead and has been for over a year. . . ." Notwithstanding the Albany firm's protest that "the gentleman lied," Hyreson refused to buy. Over six months later the hotel was still on the market, its owner's asking price having shrunk to $2,800. The rent on the building had been lowered also—to $75 per month. In their letters to advertise the property, no longer did Webb, Campbell and Hill dwell upon the importance of the cattle trail or upon the cattlemen en route to Dodge who frequently patronized the establishment.

By August 1887 things were so quiet in Albany that Webb, Campbell and Hill could boast of their community's lawful character—a far cry from the frontier trail town of three years before. The concern noted in a sales pitch to a Kentucky resident interested in moving to West Texas that there was not "a single saloon in the County" and that murders were rare. It was even asserted that "there is *far less lawnesses in Texas than there is in Kentucky*, [for] . . . there are no feuds in Texas. . . ." Affairs were so quiet, in fact, that talk of Albany becoming a ghost town were widely circulated.

Sam Webb denounced the charge: "We beg to call your attention to the fact that this town is not *dead*, but will soon wake up and have such an era of prosperity as has been seldom witnessed in any County." But the partners could not escape the basic fact that Albany was "*very* dull, and while we hope for a bright future, [we] can not say when it will come."

All aspects of the real estate business in Albany reflected the soft economic condition which had prevailed once the trailing economy weakened. Rent houses in 1887 were available for as little as $4 to $6 per month, with few takers. Webb, Campbell and Hill advised one client, "There are so many vacant houses that it is impossible to get any tenant to take a house for *love* or *money*." One year later, even though a serious drouth—which doubtlessly had added to the economic plight of the community—had abated, the situation had not improved. Indeed, land prices and rent levels were even lower than they had been in 1887. By 1890, the firm of Webb and Hill (Campbell had left the firm in 1888) had almost totally abandoned the trade in livestock.

As for Albany, the rosy picture of 1885 had wilted. In 1890, after the trail was, for all practical purposes, but a fading memory, the country's population had declined to 2,012—not only lower than the 5,000 people estimated in 1881 but even lower than the 1880 census figures as well. It was not until 1930 that Shackelford County reported a population greater than the 1881 estimate.

It should not be concluded that the loss of trail traffic alone was responsible for the economic problems that, in the late 1880s, beset Albany and the Webb, Campbell and Hill Land and Cattle Company. Other factors played important roles. The drouth of 1886-1887 certainly hurt the community. The transition of the cattle trade from the era of the open range to that of planned management was traumatic in Albany as it was throughout the state. But it is perhaps significant to note that every community examined which did suffer a recession during the period did so simultaneously with the decline of trailing. With a little less luck, and certainly without the farmers who migrated west, it seems they all could have suffered a more severe fate and become picturesque ghost towns of the American West.

Rustling the Rustlers

(Continued from page 27)

I split my detachment of four, and placed two on each side of the road. They had orders to shoot to kill if any one of the oncoming party offered the slightest resistance. As the leaders approached the ford, I stepped out into the moonlight and challenged the party, at the same time telling them to hold their hands up high, that I had a whole company covering them with orders to shoot to kill at the slightest move.

The party halted. The leader, riding a beautiful bay horse, asked me what it was all about. I informed him that he and his associates were prisoners of war. He asked me if I knew that the Secretary of War was a good friend of his, and told me further that if I did not stop my foolishness, I would lose my job.

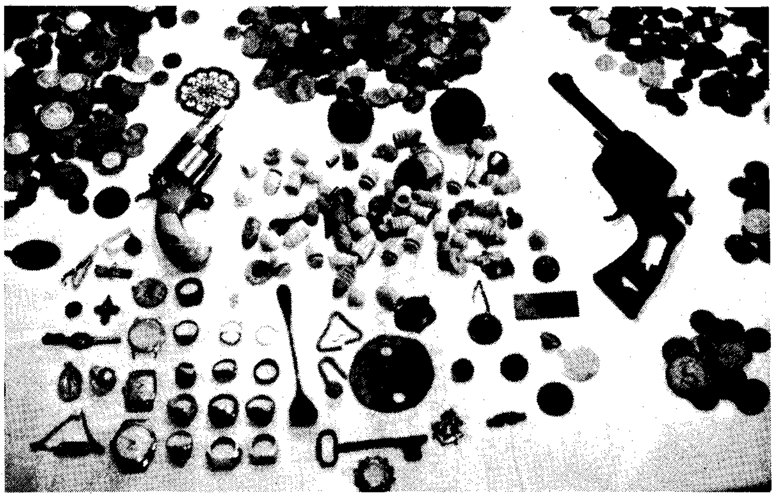
That would be too bad, I told him, as I would be financially ruined, but as there was no place to spend my income, it would not make much difference. He then offered me $1,000 to let the party go. I replied that I had never known a soldier of the United States Army to take a bribe, and that I would not consider it.

Then I called Acting Corporal Jerry Dunn, a man with over twenty-eight years of service, to come forward and disarm the party, which was done with neatness and dispatch. Having lined them all up, ordered the teamsters back on their wagons, and tied the saddle horses on the rear of the last wagon, we were about ready to start when the thought struck me that if that bunch should ever scatter, and realize that there were only five in my detachment, we would be in a fearful jam.

I called Corporal Dunn into conference. He suggested that the men be hobbled. The idea seemed first-rate, except that we had nothing to hobble them with. Therefore, I told Corporal Dunn to translate his suggestion into the deed. He did forthwith. He merely reached into a pocket, got out his knife, and proceeded to cut off every button of the hunters' trousers and underwear. It was winter. They could not afford to lose so much apparel. Consequently the prominent financiers had to hold up their clothes. They were sufficiently hobbled to make them docile during the march.

With everything in readiness to go, I asked Corporal Dunn to call in the company. When only three men answered his summons, the remarks of our captives were anything but complimentary—and in those remarks was included Uncle Sam's whole army. However, they marched with us. We delivered our prisoners in person to the captain at eight-thirty the next morning.

For Christmas dinner we had much game, and a great variety of it. The soldiers dined sumptuously and many were the stories told by myself and the detachment of four. The bankers also had what was special fare—for them. They dined on Government Straight, hardtack, sowbelly, and Black Jack coffee.



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Justice and Joe

(Continued from page 31)

ing instead of running for re-election. Then, just before election day, Joe, while making an arrest, beat a suspect so severely the man almost died. Believing his deputy's action had been unwarranted, Pete had arrested Joe—and, on the same day, had fired him.

Afterward, Joe Phy was Pete's sworn enemy. Joe's grouchy moods became more frequent and more severe and he slandered his former best friend at every opportunity. Pete, though brave and a dead shot, avoided Joe, but now the time for a showdown had come.

Joe Phy was out of town on June 1. When he returned in the afternoon an acquaintance, Sidney Bartleson, told him that Pete was in the Tunnel Saloon, drunk. Joe, noncommittal about the information, went to his room. Later, however, he became sullen.

Joe Phy, the forty-three-year-old nonsmoker, non-drinker, was a man of unquestioned integrity. He also was absolutely fearless, and an expert shot. Joe believed in justice for all, including himself.

Joe always had implicit faith in those he trusted. In 1884 his faith in the word of a Tucson town official had led to bankruptcy. Joe and the official were under a verbal agreement whereby Joe would supply construction crews with free water while a town waterworks was being built. In return for Joe's services the town would purchase his teams and tank wagons.

The public water system was installed. The official refused to buy Joe's equipment. And Joe—occupation gone—was broke.

The formerly prosperous Joe Phy went to live on the ranch of a friend, John A. Rockfellow. Spells of moodiness came on him. When not moody, he was listless.

Then Pete Gabriel was elected sheriff, and Joe left the ranch for his new job as deputy to his new-found friend. The rest of the story was too regrettable for Joe even to think about.

Joe, after losing the deputy job, had continued to make Florence his headquarters and boarded with Peter Brady. There in his room he brooded over Gabriel's being in town. Then, desiring to see for himself, Joe inspected his Colt, and left the boarding house.

LATE in the afternoon Pete Gabriel glanced out the rear window of the saloon straight at the full, brown beard, enormous nose, and hooded blue eyes of Joe Phy.

Abruptly, Joe vanished. He returned to Peter Brady's house and sat down outdoors by an oleander. He thought of his wrongs. All of them.

Lately, people seemed quiet when he appeared. Men looked at him strangely. Children were afraid of him. Women seemed to pity him, which was infuriating. "One would think I am crazy," thought Joe.

He must have dwelled particularly on his injustices at the hands of Pete Gabriel. Pete's arrest and subsequent firing of him had amounted to public humiliation. Since that day Pete had avoided him, choosing not to fight out their differences with pistols. Pete seemed to treat him as if he were an unreasonable child. Joe still was beside the oleander at sunset. But he had made a decision—kill Pete Gabriel!

Joe hurried to Brady's corral and saddled his best horse. He hung a full canteen on the saddle horn and tied a small sack of jerky behind the cantle. Then mounting, he rode through the gathering darkness to the house adjoining the Tunnel. Joe put his horse in the corral and walked rapidly to the front of the saloon.

At 8:00 p.m. the swinging doors of the Tunnel were kicked open. Through the doorway leaped Joe Phy, Colt in right hand, Bowie knife in left. His first shot hit the lamp, turning the room into darkness.

A terrific blow to his stomach caused Joe to emit an involuntary, "Euff!" He was slammed against the wall near the door. There was no pain, but he was stunned for an instant. Suddenly Joe realized Pete Gabriel had shot him. He leaped right, landing on his toes, crouching.

F. R. Brady Jr. and Henry Hammels, the only other patrons present, ran unscathed out the rear door. Keating stood behind the bar, where he remained throughout the fight.

Pete, in moving toward the front door, scuffed his heel. Joe fired at the noise. Instantly, Pete fired at Joe's pistol muzzle flash. Joe almost was knocked down by a blow on his chest. Regaining his balance, Joe stepped right again, and hearing a sound, fired. Immediately his enemy returned the shot from an unexpected place. Again there was a blow to his chest. Joe pulled the trigger again as soon as he recovered his balance.

There was a slight sound near the front door. Joe fired at it, then waited. He couldn't see a thing. There wasn't a sound. The odor of burnt powder filled the room. Joe wasn't in pain, although his limbs felt numb. He was very tired.

Pete had gone out the front door, stepping to the right to stand leaning against the outside of the building. Joe followed.

In the darkness, he failed to notice Pete and walked across the sidewalk to the street. His legs seemed limber. Joe stopped, turned, and saw Pete aiming a pistol at him from a distance of fifteen feet.

Pete fired first. His bullet broke Joe's right thigh, causing him to fall forward. Then Joe, although hardly able to lift his Colt, fired at Pete. He missed.

Pete didn't return the volley, being too weak to raise his pistol again. For, inside the saloon, Joe had shot him in the right groin and left lung.

When the fight started, Hinson Thomas, playing whist in a hotel half a block from the Tunnel, had leaped to his feet and hurried to the scene of action.

Thomas found Pete standing, feet far apart, hands at sides, in the middle of the sidewalk facing Joe. In his right hand was a cocked Colt, its muzzle pointing straight down. Pete slowly, silently collapsed.

Joe, still clutching the knife in his left hand, raised himself on his right elbow. Dave Gibson appeared. Joe despised Gibson, for he suspected the man had assassinated a fellow named Levy in the doorway of Tucson's Palace Hotel by firing from ambush.

Gibson, stooping over Joe, asked, "Are you hurt much, Joe?"

Joe stabbed Gibson in the leg and replied, "Go away from me, you murdering s-o-b!"

Joe Phy died the next morning at 12:30 a.m. In his last conscious moments Joe asked the doctor, "Will Pete Gabriel die?" For he believed in justice for all, including himself.

Pete Gabriel recovered, dying of natural causes July 29, 1898.

Green Chile Tom

(Continued from page 39)

some deputies. That was on May 1, 1901. I was there—just a kid—and heard Black Jack complain about the delay. 'Come on, Sheriff! Hurry it up! I want to get to hell in time for dinner!' I guess he wasn't hardly in shape to eat when he got there. Look at the next picture. There's his body on the ground without any head. The hang rope jerked it plumb off!"

ABOVE the Black Jack panel hangs a three-by-four-foot framed lithograph, its colors only slightly faded, showing several mustached cowboys chousing some longhorn steers. This was a souvenir poster at the Second National Convention of Cattlemen held in St. Louis in 1885. Listed on it are the names of pioneer ranchmen from a dozen western states and territories, among them Arkansas Governor Ozro A. Hadley and R. D. Hunter, president of the Association at that time.

On another wall among many other obviously antiquated pictures, McGrath points out an oval-framed portrait of a bearded cavalryman, First Lieutenant Tom McGrath, the present Tom's grandfather who was killed in the Civil War.

On still another wall are out-size enlargements of several less antiquated photographs. One of them, taken in 1959 at Kirtland Air Base in Albuquerque, shows McGrath with an oxdrawn cart alongside a huge airplane. To picture the contrast between pioneer and modern transportation, McGrath had the ox and cart trucked from the Longhorn Ranch on U.S. Highway 66 east of Albuquerque.

"In that cart," McGrath grins, "there was a load of whiskey!"

I didn't ask where the whiskey came from, but at one time in his salty career, Tom was a liquor dealer. Next to the whiskey-cart picture is an enlarged photo of the Coast Guard vessel on which McGrath served for eighteen months during World War II. Of course he was just a young feller then—about fifty-six.

There's nothing like an old, weather-beaten saddle to trigger recollections. McGrath still has the first saddle he ever owned. As in Jack Thorp's "Little

Joe the Wrangler" song: "His saddle was a Texas kack made many years ago," a slim-horned, lightweight rig given to Tom by his father for his tenth birthday. The McGraths also treasure the fine side-saddle which was Tom's wedding gift to Lupita in 1911.

"That's the only saddle I ever owned," says McGrath, speaking of his "chicken-ketcher," "and I've ridden many a mile in my time."

From age six to about fourteen, Tom helped herd his grandfather's sheep around old Tascosa in the Texas Panhandle, sometimes riding, sometimes on foot. At fourteen the young sheepherder turned cowboy by going up the trail as horse wrangler with one of the last big cattle drives more or less on the old Goodnight route. Wagonboss on the drive was Matt McCallister, later a well known rancher of Springer, New Mexico, with whom McGrath kept up a close friendship until McCallister's death last January at the age of 106.

After the big trail drive, McGrath liked the feel of horse and saddle between his legs so well that for much of his life he has been, in one way or another, a horseback man—working cattle or sheep, ranching, raising horses, and serving as one of the first, if not the first, deputy game wardens of the Territory. Even in politics, his lifelong avocation, he often covered many miles on horseback while campaigning in the remote *placitas* of northern New Mexico.

McGrath classes himself as a conservative Progressive Democrat. "But I've never really had a home pasture in politics," he adds. "I've always been ready to jump the party fence for the candidates I judged best fitted for the office. That's why I worked for Goldwater in 1964."

Here is his droll comment on New Mexico politics—of the past, if not of the present: "Three times the voters elected me to state office; twice as state auditor, once as lieutenant-governor—but I never got the certificates of election!"

Twice, at least, he didn't get counted out, serving two terms as tax assessor in Mora County, the first Democrat to function in that courthouse in thirty-seven years. After having helped elect New Mexico's popular "Cowboy Governor" Dick Dillon in 1926, McGrath served as Deputy for Motor Vehicles under the State Comptroller in both of Dillon's terms. From his close friendship with the governor, McGrath's "gatherings" got a big boost when Dillon gave him his own considerable collection "to have and to hold" for future generations.

McGRATH'S collection is neither catalogued nor arranged in any systematic manner. On a shelf rests the huge family Bible of Judge William H. Parke, a pioneer of the now-vanished gold camp of Elizabethtown. Its earliest birth entry is dated 1808. Standing on the family TV set is a bottle in a silver sheath upon which is engraved: *Helmet Rye a Blend Max Fruhauf & Co. Cinn.* This is one of several souvenirs of Fort Union. There are autographed photos and letters from prominent New Mexicans of the early twenties practically all over the place.

Under one of several mounted buffalo heads hangs a pair of well-worn, gray buckskin moccasins which were given to Mrs. McGrath by a son of Apache Chief Gerónimo on the occasion of a McGrath visit to the Three Rivers Rranch of the late Senator Albert B. Fall. Nearby is is an ornate, hand-lettered document adorned by a shamrock over crossed *chiles* as a coat of arms, proclaiming the Royal Order of the Green *Chile*, jointly honoring St. Patrick and Tom McGrath, signed by Jack M. Campbell, Governor of New Mexico.

Hanging on a nail in an adjoining storeroom are two "necklaces" of bullets of many shapes and sizes, strung on wire. "Bullets from the site of every frontier fort in New Mexico," McGrath says. "Where can you find unusual stuff like this in any museum?"

The storeroom is jam-packed with still more "stuff" which the McGrath home lacks room to display.

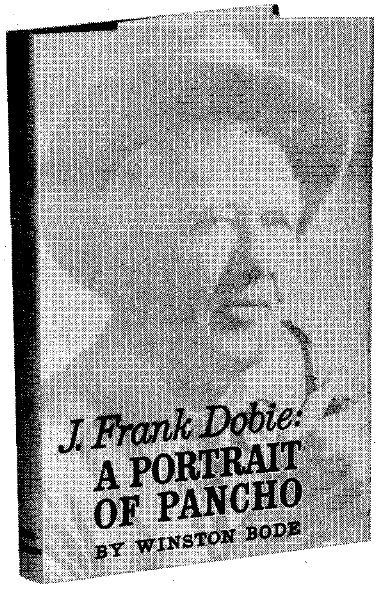
Along with his material gatherings, McGrath has gathered together the fantastic facts about the notorious Silva Gang whose outlawry kept Las Vegas in a stew back in the 1880s and '90s. From these facts he wrote and published, in 1960, a forty-six-page booklet entitled "Vicente Silva and His Forty Thieves—The Vice Criminals of the '80's and '90's," illustrated by some two dozen rare photos of individuals involved in the Silva skulduggery.

The McGraths have six daughters, one son, sixteen grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren. Proud as he is of them all, McGrath doubts that any of them would be minded to undertake the task of organizing his picturesque collection into a permanent public exhibit and so maintaining it after he is gone. He clings fiercely to the hope that some responsible organization will yet take over the whole shebang and preserve it for future generations.

The well established Rough Riders Museum maintained by the City of Las Vegas would make room for a limited selection of his best historical items, but McGrath spurns the idea that even any part of all he has gathered over the years should ever be a mere adjunct to some other museum.

It is not sale for a lot of money that McGrath is hoping for; but if the establishment that he has his heart set on should ever become reality, I'm sure he would not be averse to becoming himself a part of the package (though he doesn't come right out and say so) if not as curator, at least as explanatory attendant. In such case, because of the wide range of his rawhide recollections plus the traditional privilege of genuine old-timers to hang a few fanciful fringes on some of their tales, I have a high country hunch that visitors would not only have an interesting exhibit to look at, but also a well wound-up, salty, picturesque, walking, talking one-man museum to listen to: Señor Tom McGrath of the Green *Chile*.

Back In Print



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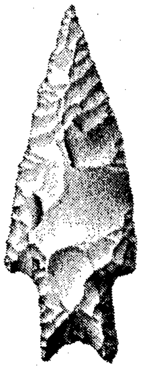

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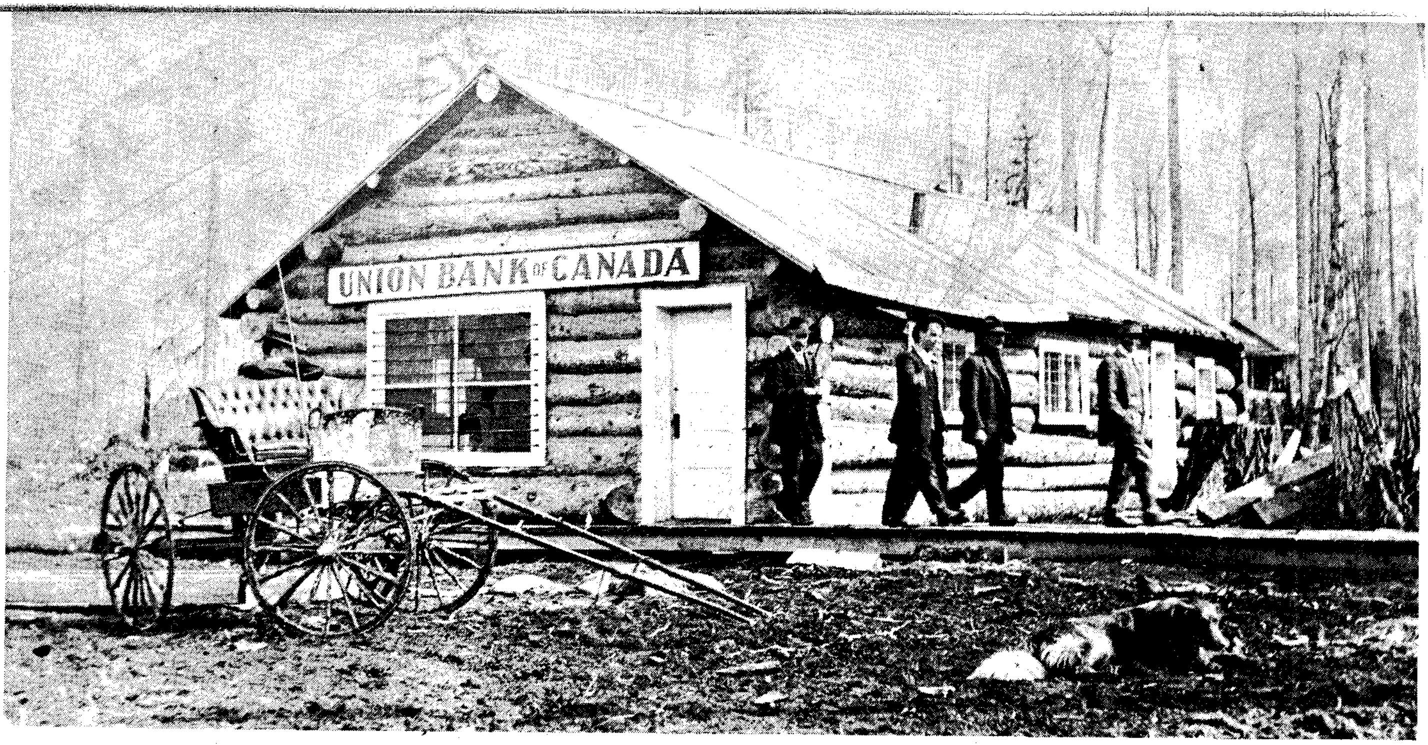
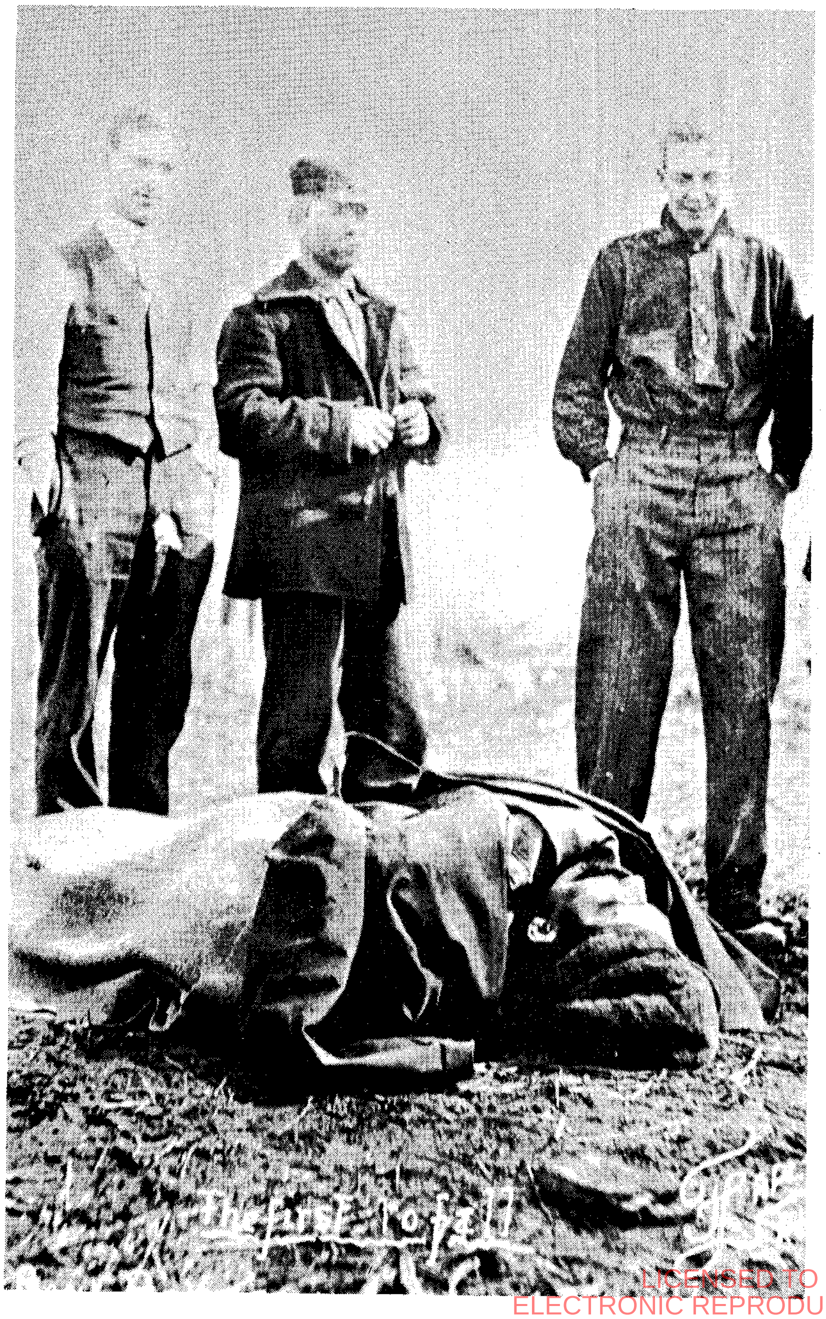

UNION BANK of CANADA

Bullet-riddled front window testifies to gunplay during Hazelton bank holdup the morning of April 7, 1914.

The first of the Russian bandits to fall lies in the dust at the feet of Hazelton townsmen.


The first to fall

THE DAY THE COSSACKS RAIDED HAZELTON

—three cowboys saved the day!

Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C. Photos
Courtesy Author

By ROBERT J. GRANT

HAZELTON was a small cattletown in 1914, located on the Skeena River 297 miles west of Prince George, British Columbia. It was in an area which provided plenty of water and excellent feed for the many cattle ranches.

Early on the morning of April 7, three cowboys rode into town and entered the hardware store. They shortly were to play an outstanding part in the drama that was about to unfold, for the three armed men were within sight of Union Bank, a substantial log building just up the street.

It was about 10:30 a.m. and the bank had been open for business for half an hour. One customer was on the premises, John Graham, manager of a local trucking firm. He was carrying a sheaf of checks and money orders in one hand.

Suddenly, two men armed with rifles appeared at one end of the street. They strolled up the sidewalk, side by side, headed for the bank. In the meantime, four more men stepped into sight, two at each end of the block and all carrying heavy calibre rifles.

Slipping on black masks, the first two men stepped into the bank. One removed the checks and money orders from Graham's hand, and the other, with rifle hip high, stepped behind the counter and scooped all the money in sight into a gunny sack.

With rifles at the ready both men began to back out, but the clerks, recovering from the initial shock, reached for their guns. Immediately the thieves opened fire, directing several shots through the counter. Fenton, the ledger-keeper, had a narrow escape with death when a bullet slamming into his desk tore loose a big splinter which struck him in the face. The clerks returned the fire, but the holdup men cleared the bank and hit the street at a dead run.

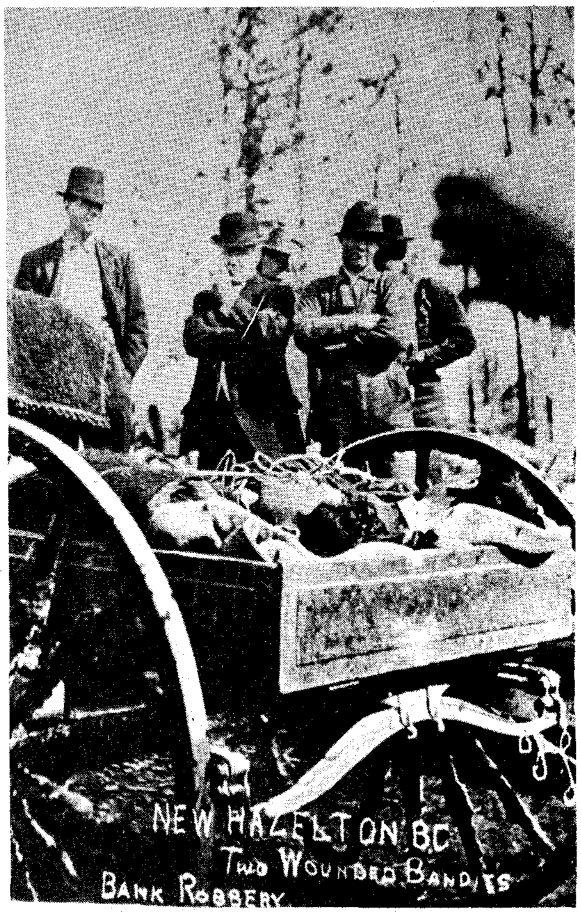
The three cowboys from the hardware store saw the desperadoes piling out of the bank and unlimbered their guns, laying down a fusillade. Almost immediately citizens in stores grabbed their own weapons and opened fire from the shelter. Two of the gang fell dead as they raced down the street seeking cover of the brush just outside of town.

A posse immediately took out in pursuit, wounding three more of the robbers. During the next day the local provincial police allotted to the case and posses of citizens combed the densely brushed areas looking for the fugitives.

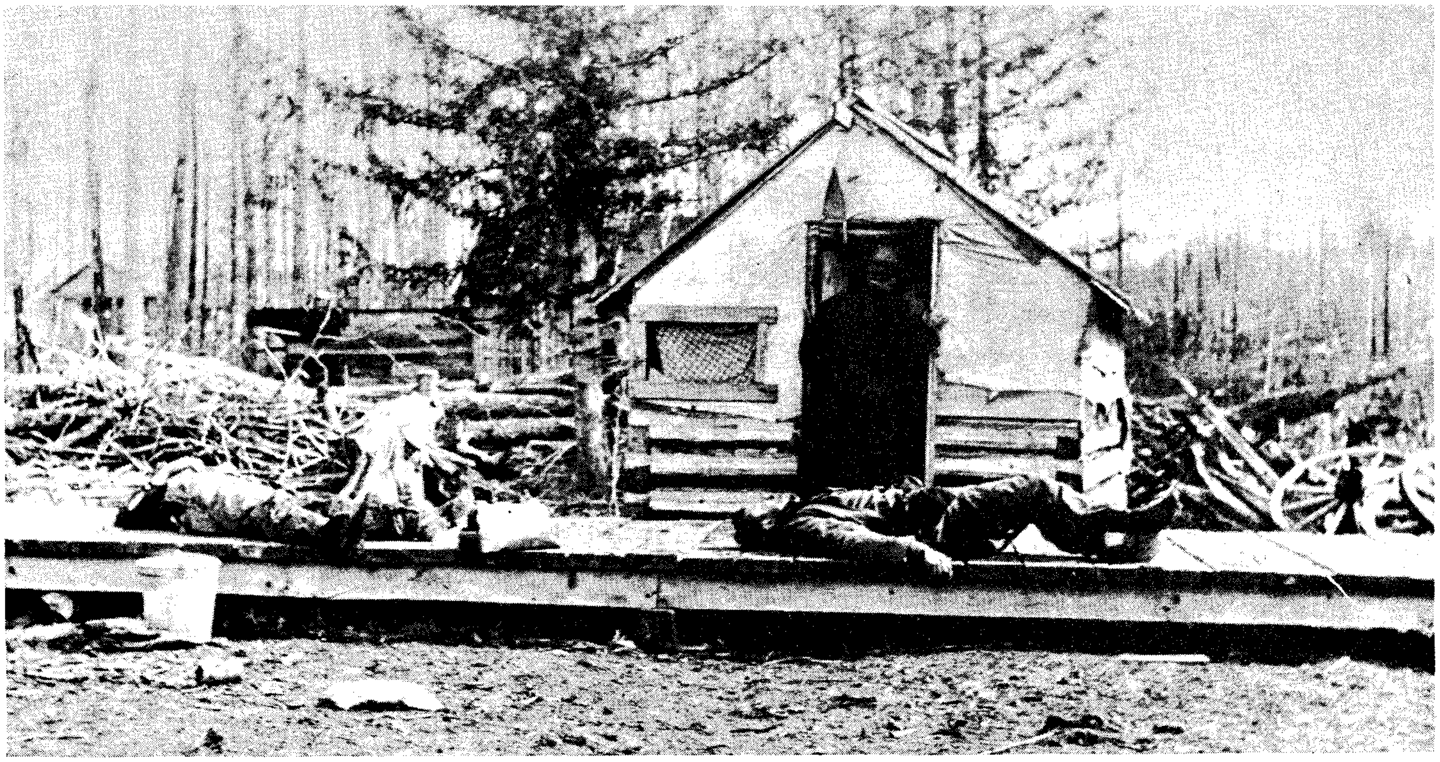
Days went by without results and then finally an outstanding break occurred in the case. On April 8, a suspect discovered hiding in a wooded area was picked up and placed under arrest. Suffering from a gunshot wound in his leg, he confessed that ten Russians had taken part in the holdup but disclaimed participation in the robbery himself.

According to his story he was a stranger in the district and happened to be walking along a back road out of town immediately after the robbery took place. He was terrified when the fleeing gang, still shooting it out with the town posse, caught up with him. He asserted that the rear-guard of the robbers seized him and dragged him along during their flight.

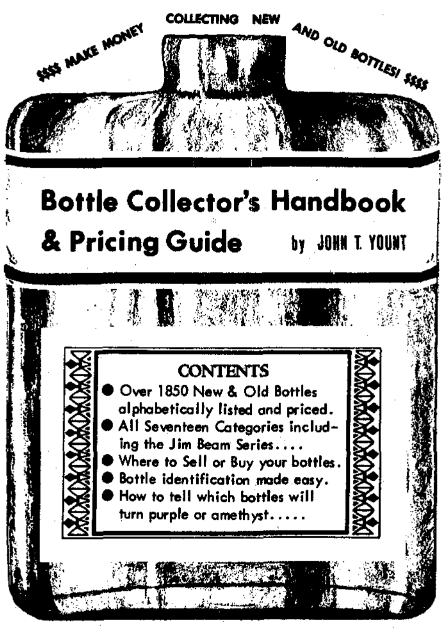
(Continued on page 73)



Local citizens keep watch over two wounded Russian prisoners who have been strapped in a wagon for the trip to a hospital and jail.



Two robbers killed while fleeing holdup lie where they fell on boardwalk. Satchel resting at feet of corpse on the left could be a medical bag. Wounded fugitives may possibly be receiving attention in the cabin.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Dodge City, Venezuela

(Continued from page 7)

reached the sea, a distance of sixty miles all straight up and down. The horses were left in the care of the same men who accompanied them down there, to be loaded on a freighter.

WE DEPARTED that day aboard the *Santa Paula.* As we walked toward the ship, a little Venezuelan schoolteacher who had lived in our rooming house in Caracas and whom Howard had been going with on the sly, jumped out from behind a bunch of cargo stacked on the dock and grabbed him around the neck. She began to cry and scream, "Howard, no leave Venezuela! Howard, no leave me!" He was pretty embarrassed and ran up to Doris Haynes and put his arm around her.

"Honey," he pleaded, "be my girl 'til we get aboard that ship!" But that didn't slow down that schoolteacher, and she was crying and clawing at his hip pocket all the way up the gang plank.

Our trip back was uneventful except for the big banana fight we had after our stalks of them got too ripe. I ran out of ammunition and went to the kitchen and got a few raw Irish potatoes. Old Mike stuck his head out from behind one of those big funnels and I hit him right between the eyes with a big spud. That ended the fight and when he got up he was waving his handkerchief.

When we arrived in the United States the Statue of Liberty sure looked good to us. Howard and I had only about two dollars between us. We caught a cab and checked in the Belvedere Hotel where we stayed during the rodeo every year. It was right across the street from Madison Square Garden.

Taking a corner suite with three rooms and two kitchenettes, we told the bellboy to bring up some ice and about four or five fifths of bourbon and scotch and all the room keys he could find. We signed a tab for the whiskey and tipped the bellboy our last buck. Across the street on 8th Avenue was the Ringside Bar where Howard worked as bouncer during the rodeo every year. We invited several tables of unattached girls to our coming home party at the hotel and gave each group a key telling them to go on over and get the party rolling.

Well, after a couple of hours the celebration was in full swing. We called up all the friends we knew in the New York area and invited them to join us. They could hear the noise and laughter in the background—and they all accepted. MacCumber came down from Connecticut. Jack and Harry Finklestein who owned the Ringside Bar, and ten or twelve more of our friends showed up. After everyone got to feeling just right, Howard said to our guests, "All of you know we got back busted and need to borrow some money to leave town. We're headed for Hanford, California to another rodeo." We gathered almost $400 then and there.

The next morning on the street I ran into Frank Moore, the rodeo manager at Madison Square Garden, and before I could say a word he asked, "Well, how much do you want? Everyone else has put it on me so I know you will."

"Oh, Mr. Moore, I think I can make it on fifty."

He took me to his office where he wrote a check for me and another for Howard, saying, "Here, take this to McCrorey and save him the trouble of coming to me."

We bought bus tickets to Oklahoma and various places for several less fortunate fellows and then headed west in Howard's Oldsmobile. The things that happened by the time we got there, WOW! But that's another rodeo and another story.

"Hell for Breakfast" Nixon—Sun River Ranger

(Continued from page 30)

bullet-scarred saddle.

His superior judgment in this fight led to his selection as leader of a few reliable men to exact justice for an atrocious double homocide. Outlaw Brackett E. Stewart had murdered Mrs. Mary Armstrong and her cattleman business partner, Joseph H. Morgan. The crime occurred on June 29, 1881 at their ranch near where Muddy Creek enters the Teton River. Stewart expected to obtain a large sum of money believed kept in the ranch house, but found only $100. By burning the log house down he thought that he also had destroyed the only witnesses, two small girls aged six and eleven. Unknown to him they had escaped while he was busy sloshing a barrel of kerosene over the interior before setting it afire.

Captured in an Indian camp, Stewart was taken to Choteau and held. An aroused countryside flocked to town in ominous numbers. After both girls identified Stewart, mob action became an almost foregone conclusion.

At the height of this excitement Nixon rode in with his contingent of Sun River Rangers. They had been dispatched north to aid in pursuing the murderer or murderers. Since the lone killer was already in custody, the Rangers remained quiet and mixed with the grumbling crowd. But citizens demanding vigilante action the loudest were not those who hanged Stewart that night.

A widely respected store owner, Alfred B. Hamilton, asserted that justice should be allowed to triumph. In time of need he always stepped forward as a leader. That night he slipped Stewart out of Choteau in a buggy, setting off on the hundred-mile trip to Fort Benton, then county seat.

At the first crossing on Teton River below Choteau, near the ST Ranch, a group of impromptu vigilantes surrounded his buggy. Taking Stewart from Hamilton's custody they hanged him to a cottonwood tree on the riverbank. When the killer was dead, his body was taken down and buried in a shallow grave. Someone cut the execution rope into small pieces. Each member of the band took away one fragment as a souvenir—with one exception. Nixon didn't care for grisly keepsakes. Leading his Rangers back to Sun River, he was the only one who, from the first, admitted to friends his having taken part in the hanging.

NOT LONG AFTER this incident several halfbreeds, trappers and toughs threw a drunken party on Birch Creek north of the Teton. While breaking up at dawn and scattering, they foully murdered an ancient recluse, a left-over from the early day gold rushes. Several weeks elapsed before this killing became known.

Sun River Rangers held a quick meeting and dispatched Nixon northward with half a dozen men to investigate. The murdered old man had been well liked by the cattlemen. Unable to run down any evidence against the real slayers, Nixon carried out the second part of his orders. The Rangers paid calls on people of questionable pursuit living on the tributaries of the Teton River. The blue-eyed man of commanding dignity told them solemnly they should remove elsewhere in deference to their health—and never return.

No argument ensued; no bloodshed followed. The scalawags forthwith took themselves to less dangerous climes. There could be no mistaking what would happen in disobedience to the quiet-spoken man of authority.

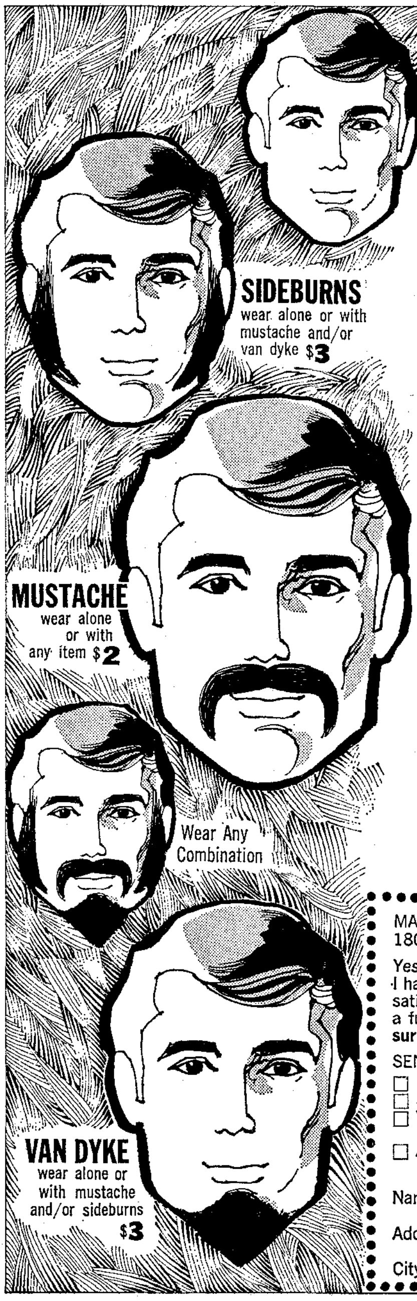
Early one morning Dan Floweree, one of the largest cattle owners on Sun River, dashed into town frothing at the mouth. During the preceding night two thieves had removed four head of spanking bays from his home corral.

He went straight to the liverybarn and, as Nixon explained simply, "'E was mad!"

Nixon and Floweree took off after the horse thieves, soon tracking them across lower Sun River. Suspecting they would try to get over the Missouri at Half-breed Rapids, Nixon and the rancher proceeded directly there to lie in wait. As dusk approached, sure enough, the thieves showed up with Floweree's horses.

Called on to "Throw them up!" the outlaws went for six-guns instead. In the brief exchange of fire, one was wounded; neither Nixon nor Floweree was touched. The pair of other people's horse-fanciers was brought back to Sun River the next day and placed in its insecure jail. That night both escaped. The wounded one didn't get very far before being recaptured. When the local populace wanted to hang him, Nixon refused to allow it. Subsequently a deputy U. S. marshal arrested the second horse thief at Miles City. Both were tried at Sun River and drew stiff sentences.

Despite disastrous losses of sheep which had attempted to enter long established cattle range by way of Dearborn River, a band of 3,000 began encroaching from the direction of Fort Benton. This situation reached its climax the fall of 1881 after the grass had dried. West of Great Falls of the wide Missouri, the sheep owner was served with a notice to head back. He said he was going to winter in coulees below where the river bent southward. Instead, the intrepid sheepman moved north into prairie country. One night soon after,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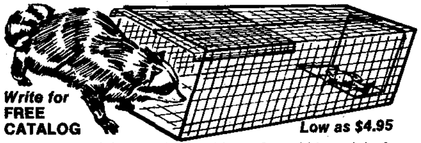

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he and his herders woke to find a ring of red blazing rangeland around the bedded down flock. Less than 100 badly singed woollies escaped destruction. Most died from poisonous fumes while massed together, despite all the herders and dogs could do toward moving them out.

AT THIS TIME Nixon was serving his six months as Ranger company captain, that being the obligatory period. With four hard-riding men Nixon chased some horse thieves into the Lewis and Clark Range of the Rocky Mountains. They passed west by Fred Walrath's homestead (soon to become the little cowtown of Augusta). The horses were recovered when the thieves abandoned them soon enough to make their escape. This manhunt just about ended the wild days of Hell-for-breakfast Nixon. Returning from this chase he met Olive White, whom he married in 1883. The turning point of his career had been reached and now his pursuits would be peaceful. Nixon continued operating his liverybarn business and buying and selling cattle. The year 1884 saw the last of that courageous small company of Sun River Rangers. Beginning with fourteen, its highest number reached only eighty-seven—and that, temporarily. One by one stalwart mainstays like Nixon dropped out when their protective organization welded into the Montana Stockgrowers Association.

Other events were in the making; economic conditions were changing. Sun River began to fade as an important supply and travel center. Great Falls came into being. The long freighting route from Fort Benton, "Chicago of the Prairies," to Helena fell into disuse. Railroads were responsible.

Selling his liverybarn and cattle, Nixon moved fourteen miles west of newly established Augusta. When the disastrous winter of 1886-87 wiped out most Montana cattlemen he didn't own a single cow.

After looking over the south fork of Sun River country, he chose a shielded, fertile valley through which Smith Creek coursed, to farm and raise cattle. This place he homesteaded late in 1888.

One of the first to realize that only winter feeding would prevent heavy stock losses, he began haying flats and natural meadows. His spreading industry required hired hands, and for them he laid down an iron-clad rule. Getting boozed up in town was their own affair, but they must not bring whiskey on the ranch.

Only one man disobeyed this rule. He went to work haying one morning and was totally blotto before noon. When informed he was fired, the drunken hand made for Nixon. Grabbing a pitchfork, the rancher chased him out of sight down the Smith Creek road.

Thereafter Hell-for-breakfast Nixon became fondly known as "Old Nick." His days of violence were over. He lived solely for the welfare of his wife and three children. A son, Chester, died in 1960. Two daughters survive, Mrs. John Cunniff and Mrs. L. B. Weisner, who live at Augusta.

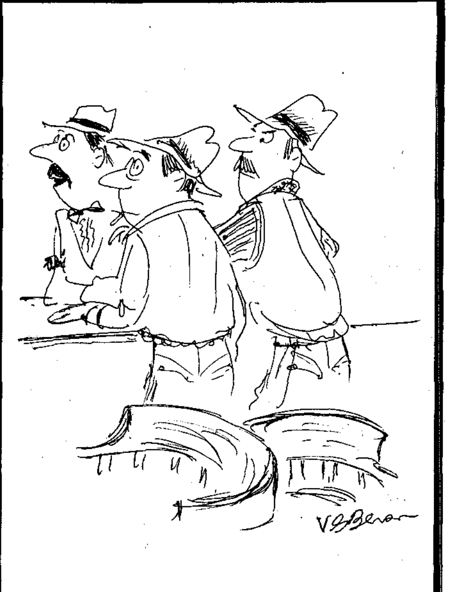
His old friend Robert Ford did business as a "hip pocket" banker before establishing a financial institution in Great Falls. Desiring to invest in more cattle Nixon borrowed some money from him. In those days about all the records kept were marks on a wall. But some months later Ford called him in. He explained that new-fangled banking laws required a note or chattel mortgage as security for money lent. Nixon blew his top. If his word weren't good enough, he would sign no paper. Returning home he sold off sufficient cattle to pay Ford immediately.

Oddly, despite his dislike of banks, Nixon and several friends organized the Peoples State Bank at Augusta in 1911. Nixon always lived in a rush to get things done. Nor did he by any means settle down to prosaic living; he became a character as rough and ready as ever. Leaving his ranch in the hands of others he moved into town, living there until his death on May 13, 1923.

Nixon ran his bank as could be expected for one who had made his mark in this world from scratch. He lent $125 on a race horse and when payment was overdue for about six months, he reluctantly decided nothing else could be done except seize the horse. Accordingly, legal papers were drawn up whereupon he was informed that custody would have to be taken by a bank officer.

None of them wanted to undertake the task out in distant ranching country. Snorting, Nixon looked around, his eyes settling on a nephew, Homer Wellman, who had been hired as clerk only the previous day. Making him an assistant cashier on the spot Nixon smilingly sent him after the horse. This swift advancement caused Wellman to remain a banker until his recent retirement from a California financial institution.

Walking to work one morning Nixon and Wellman approached the bank's front entrance. On the sidewalk before it chattered a huge flock of birds.



"Somebody oughta tell that dude you're supposed to wear pants under chaps!"

"Come see the little birdies singing—Glory be to God!" Nixon exclaimed to his nephew. "Dammit! You come sweep off this sidewalk!"

An English peculiarity of speech he always retained was dropping the "h" from some words and adding it to others. His wife's brother, George White, operated a lead mine back in the stark canyons along Smith Creek. One of Nixon's grandsons proposed hauling lead ore for him. Needing a new Ford truck to do so, he applied for a bank loan.

Since it concerned the old man's grandson, the bank's board of directors was sure it would be granted without question. Out of courtesy alone they placed the loan application before Nixon for final approval. To their surprise he lifted both hands in stark horror against it.

"Don't you know what's 'e wants it for?" he demanded. "'E's going to 'aul h'ore for George White!"

Whatever Nixon did he did well. His profitable ranch on Smith Creek remains in the family just as he wanted. Today it is owned and operated by a grandson, Richard Weisner. He and his family live in the solid old house his grandfather built more than seventy years ago. The original Nixon brand, now almost a century old, continues a part of range heraldry.

A Man At Bay in Outlaw Cave

(Continued from page 11)

B. L. was a Texas outlaw, perhaps a horsethief or a murderer. He was hiding from the law in a Hill Country cave and in his loneliness wrote a letter to ease his conscience.

From the letter one can see that he was an intelligent man, regretting that he had done wrong and had run away from the consequences. He was a patriotic man, so much so that he respected even his persecutors because they represented the law of his country. He was a man of strong faith, in his own way, thankful to nature for suffering him to live.

Outlaws were only too common in Texas during the late 1870s. A list of Texas fugitives compiled by the adjutant general in 1878 fills a bound volume of almost 250 pages.

It was easy to make a slip in those days and find oneself a hunted man overnight. The twenty- or thirty-dollar salary paid for a month's hard work as a cowboy looked mighty small to men who happened to come across unguarded cattle or horses and who knew where they could sell them. Banks, business offices, and trains looked even more profitable to many. As part of the frontier, Texas fell prey to all the guns and high spirits that drifted into the Southwest.

Bill McDonald, who later became one of the Texas Rangers' most noted captains, was a good example of how a young cowboy could "go wrong" because of a gun and lack of horse-sense. In 1868 the good citizens of Henderson, Texas, where Bill lived, lynched a suspected killer. Over the objections of the townspeople, the military descended upon the town to restore order. Bill and a friend got involved in a brawl with some of the soldiers, and eventually the battle progressed to the point where Bill and his companion fired on the military headquarters in the courthouse. His friend was captured when they tried to storm the soldiers' position, whereupon Bill made for the wide open spaces.

After a series of escapes, he was finally arrested and tried by court-martial. Luck and a good defense attorney got him acquitted, and from then on Bill made up his mind to work on the "right side" of the law. But years later, even Captain McDonald admitted that he had come very close to becoming an outlaw.

Our mysterious B.L. was apparently not as lucky as McDonald, and so he had to join the nameless army of men on the run. He was hiding in a part of Texas which was famous for its outlaw population. The cave he picked was one of many found on the Llano and its tributaries. Such caves and the thickly wooded valleys of the area made Kimble County an ideal haven for men who had broken the law.

Even the tough Texas lawmen of the '70s considered Kimble County the most dangerous part of the state. In February 1877, for instance, Texas Ranger H. B. Waddill wrote: "I find that Kimble County is a theaf's stronghold . . . Llanos and all tributaries all lined with them . . . the County is unsafe to travel through."

And in one of his reports Ranger Lieutenant Pat Dolan wrote: "This is the worst section of the country there is for men to work in, and a better hiding-place for rascals than any other part of Texas."

Indeed, the outlaw situation in Kimble County was so bad that in April 1877 Major John B. Jones, commander of the Rangers, personally led a full company of men into the area to clean it out. He split up his force and sent them out to patrol the South Llano, and after they returned with their prisoners and left them in jail in Junction, he sent out his men to patrol the North Llano. The result of Jones' foray was a total of forty-one men arrested, all of them chased out of the caves and the back country.

Kimble County in 1878, the time of B.L., was a lot quieter as a result of Jones' raid, but it was still a good place to hide.

IN HIS LETTER, B.L. says that his name is "scratched in a rough maner on the inside wall" of his cave. Finding the cave would quickly give us his name, since there would probably not be very many names with those particular initials.

The cave and the letter were found by Captain G. Keith Gordon, a retired British naval officer who lived in San Antonio, about a hundred miles from Kimble County. The captain never did reveal exactly where he found the cave, or if he saw the name on the wall. Captain Gordon, and perhaps his wife, were the only people who knew in which cave the letter was found.

The letter was not made public until 1936, when Mrs. Gordon donated some of her late husband's private collection to the Witte Museum in San Antonio. The museum files say only that Captain Gordon found the cave on the North Llano. When Mrs. Gordon made the donation, she made no mention of the cave's location, and since she died around 1938, no one is left to give a clue to the whereabouts of the outlaw's hideout.

Looking for names on the walls of caves on the North Llano is almost hopeless. Only by chance would the right cave ever be found among the scores in the area. Identification would have to be made some other way.

B.L. wrote that he was pursued by Texas Rangers. A check was made of the adjutant general's files in the Texas Archives. *The Adjutant General's List of Fugitives from Justice in 1878* shows that an even *twenty-five* men with the initials B.L. were being sought in that year. This includes names like "William" and "Robert" and others which might be shortened to a "B" nickname. This presents another problem. B.L. might be:

"Land, Wm. . . . Theft of a horse, committed February 15, 1869, is about 26 or 28 years old; 5 feet 10 inches high, sallow complexion, dark hair, blue eyes, and supposed to weigh 150 pounds."

Or he could be: "Lunsford, Bud . . . Assault with intent to murder; indicted February, 1874."

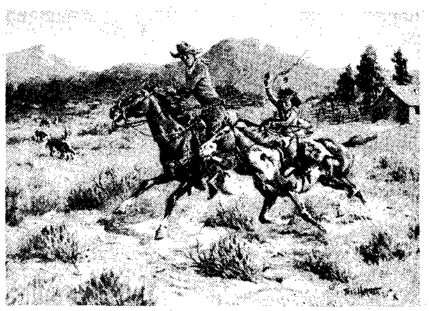
Or he could be: "Lamaster, Billy . . . Murder, July 23, 1875; Fannin County, $150 reward."

Besides the other twenty-two possibles, Kimble County was playing host to a very famous "B.L." at that time. Bill Longley was definitely known to have been in the country during part of 1878. The famous outlaw's gun is displayed in the same case with the letter at the Witte Museum. His initials fit the requirements, and he could possibly have been the writer of the letter. No one can say that he did *not* write it, although the letter does not seem to be the type of document a man such as Longley would leave to us.

The letter certainly reveals a side of the mythical Western outlaw which is rarely seen. A Western gunman is popularly supposed to be a sadistic brute. Movies, television, and books have all publicized this type of man. The conscience-stricken thinker has no place in this myth.

It has so far been impossible to find anything more about B.L. He remains an enigma, some initials on a crumbling piece of paper. No one knows what his crime was or if he ever paid for it. People who know of the story say that he fled from the cave when someone warned him that the Rangers were approaching. But at this point, presumably on the run again, he vanishes, and we know nothing more about him.

Was B.L. a "bad" man? The readers of his letter are free to judge him. That seems to be why he wrote it.



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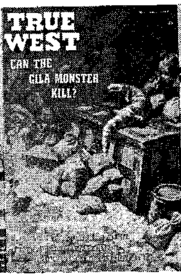
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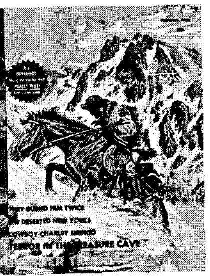
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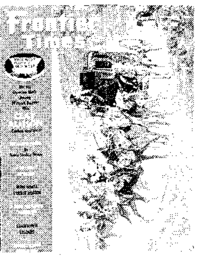
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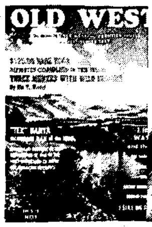

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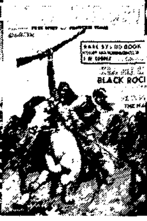

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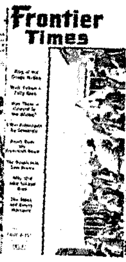
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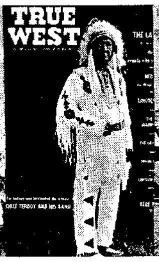
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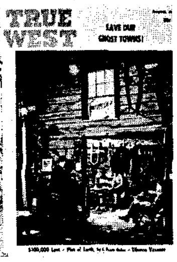
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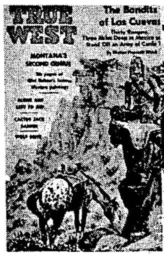
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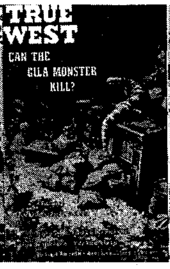
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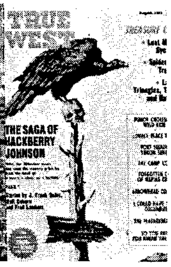
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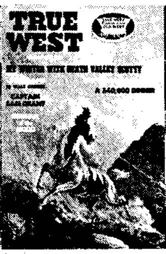
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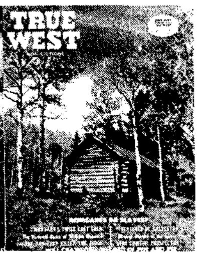
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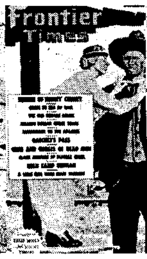
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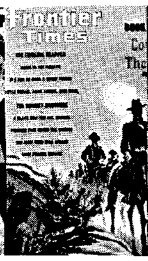
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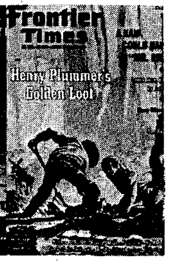
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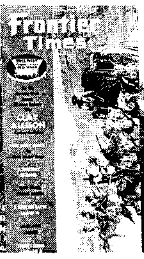
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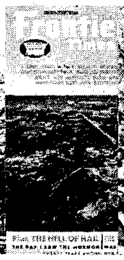
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The Bullion Bend Robbery

(Continued from page 10)

sounds from below. Trying to rub the sleep from their eyes, they saw men with drawn guns coming up the hill toward them, ducking from rock to rock. These men were Hume's posse chasing the other gang of bandits. But the men on the ridge, thinking that Rogers had seen them and had planned an ambush, with wild shouts ran down the other side of the mountain, leaving all their supplies and one bar of silver.

On hearing the commotion at the top of the ridge, the bandits who had broken jail assumed they were completely surrounded and threw down their guns in surrender. Hume wasted little time in sending his catch back to Placerville—all tied together, with one deputy herding them. Then he climbed to the nest from where the other birds had flown.

JAMES HUME was a great detective because he used every scrap of evidence available. By the time he had examined the things the men had left at the top of the mountain, he knew a large holdup on the Virginia City stage line had taken place. He also figured that the five men who had camped there were only part of the gang. He did not know where they came from or where they were going, but was comforted by the fact that they could not go very far or very fast without supplies or horses.

Hume knew the bar of silver came from the smelter at Virginia City, and that the smelter only made large shipments. He knew also that someone must have been shot in the holdup because of the way the gang had run away and left their supplies and horses. The punishment for holding up a stage was comparatively light in those days—certainly nothing to have caused such panic in a bunch of hardcases.

An examination of the horses told him that one belonged to his good friend Staples. The stolen horse could have been the reason for the haste in getting away since horse stealing was a hanging offense. But Hume feared that his friend had been shot, since no one could have got Staples' horse any other way. The rest of the horses were good Mexican stock, though the clothing the men had abandoned was American-made. The saddle bags were filled with dried fruit; plenty to last five men for a month. They had carried enough ammunition for a small army.

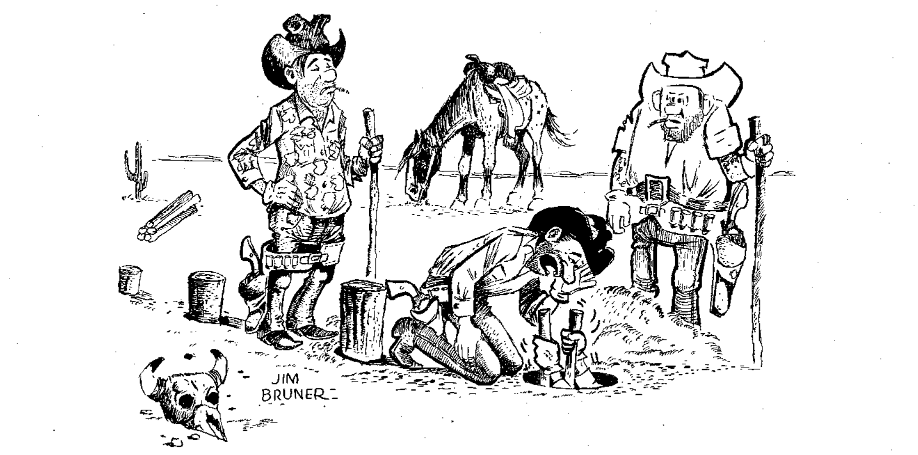
Hume figured the bandits were from southern California because of the large amount of supplies. And being on foot, they would head for the nearest village, San Jose, where he figured they would join up with the rest of the gang. With this thought in mind, Hume made little effort to overtake them. He and his men set out leisurely, the trail ending at an old farmhouse outside San Jose. There, one of the gang was shot in a gun battle and the other four gave up.

Hume returned to Placerville on August 21, 1864, with the following men: Henry Jarbes, George Cross, J. A. Robertson, Wallace Clendenin, Joseph Ganble, H. Gately and Preston Hodges. This is what the record shows so there must have been men who did not take part in the robbery but who were accessories.

These people and Thomas Poole, one of the robbers who turned state's evidence, were indicted by a grand jury. They were arraigned in the district court, and the case came to trial on November 22. Hodges was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced by Judge Brockway to serve twenty years at hard labor. Thomas Poole was sentenced to hang. The others succeeded in getting a change of venue to Santa Clara County where they were acquitted.

In the beautiful Union Cemetery at Placerville is a plain marble tombstone on a granite pedestal. It is inscribed: "Joseph M. Staples, Deputy Sheriff of El Dorado County; killed in attempting to arrest the Placerville Stage Robbers, July 1, 1864; aged 38 years." His remains lie in the plot of his staunch friend, James B. Hume, and as long as Hume lived this grave of his fellow-lawman received attention. It is now neglected.

The man who risked his life along with his friend Staples lies in Uppertown Cemetery in an unmarked grave. It seems a shame that the American people do not insist that these people who died serving the public interest be afforded at least a headstone. Constable Ranney was such a man. I have seen the grave with its concrete border. In one place in the concrete is inscribed "Ranney"; that is all.



"Better come on up, Slim—boss says we got 'em too deep!"

The Day the Cossacks Raided Hazelton

(*Continued from page 65*)

In the running fight he was wounded in the leg by a shot fired by a townsman and the gang left him behind. Terrified, he fled into the brush and hid until he was discovered and arrested the following day. He claimed that although he knew no member of the outlaw band, a man whom he believed to be the leader had vanished from the fight and evidently had won freedom.

At that time the townsmen believed the leader, badly wounded, had died in the woods with the bank loot in his possession. They had followed a heavily bloodmarked trail for miles until it finally petered out.

THE WHOLE AFFAIR began to assume a more sinister aspect when a checkup revealed that at least fifty Russian residents of the town had fled right after the robbery. Chief Walter Owen of Prince Rupert was called in to take charge of the search for the last remaining member of the gang who was still at large, the man who was said to be the leader.

Finally, after intensive questioning of the wounded prisoners, it was learned that the gang had established a hideout camp close to Hazelton. An intensive search failed to reveal the hiding place but finally by accident one of the searchers ran across it. The camp was secreted in a huge pile of fallen trees and dead wood, piled as high as a house and covering a large area.

An indistinct, twisting trail led to the center of the maze and there the bandits had set up a regular camp. It was equipped with tents, sleeping bags, food, water, clothes, and an armory of guns. The posse found that the Russians had expected to give no quarter as all the ammunition in the camp had the slugs pointed and crossed on the end to make dumdums which would tear a hole in a man as big as a saucer. No one hit in the body by one of those slugs would live for long.

The gang leader, the one man still at large, had evidently returned to the hideout immediately following the bank holdup. He had changed clothes and left a bloodstained jacket in one of the tents. In one of the pockets was a roll of bills. He had got clear away with the majority of the loot.

It was discovered that the Russians had entered Canada by way of the United States, had all been Cossacks and thus had had a thorough military training, including sharpshooting. The Cossacks were noted for their addiction to plundering and their extreme cruelty when operating as guerrilla fighters.

They were a tough, hard outfit and their shooting from the hip with rifles while on a dead run proved this fact. If it had not been for the sudden and aggressive tactics adapted by the cowboys with the quick backing of the townspeople, Hazelton could have been the scene of a massacre that fateful day.

Mangas Colorado's Favorite Ambush Site

(*Continued from page 26*)

laundresses not to exceed four to each company, and hospital matrons.

The cattle and mules and horses not in use had to be herded in the daytime under closest security. Wood for fuel was a big job in that land of little timber. Duties were many, but at the top of the list was the job of security. The post was under day-and-night guard against Indian attack. Furnishing of armed escorts was a ceaseless drain upon its manpower. Single wagons and trains of wagons were continually on the move between the various forts and camps stretching from Franklin, Texas, to Santa Fe to Fort Goodwin, Arizona Territory. There were government trains and citizen trains to be guarded. There was the constant going and coming of army brass, bound upon a multitude of duties. With the beginning of settlement there were even sheriffs and district judges to be escorted. Mail lines created a constant traffic of express riders between the forts and camps. Beginning in 1867 numerous trips to La Mesilla and Las Cruces for fresh vegetables were made.

Almost from the first there were deserters to pursue; one almost wonders where they expected to go. General courts-martial required transporting and escorting of prisoners and witnesses throughout the department. There were times when it seemed as though the principal function of the post was to supply officers for some neighboring court-martial, either as witnesses or members of the board. In the first year of the life of the post the garrison furnished an escort to Las Cruces for a party of Apache prisoners of war en route to exile at Bosque Redondo, later known as Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

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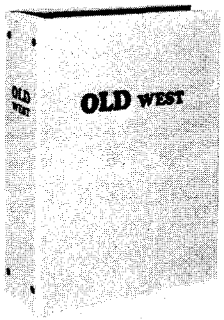

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ment be returned to company duty because ". . . the reduced strength of the command renders the above changes necessary to have the men for guard duty." Several times orders directed escorts arriving at the fort to proceed with their charges to the next post because there were insufficient men to relieve them.

Scouting and punitive expeditions were numerous and, of course, entailed much hardship. In November, 1868 Brevet Major Alex. Moore, captain commanding Company F, 38th Infantry with J. C. McBride, First Lieutenant and J. M. Steele, Second Lieutenant, had only seventy enlisted men available for duty. There were seventeen more on extra duty, nine sick, five under arrest, and four absent on escort duty.

On September 22, Major Moore, as post commander, ordered himself on scouting duty. He included in his field command four sergeants, two corporals, one musician and seventy-five men, each equipped with forty rounds of ammunition, one rubber blanket and great-coat, thirty days' rations of sugar, hard bread (hardtack), coffee and bacon. In addition Post Guide Origa, Chief Packer Henning, Assistant Packers Samorino and Suitzele and Hospital Steward Charles Harcourt were ordered to accompany. The acting assistant quartermaster was instructed to have in readiness two wagons, twenty-two mules, and "the necessary ropes, saddles, etc."

When this force marched out the next day, the little mud fort was left woefully shorthanded. The thirty days ran into forty-six. Little imagination is necessary to picture the appearance of this small band of men as they rode back through the entrance of the post on November 7 after forty-six days and nights of man-killing daily marches in that desert and mountainous country, existing on little more than hardtack and coffee.

Most travelers and wagontrains camped overnight at Cook's Spring but government couriers, "expressmen," usually rode from post to post regardless of time, day or night, their armed escorts keeping pace. One would assume that riding escort to the expressmen was unpopular with the mounted garrison. Another scrap of information gleaned from post records indicative of the expressman's importance on the frontier is that he was paid $125 a month, while the salary of a carpenter, a craft which enjoyed top wages, was $65.

ALTHOUGH Fort Cummings was usually garrisoned by infantry, at times a detachment of cavalry was there also. Such detachments were always small and were never assigned to duty where foot soldiers could serve. If the party to be escorted included a wagon it was safe to assume the escort was infantry. Orders mentioned mules used as saddle animals by the infantry. Troops were ordered to carry twenty rounds "in each cartridge box" at all times. When on escort, or other field duty, orders almost invariably read: "The party will carry forty rounds of ammunition."

All animals assigned to the post were overworked at times. "As the public animals at this post have undergone innumerable hardships . . . and being in very thin flesh the A.A.Q.M. (Acting Assistant Quarter Master) . . . [will] feed eight pounds of corn to each animal per day." Corn was evidently then in short supply, for post orders dated December 8, 1863, specified ten pounds of corn and fourteen pounds of hay as the daily ration for cavalry horses.

News, at first, was slow to arrive. Lincoln's assassination was not known until twenty days after the event. By mid-June, 1868, however, communications had improved, at least as far as Santa Fe, for on the third of that month Department Headquarters issued General Order No. 25, announcing the death of ex-President James Buchanan two days before. From Santa Fe south, however, that message traveled slowly indeed, for General Order No. 25 did not appear at Fort Cummings until July 28, when the order was posted that troops would parade at 10 a.m. and all labors for the day would cease. The flag was ordered flown at half-staff, thirteen guns were to be fired at dawn, and at intervals of thirty minutes between sunrise and sunset a single gun was to be fired followed by thirty-seven guns at retreat. Officers were ordered to wear crepe on their left arms and swords for six months.

On January 17, 1866, the garrison experienced its own day of tragedy and sorrow. Because securing sufficient fuel was such a problem, a camp composed of men of Company G, First Veteran Infantry, California Volunteers, was maintained for a woodcutting detail at a spot known then as Oak Grove, about five miles northwest of the post. On the 16th Corporal Webber, in charge of the detail, went into the post for provisions. The next morning, as Webber, accompanying a wagon loaded with the needed provisions, approached within a mile of the wood camp he met Privates Mathews and Goldsberg, members of the detail. Goldsberg was wounded in the hip by an arrow.

The two men related that the six of them left at camp had just started to eat breakfast when they discovered a party of forty or fifty Indians creeping upon them from ambush. The woodcutters caught up their arms and fired at the attackers. Privates Hunter and Devine fell wounded; Mathews and Goldsberg ran, closely pursued by the savages, to a nearby clump of trees where they succeeded in reloading their muskets, then on to a low hill where they made a desperate stand. Finding the two soldiers a hard nut to crack, the Indians gave up the fight and returned to the camp.

The two escapees were trying to make their way to the post when they met Webber. The corporal lost no time in taking a mule from the team and sending a messenger galloping back to the fort. Captain Burkett, Post Commander, and Lieutenant Edgar were absent, apparently with a number of the garrison. Lieutenant Houston was sick, leaving Lieutenant John Slocum the only officer present for duty. He immediately ordered the dreaded long roll beaten. Taking every man available except the guard, Lieutenant Slocum marched to the scene of ambush and found the bodies of Privates Daily, Devine, Hunter and Ronan lying dead, all within a hundred yards of camp. All had been shot with guns and arrows, their bodies terribly slashed by lances. The heads of all four had been battered with stones.

The camp was completely rifled. Everything that could be of use, the Indians carried off. Tent poles had been burned and "the troops' best saw and grinding stone" were broken.

The trail of the Indians was followed for a short distance, where they were found to have scattered in all directions. Pursuit was stalled. One dead Indian was found.

Lieutenant Slocum reported to General Carleton that he had, other than necessary post guards, only twelve infantrymen and three cavalrymen available for duty. There were five cavalrymen there but only three had mounts. Realizing the futility of trying to trail the Indians, and fearing the loss of more of his pitifully small force, Slocum considered it unwise to proceed. Burial of the four woodcutters took place the afternoon following their deaths. They were placed in one grave in the post cemetery and a single, large, semi-finished headstone was erected bearing the names of all.

MANY UNITS of the regular army and state volunteers garrisoned Fort Cummings during the first ten years of its existence. In the early years these units included companies and detachments of the First and Fifth Infantry, California Volunteers; First Cavalry, California Volunteers; and the First Veteran Infantry, California Volunteers, men from the original California Volunteers who had elected to re-enlist at the expiration of their terms of service. Many of the latter remained permanently in the Southwest, notably New Mexico, to become prominent and respected citizens in their adopted communities.

On August 13, 1866, Company D, 125th United States Colored Infantry relieved the California veterans, sharing the post with a detachment of the 3rd U.S. Cavalry. The 125th was relieved in October 1867, by Company A, 38th U.S. Infantry, another colored regiment.

Much has been written of this unit, not all of it good. Organized in July 1866, it is said to have been recruited largely from southern field hands who in turn had been nurtured on the false idea that the life of a soldier in the United States Army was one of parades, martial music, glitter and romance. The stark and austere reality of life on the frontier was more than they could comprehend, and much trouble ensued.

It is said that discontented leaders in Company A at Fort Cummings fomented a mutiny aimed at the massacre of the few whites present, but officers learned

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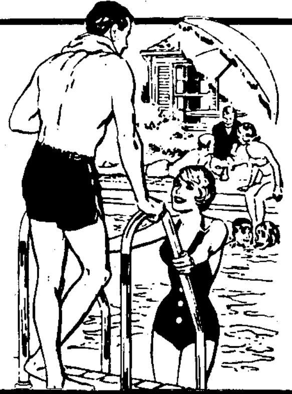

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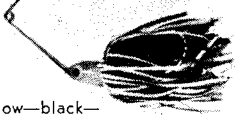

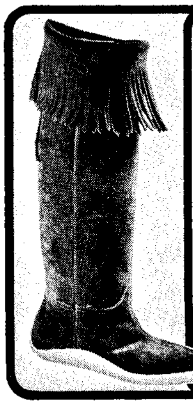

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of the plot through a colored servant and the malcontents were disarmed in the nick of time.

Companies E, G and F, 15th U.S. Infantry, followed, Company F occupying until abandonment.

LIKE MOST military installations of that time, remodeling and changing of the buildings continued practically throughout the life of the post, with the result that the remaining ruins of Fort Cummings bear little resemblance to early plans. At the northwest corner of today's ruins are a few sections of officers' quarters, in one of which can still be seen remnants of an old fireplace. South and adjoining are the best preserved ruins of all—the walls of what was probably a hospital, built after the early days of the post. There are no signs of the outer wall left, other than the large embankment formed by the melting down of them, showing the original outline. A visitor to the site can readily locate the opening through the south wall where the guard tower once stood and the stone-lined adobe guardhouse, also a later addition. And if one searches diligently enough, he can trace out the burnt earth lining of one of the bake ovens. The stone walls of this oven stand at the southeast corner of the old wall. There are no roofs left.

A post garden was located a short distance southeast of the fort, where overflow from Cook's Spring once formed a semi-marsh. About a half mile beyond the garden, in the same direction and on top of a low hill, was the cemetery. In March 1868, Corporal Frederick Wormley, A Company, 38th Infantry, was placed in charge of a working party quarrying stone for walls to be built around the garden and post cemetery. Outside the fort's walls were the quartermaster's haystack. On October 20, 1867, an order forbade all enlisted men from going to the haystacks. The second part of the same order placed a prohibition on card playing, leaving one wondering if perhaps the haystacks may not have been the scene of clandestine gambling.

In 1872 the post trader was forbidden to sell liquor to enlisted men in quantities greater than "by the glass," and his store was closed to them after retreat. Four months later the trader's clerk was ordered to leave the reservation within twenty-four hours for violating the quantity-sale prohibition. It is doubtful if the closing of the trader's store at retreat endeared the post commander to the men, for retreat was at sundown and that left the men with no place of recreation for the entire evening.

As early as April 1864, a board of officers had to be convened to investigate drunkenness among the men and to "ascertain where and from whom the intoxicating drinks are purchased."

In 1869 schools for noncommissioned officers were held at 6 p.m. each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and target practice every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Company drill took place each day at 2 p.m. Nor could the soldier look forward to a day of rest on Sunday for that day, in the old army, was set aside for inspections of men and all grounds and buildings. In addition to this an inspection of arms, in full dress, took place each day at retreat after February 1870. Muster, inspection of all hands, and payday was held every two months.

AND SO did the life of the fort drag on. Wagons and escorts continued to haul lumber for construction, first from Pinos Altos, then from the sawmill "near Fort Bayard," and finally one last load was purchased in the new village of Silver City. Wagons went to the Copper Mines for charcoal, to Rio Mimbres for "wood suitable to repair the public wagons," and to Fort Selden and Dona Ana for forage.

But at long last the Indian problem was thought to have been solved and it was decided that Fort Cummings was no longer needed. On July 3, 1873, on orders from the Department of the Missouri, headquarters at Santa Fe wrote Special Order No. 63 directing the garrison, Company F, 15th Infantry, to take station at Fort Selden.

All quartermaster, subsistence and medical stores were hauled to Fort Bayard and the guardian of Cook's Canyon was reduced to caretaker status, with a sergeant, a corporal and ten enlisted men its only garrison.

When, in 1880, the master tactician, Victorio, and his little handful of Mescalero Apaches began leading the United States Army a fruitless chase all over southern New Mexico, West Texas and northern Chihuahua, the fort was reactivated; but only a few of the old buildings were fit for use. Most, if not all of the new garrison had to be quartered in tents and the story of old Fort Cummings was ended.

Ended? No, not quite. Up on the hill southeast of the fort the four men slain at Oak Grove and more than seventy others were occupying lonely graves. Included in these seventy were William Robinson, Private, Company B, 3rd Cavalry, who died from "poisoning of rattlesnake"; "Mrs. J. Davis, laundress"; and "Johnny," an Indian boy. As long as these bodies remained, the story could not be closed. So in June 1892, seventy-four bodies were exhumed and sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for reburial in the National Cemetery there. Of these seventy-four, twenty-five were unknown. That seems an unusual percentage until one learns that in 1867 soldiers from Fort Cummings gathered up a large number of human bones in Cook's Canyon (where legend persists that as many as 400 white travelers lost their lives to Indians over the years), and reburied them in the post cemetery.

Today the cemetery stands empty. Its stone walls have been hauled away, supposedly for local building purposes. Only the single headstone, marking the burial of the four luckless California Volunteers killed at Oak Grove, remains to remind the occasional visitor that history—stark and bloody and heroic—was made here.

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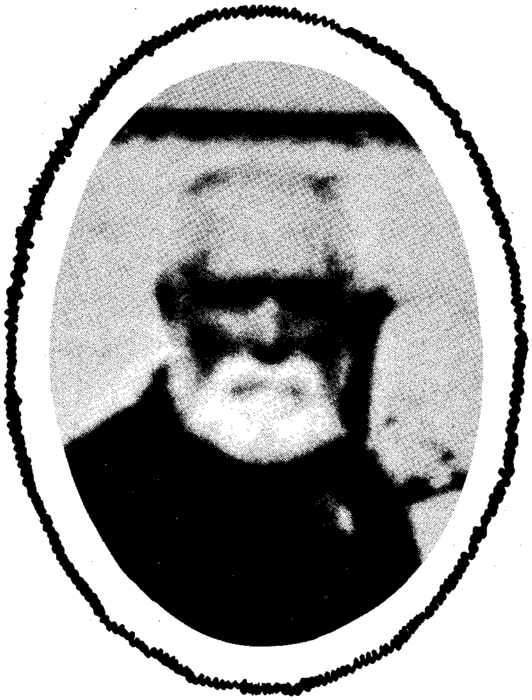

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His Life in His Own Words

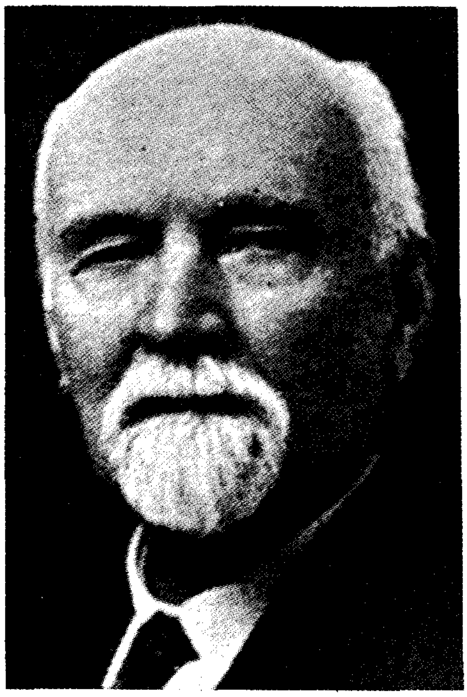

Photo Courtesy Texas State Archives

The Rev. D. W. Carter, D.D., to whom Jose Policarpo "Polly" Rodriguez told this story between 1892 and 1897.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This story as follows was dictated to the Rev. D. W. Carter, D.D., at odd times during the years from 1892 to 1897. The unrevised manuscript was by him entrusted to me to be published; a work he could not attend to personally, owing to his arduous duties as a foreign missionary and consequent absence from the United States. I have thought it best to leave my friend's work exactly as first written down, correcting only a few obvious slips and eliminating repetitions. The colloquialisms will not offend most readers. Many slight turns of expression are due to the fact that Spanish, not English, is the narrator's native tongue. —G. B. Winton.

Published circa 1897
Nashville, Tenn.; Dallas, Tex.
Publishing House of the Methodist
Episcopal Church, South
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MANY OF MY FRIENDS have asked me to tell the story of my life, and I have consented to do so in the hope that it may prove interesting to them and not entirely valueless for other reasons. It deals with conditions that have passed away, but which were thrilling and important in the early history of Texas. I have lived in Texas when it was a part of Mexico, when it was an independent republic, while it was one of the Confederate States, and hope to lay my body to rest in its soil in sight of Polly's Peak when my journey is ended.

I was born at Zaragoza, Mexico, thirty-five miles west of Eagle Pass, Texas, January 26, 1829. My father was José Antonio Rodriguez; my mother, Encarnación Sanchez. My father was a man of means and well educated for his day; he lost much property by the depredations of wild Indians that then infested the country. He was desirous of educating me for the priesthood of the Romish Church; he made three separate attempts to put me in a seminary to educate me for that purpose, but failed, as at each time his plans were broken up by the revolutions which were then so frequent. At the age of six he put me in a school at Nadadores, Coahuila, where I remained about eight months; thence I was taken to Cuatro Cienegas, where I remained some six months. This was all the schooling I ever received, but my father taught me at home as occasion permitted.

In my twelfth year my father brought me to San Antonio, Texas, and apprenticed me to Jim Goodman to learn the trade of gunsmith. There I remained three years. Goodman killed a man, and was imprisoned; this ended my apprenticeship.

In the meantime my father had moved to Texas, near San Antonio, having bought a place on the Medina River, fifteen miles below town. San Antonio was then a very small place, consisting chiefly of straw-thatched *jacales*. I have played in the high weeds on the river where the Commerce Street bridge now crosses. The Indians at that time often came into town and stole horses, and had been known to kill people in the streets and carry off small boys. I hunted rabbits in the bend of the river between Houston and Commerce Streets. It was difficult at times to bury the dead in the cemetery where Milam Park now is, for fear of the prowling Indians.

At the end of my apprenticeship, I joined a party of surveyors, a Mr. Tivy, a gunsmith, in charge. A man named Goodman accompanied this party, which operated around where Boerne now stands. The country was then full of game animals and wild cattle; bear, deer, and turkeys especially abounded; the party lived on wild meat. Bee trees were common, and the surveyors had plenty of honey.

On one occasion when out on this survey we were surprised to see a party of Indians coming directly toward us. The only weapon we had with us was one old five-shooter pistol, we having left all our guns in camp. We squatted on the ground and crawled to a neighboring thicket through the tall grass. When the Indians came within half a mile of us they turned to the left and the party divided, some going by the mountain side and others continuing in the direction of San Antonio. Had they found our marks, they would have hunted us, and we should have perished there. After this we did not go out without horses and arms.

On this trip, at a big cave spring on the Guadalupe below Boerne, we were one day resting when one of the party, looking into the cave, said, "I believe the devil is here," and gave a yell. Out rushed a big, fat black bear, splashing the water and scattering us from side to side; so scared were we that we forgot our guns and let him get away. We afterwards saw a bear passing with three young cubs, and went out and killed two of the cubs. I never tasted finer meat than young bear. After the survey was finished, we returned to San Antonio. I received the wages of a man—one dollar a day—though but fifteen years old. I could shoot and hunt and work on the survey as well as a man. When we were beginning to carry the chain, one of the men asked Mr. Tivy who was going to carry the chain with him and he said, "That boy there," meaning me.

The man said, "I won't carry a chain with a boy."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because he is nothing but a boy, and I won't work with him."

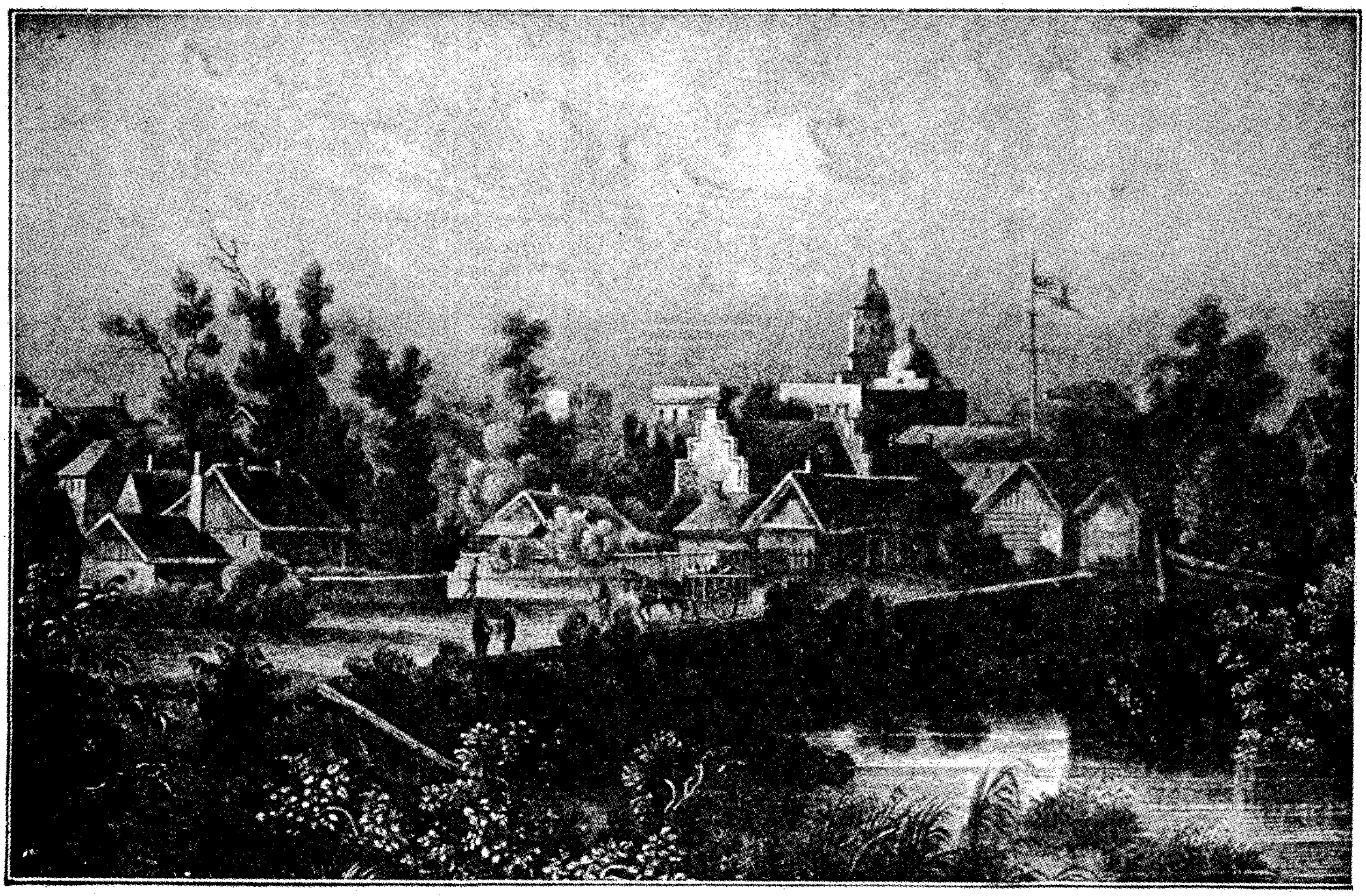
"Then you can go. I'm responsible here, and that boy can carry a chain as well as you can, and can do things that you can't."

So he consented, and was one of my best friends afterwards. From this time I went often with surveyors, as they seemed to pick me for such work. I went with Mr. Zepher and with Mr. Bingham and others.

IN SAN ANTONIO in 1846 I bought my first horse, and one night, with a young fellow who had found a mule lost by the Indians and another boy, went hunting turkeys at the head of the San Antonio River. It was drizzling rain, and we built a fire and passed the night mainly in talk. Our horses were tied in the brush nearby, and the Indians came and stole them. We went to General Harney and asked him for soldiers to go with us to get our horses, but he refused. Another boy and I went and followed them, but did not find them. As we were but two, we thought it dangerous to follow too far, and returned home. So I lost my first horse, to which I was much attached. The boy who went with me after the horse was Jacob Lynn, a German boy raised by a Mexican woman of San Antonio. He was the best shot I ever saw without exception. He could shoot a flying duck with a rifle. And I never saw a braver man than he became.

We went hunting once from San Antonio to Bandera County. We had four horses and six dogs. We killed several deer, a number of turkeys, one bear, and cut several bee trees. We found a bunch of wild cattle, most of them black or brown. We got after one and killed her. We emptied our guns into that cow before we killed her. Lynn had an eight-shooting pistol he had made himself, a rifle, and a pair of holsters; I had a rifle, a six-shooter, and a pair of holsters. Twenty shots went into the body of that black cow before we killed her. Then we camped.

The Indians heard our shooting and came toward our camp, which was in a clump of small trees. We had had supper, fed our dogs plenty of beef, and had lain down to rest. Suddenly the dogs jumped up and ran out as if someone were coming, and we heard somebody talking low. We thought sure it was Indians, and we hissed on the dogs in English. The dogs ran out farther and barked as if they had something at bay. We hallooed loud and hissed the dogs. The Indians could not see how many there were of us, and feared to come on us. They thought there was a crowd of us,



San Antonio around 1846

as we had fired very rapidly at the cow. The Indians stayed around all night, but feared to charge us. They marched around and around us. They made all kinds of animal calls and cries. They were at one time barking like wolves, then hooting like owls, then fighting like wildcats or quacking like ducks. They thus tried to decoy us out or get us to expose ourselves, but we lay low. The Indians were all afoot, as we found out next morning. There were twenty or thirty of them, as the trail would indicate. Just before daylight we heard them leave.

After we found that they were afoot, we decided to follow them, and found where they had killed a deer. They carried away every particle of the deer except the heart. We followed this trail until we saw smoke rising from the bushes on a little hill, and decided that there were too many of them for us to attack, although we were well mounted and armed. They went on and we thought it best to go home. We learned later that that party of Indians had killed four men—Germans—on the Medina, who were camped making shingles. They cut open their breasts and took out their hearts. They seemed to have some superstition about the heart. They left the deer's heart, but cut out and carried away the hearts of the men.

Jacob Lynn and I, with a number of others, went hunting on the Medina on Christmas, 1847. I took an ox cart to haul our game. Game was very plentiful, and we had wonderful success.

WHILE my father lived on the Medina I was once coming to town (San Antonio) with a load of wood. My aunt accompanied me. My dog scented the trail of some animal and began to bark. I took my gun and, following, found that he had treed a panther. It was on a willow tree which overhung Leon Creek. I took aim at his head and fired. It was not a dead shot, but the animal dropped into the water, which was deep at that place, and began to swim around. My dog jumped in after it, and they clinched and both sank. To save my dog I took off my clothes as quickly as possible and jumped into the water. They came up, both nearly drowned. The dog swam one way and the panther the other. I caught the panther by the tail and lifted it up so as to sink his head in the water, and we swam around and around, he trying to get at me and I keeping out of his way. I got to where I could stand on the bottom and, holding up his tail, soon drowned him and took his hide.

One Sunday a party of us (Lynn, Goodman, Matias, Carrillo, and I) went deer-hunting near where West End (San Antonio) now is, to the left of General Russ' ranch. We saw some deer grazing ahead of us, and I begged them to let me slip up and get a shot. I crawled through the grass, and when not far from a deer I saw all at once that it jumped, though it had not seen me. It ran, and with several others came toward me. I looked beyond, and saw a horse and a man looking over the saddle. I thought he was an Indian, and knew that if I emptied my gun he would probably rush upon me and kill me. So I did not shoot, though the deer were within a few feet. I went back to the party, and I must have looked scared, for they said, "What's the matter? Why didn't you kill the deer? You were close to it."

I said, "There is somebody there, and I think it is an Indian."

"You are a coward," said Matias, "it's nothing but a cow; I saw it go into the brush."

"Well, come with me, and we'll get the cow."

We all charged the thicket, and three mounted Indians ran out. We followed them, and I said to Matias, "Come on, and help get that cow!" But he hung back; he was the coward.

Lynn and I chased those Indians three miles, but Matias stayed far behind. Lynn afterwards said to him, "You coward, we'll never come out with you again. I won't hunt with any man who's a coward." (Lynn was much younger than he.)

Some time after this, Lynn and I again went hunting. We started out Saturday night, intending to return the next day. When about two miles beyond San Pedro Springs riding along in the bright moonlight, all at once our horses showed great signs of fear and began shying and jumping. Lynn said, "Something is wrong."

I looked around and saw off to our left a man come to the top of a hill. Then another and another, until seven were in sight, all Indians. "Let's run," said Lynn.

"No," said I, "if we do, they will shoot at us. Let us turn to the right, and go diagonally by them."

We made ready to shoot if they did, and rode on till about eighty yards from them, we watching them and they us. Then we went as fast as our horses could carry us. We got into a motte of trees and brush and stayed there all night, thinking every noise was the Indians. In the morning we saw their trail. They went north, and we found in the road a man whom they had killed and scalped.

One night someone slipped up to the house of Lynn and shot at him through the window. The bullet barely missed his head. He suspected the man named Matias, who had hunted with him, and who had said he would kill him if he got a chance. He thought the bullet was from that man's gun. Lynn had a dog which was acquainted with Matias, and that the dog made no fuss was another reason why he suspected the man. The dog was a bloodhound. Another reason was that the Mexican woman who raised Lynn was an aunt of Matias' wife, and Lynn's adopted mother had in her will given her property to him. Matias thought his wife should have had part of it. Lynn always suspected him.

I WAS HIRED to go surveying with a Mr. Montell to plot land for a German colony on a branch of the Llano River. There were two parties. Mr. Kelly had the other. A German boy and I were chainmen for Mr. Montell. We surveyed tracts twenty-one miles square. The work was divided between the two parties. We made a line one mile long and made a corner, and then at a right angle to the first line we measured twenty-one miles. Mr. Kelly was to start from the other end of the mile line and run across parallel with ours, and meet us at the corner at the end of the twenty-one-mile course. He never was on time, and laid it on his chainmen.

One Saturday we heard a great roaring sound ahead of us like the wind. I said it was bees. The men said it was the wind. At length we came up to a bluff and I asked Mr. Montell to let us go and see where the bees were and get some honey.

"We've no time," said he.

"Oh yes, let me get some." He finally consented.

The bees were in a hole as big as a barrel in the side of the bluff, and they poured in and out so thick that it made a roaring like the wind. The hole was about twelve feet from the top of the sixty-foot bluff. I told them to let me down by a rope. The edge of the rock above the bluff had a round notch the size of a rope worn in it where the Indians had let men down with ropes to get honey. They let me down, and I took my knife from my pocket and cut out a piece of honey and the bees covered me. I yelled to them to pull me up quick—that the bees would kill me. They hauled me up. There was one man, Peacock, who was awfully afraid of bees, and I took after him. He yelled at me not to come about him. I said, "I'm blind; I don't know where I'm going." The bees stung him and the others, and oh, he was mad! He came at me and said, "I'm going to kill you!"

"What are you doing?" the rest said. "Don't you see we are all stung?"

We didn't work on Sunday; and as we camped near, I begged Mr. Montell to let me go and get some more honey. I had left my knife there. A lot of fellows agreed to go with me, but Peacock wouldn't go. I got a lot of old rags and rolled them up, and when they let me down I set them afire and stuck them into the hole and went up and waited about an hour. The bees just poured out, and we got all the honey we could pack away.

Dick Howard, a surveyor, wanted me after this to go with him to survey around Corpus Christi. I went out to the Medina to ask Father if I could go. He said that it was too far for a boy to go, and too dangerous. I begged him, but he would not consent. I got on my horse and went anyhow. I was gone three months and got a dollar a day. When I went home, I carried ninety dollars in a belt around my waist. I had spent only two dollars for sugar and coffee.

When my father saw me, he said, "Where have you been?"

I said, "I went with Mr. Howard surveying."

"You went without my permission, and I'm going to settle with you. Come with me." He cut two long switches and said, "I'm going to wear these out on you. Take off your breeches."

I unbuckled my belt and threw my money down on the ground. It made a great rattling. I was crying, and I said, "Pa, you can whip me if you want to, but it is unjust. If I had been off in idleness, it would be right for you to whip me; but I've been working and I've brought my money home. But I'll tell you now, if you whip me for this, I'll leave here and you'll never see or hear of me again. I'll be like Uncle J——, who went away and has never been heard of since."

"Where did you get that money?" asked my father.

"It's what Mr. Howard paid me for my work, and I've brought it home—more than you and my brothers have cleared in these three months with your teams all together. You can whip me if you want to; but unless you chain me like a dog, you can't keep me at home. I'll go, and you'll never see me again."

"Well, my son, I forgive you," said my father, "and although you are not of age, I set you free. You are your own man from this time; you can go and come at your will."

I gave him the money. He invested it for me in lots in San Antonio, but I never knew it until a short time before he died, when he told me that a certain lot and house were mine, and that he had bought them with that money.

AFTER THIS I went with Mr. Howard surveying again around Corpus Christi and Copano Bay. Mr. Howard was one of the best men I ever knew. He was a West Pointer, but for some trouble he had there he was expelled and came to the Republic of Texas. We got out of rations one day, and went into Corpus Christi. We were buying provisions in a store when a man entered and said to Mr. Howard, "Hello, Dick, what are you doing here?"

"Hello, Whiting. What are *you* doing here? I'm surveying."

"I'm going on a long trip—going to San Antonio to get ready, and then I'm going through to El Paso to see if a road can be opened through the country. Come and go with me, Dick; I'll pay you well."

"Why, I'm surveying here, making money."

"Well, come along with me; I'll give you good wages, and you can see a new country and locate land if you want to. It's a newly opened country."

"Well, what'll you give me?"

"I'll give you three dollars a day and find you."

"Well, if I go, I want this boy to go, too (meaning me)."

"What can he do?" asked Whiting.

"Why, he can do more than I can. He can hunt and he can find water. He's my guide; can do most anything in the woods. He would be very useful to us on the trip."

"Well, I'll take him."

"What will you give him?"

"I'll give him two dollars a day."

"Will you go, Polly?"

"I'll go if you do, Dick."

"I'm going."

"Well, I'll go too."

We arranged to meet in San Antonio February 1, 1849, and get ready for the trip. It was now early in the month of January. Mr. W. H. C. Whiting was also a West Pointer, a Virginian, and was a lieutenant in the United States Army and an engineer. He afterwards rose to be a general in the Confederate Army, and was killed in the War.

At San Antonio Lieutenant Whiting was joined by Lieutenant Smith, a topographical engineer. Whiting was in command and Smith his assistant. The party consisted of seventeen, all citizens except the two lieutenants. There was one Mexican, a mule packer, Francisco Fuentes, and a Delaware Indian named Jack Hunter. Early in February the party left San Antonio by way of Fredericksburg. This was a memorable trip.

After leaving Fredericksburg we began to get among the Indians. Signs of them were numerous — trails, campfires, etc.—but they did not bother us. We were alarmed one night by a shot, but the sentinel was mistaken. There was water in abundance until we left the San Saba; then it failed, and we went three days without water. Our course lay across trails which I felt sure led to water. There were trails of wild horses and of deer, and doves were seen. All of these I knew must go to water. But Lieutenant Whiting was marching by the compass and would not change his course; so when the water we had in our canteens was gone at noon one day, we saw no more till ten o'clock at night of the third day afterwards. The second day a very light shower fell, and on our clothes we caught a little water and wet our mouths. It was very little, but it gave relief. Some of the men cried for water. It was pitiful. Some wanted to break off from the party and hunt for water, but the lieutenant would not allow it. He said to them, "If you leave us, you will get lost and perish. I must go by my course."

HE had his maps and compass, and held us on the course he had decided upon. Five of our pack mules gave out and had to be left. The men who chewed tobacco suffered most. Their tongues were swollen and their mouths were dry. Lieutenant Smith was one of these. The men chewed leaves, bark, and everything that might give them a little relief. I chewed lead to cool my mouth. I had some pinola, which gave me more relief than anything else. Pinola is made of parched corn ground very fine. There is then mixed and ground with it enough sugar to sweeten it, a liberal amount of cinnamon bark, spice, cloves, and a little black pepper. It is all thoroughly ground together again, and makes a very nourishing food. Lieutenant Whiting and I had each about twenty-five pounds.

At night of the second day we went into camp, but the neighing of the mules was very pitiful; they would not eat, and the men ate very little. Next day our sufferings increased, and at ten o'clock at night they also ended, for we reached Live Oak Creek, near where Camp Lancaster was afterwards located. We came to the creek where there was a high bank, but the mules and men ran right over it and plunged into the water. The Lieutenant called to us that we were in as much danger, now that we had found water, as we were before, if we drank too much. I drank about a quart and stopped; later I drank more. Nobody was hurt by drinking. We were so tired and broken down that we turned the mules loose, and we all lay down to sleep.

Next day we traveled but a short distance down the creek and rested. We then resumed our march, Lieutenant Whiting holding on his course. At the mouth of Live Oak Creek we crossed the Pecos River. The ford was very swift, and we had great difficulty in getting over. Some of our pack mules were washed down the stream some distance and, the banks being very steep below the ford, we had to put ropes around the mules and pull them up the bank. After we got over the Pecos I found and caught a mare that had been left there a year before by some party. She was as wild as a deer. We went up the Pecos River after crossing, and went on to springs which we named Comanche Springs because a large number of Indians of that tribe were camped there. After leaving this place we camped next night without water. At this camp I lost my horse. He was the best and fastest animal I ever had. I called him Gavilan (hawk). The mare I had caught went with him. I begged Lieutenant Whiting to let me go back and hunt my horse. He said he would not wait for me. There was no water there, but he would go on to water and wait until I caught up.

I went back by myself on a mare I had caught. I camped by myself. I killed a deer and took a ham and head, and ate the head for my breakfast without salt or bread. The head of a deer is the best and sweetest part about him when roasted in ashes. The next morning I gave up my horse as lost, and started back to join our party.

(The diary of General Whiting, which appeared in the publications of the Southern History Association, contains this among other notices of the author: "We had been uneasy for Polly, but tonight he made his appearance. After a long and faithful trailing of the missing animals, he had been forced to give up the search, and we concluded some roving party of Indians had picked them up. This boy Policarpo is one of the most valuable members of my party—a patient and untiring hunter, an unerring trailer, with all the instinct and woodcraft of the Indian combined with the practical part of surveying which he has learned from Howard; moreover, a capital hand with the mules. I don't know of any person whom I would rather have in the woods.")

I overtook them at a fine creek where we rested two days in the Limpia Mountains. The creek was full of fish, and we caught them in great abundance. We were now west of the Pecos and north of the Rio Grande.

ONE MORNING about ten o'clock, as we rose to the summit of a hill, we came suddenly upon an old gray Indian with four or five squaws and a boy. We were right upon them before either party saw the other. The boy ran off into the bushes and stood looking as wild as a scared buck. The squaws stood still, with their mouths open as if struck dumb and paralyzed. We stood looking at them. The old Indian commenced muttering and turning around as if making some incantations. He lifted an old blanket on two ramrods and waved it back and forth, all the time muttering. He then stooped down and gathered handfuls of dust and rubbed it on his breast, talking to the boy who held his little bow and arrows, and to the squaws. He bellowed like a bull.

I thought I would speak to him in Spanish, and I said, "Don't be afraid; we will not hurt you."

He replied quickly in good Spanish, "I do not know and never knew what fear is. What do you want here? This is our country; what are you here after?"

One of our party, Brady, said in English, "Let's kill that old fool and these old squaws and go on."

"No," said the lieutenant, "we will not hurt them. The old man is making no attempt to hurt us, and we will let them alone. My orders are not to fire first on any Indian."

"Orders? What are orders here in these wilds? I say let's kill them."

"Brady, I obey orders everywhere. These Indians shall not be hurt."

The old Indian, suspecting that his end was near, said in Spanish, "You can kill us, but you will soon be ground to dust."

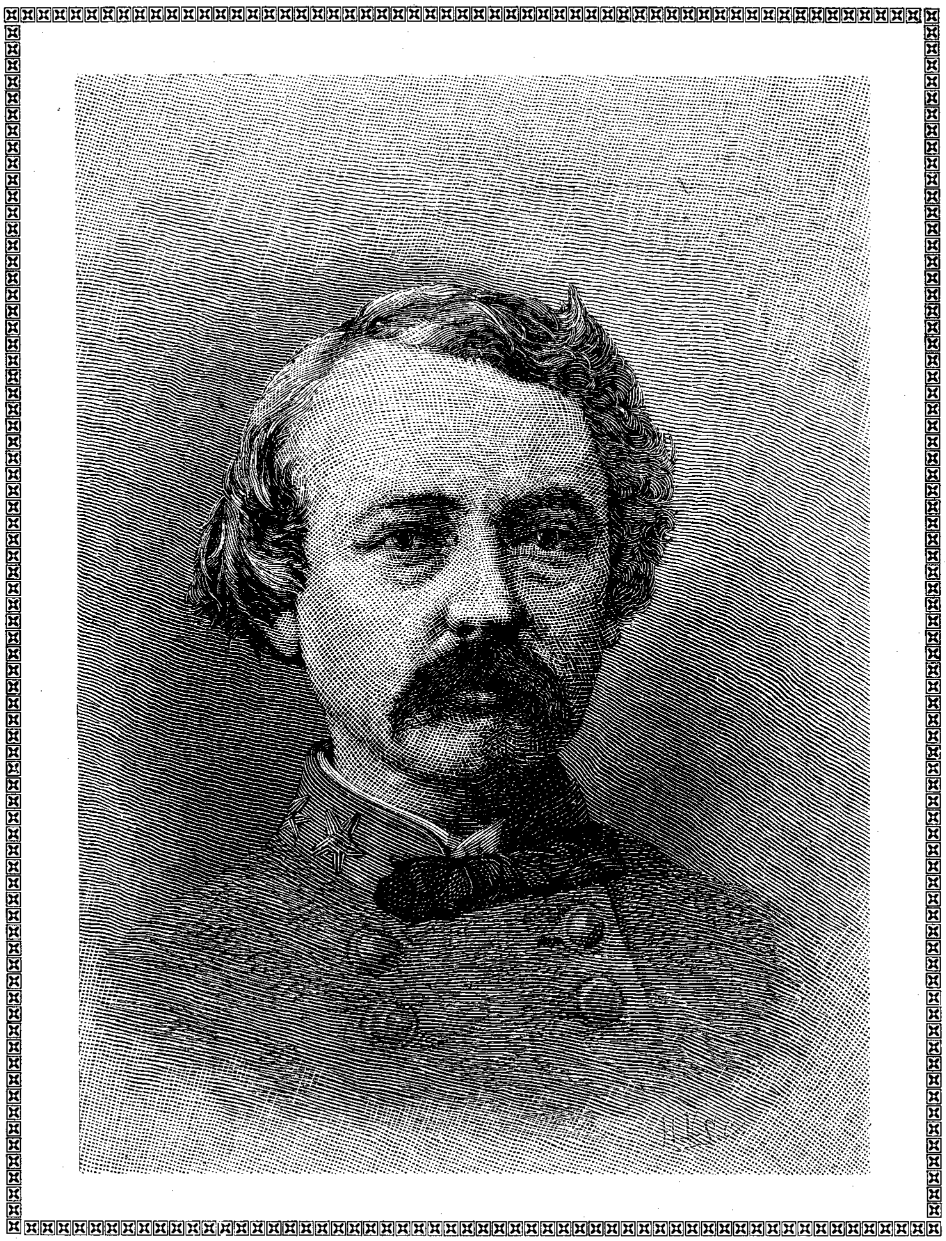
"And who'll do it?" said we.

Gathering up a handful of dust and pointing to the mountains, he said, "Those mountains are as full of Indians as my hand of dust, and they'll make dust and powder of you."

"Ah! You can't scare us that way."

"My words go neither this way nor that; they go that way." As he spoke he pointed to the right, then to the left, and then straight before him. He meant that he was telling the truth.

I said to him, "Don't you see we are not after you or your people? If we were, we would not be mounted on mules but on the fleetest horses. You are not after us, for you are traveling on mules as we are. You are going from one camp



General W. H. C. Whiting

to another, just as we are, and we do not mean to harm you."

The old man seemed convinced, and came a little nearer. His next question was, "Have you got any tobacco?"

"Yes."

"Will you give us some?"

"Yes, come and get it."

He came up, a tall grizzly old Indian, and we gave him tobacco. The squaws also came up and got tobacco. But one of them had set the prairie on fire. I said, "What does that mean?"

"It is to call the Indians here, and then you'll tell what you are after."

We left them and went on our course, Brady cursing because they were not shot. It was about ten in the morning. About twelve o'clock we saw a great dust rising before us some miles away. Some of the men said, "Look what a drove of antelopes yonder."

After a little I said, "That's not antelopes; it's Indians. Look behind us." And there behind us came another great drove of Indians. We were in mortal peril. We dismounted and tied our mules together neck to neck, and formed a ring around them and awaited the Indians. Those behind came up first. As they drew near enough to be heard, they began calling to us in Spanish, "Don't shoot, the chief is right behind!"

"Stand off," we said. "Don't come up."

They kept calling out, "Don't shoot; the chief is coming and wants to talk to you."

In the meantime they were dividing out and forming a ring around us, but keeping out of range. In a short time the chief came up. It was Chino Huero (Blonde Curls, so called because his hair was light and inclined to curl). He proved to be the son of the old Indian we had met in the morning. One of the squaws was his wife, and the boy was his son. We had passed them without harming them, had shown kindness to them when they were in our power, and this chief appreciated it. Very soon the party in front of us also came up. There must have been three hundred of them. They halted and the chiefs came forward.

Chino Huero was busy talking to his men, evidently explaining something to them. Among those who came up with the party was one man mounted on a beautiful horse with a Mexican saddle and bridle. He wore a Mexican sombrero and a short jacket, and looked like a Mexican except he was very dark. His only weapon was a long, slender lance which he rested on the ground. He stood apart from the rest, taking no part in the conversation. Those who were calling to us did not speak Spanish distinctly, and I, thinking the silent man could speak Spanish, called to them and asked that they get that man (pointing to him) to interpret for them. He spoke up sternly in good Spanish, "I am interpreter for nobody."

There was in our party a man who understood the Indian dialect and knew this man, and he said to me, "That is Gomez, the head chief, and you have almost insulted him."

Chino Huero exerted himself to keep his men back from us. They were eager to press on us and finish us in short order. We stood with our arms ready, watching every movement and awaiting the issue of their parley. At length Gomez, whose air was menacing and whose few movements were hostile, called out, "This is no place to talk; these men must go to my camp."

I did the interpreting, and I said to the lieutenant, "Gomez says we must go to his camp." I added, "If we do, they will kill us. He wants to get us away from here and kill us."

The lieutenant answered, "We will not go; let us do our talking here." I translated it for Gomez.

"Not go? We'll make you go! We'll drag you there!" said Gomez, and the words shot from him like an arrow. His whole bearing changed instantly; his eyes flashed, and he wheeled toward his men and in Indian dialect began to issue his commands. They rushed forward and formed a circle around us outside of Chino Huero's men. Then another circle outside of that was formed, and we were surrounded by three circles of Indians, every one eager to pounce upon us.

THE INDIANS all dismounted from their ponies; some of them stripped themselves almost naked, and were pressing upon us. Some were piling up the rocks before them to shoot from. Chino Huero rushed forward to Gomez and began talking very energetically and earnestly. He looked as if pleading a case with the greatest earnestness. He was repeating the story of our meeting his father in the morning and sparing the whole party when they were all in our power. He declared his purpose to defend those who had spared his father, his wife, and child. He told Gomez he had always been his friend, but if he harmed us their friendship would not only end, but Gomez would have to pass over his dead body and those of his men to reach his victims. He paused, but Gomez appeared morose and unmoved.

Chino Huero began again. The spirit and energy of his every movement were most admirable. He was tall and lithe, and he pleaded his cause with skill and great force. At last he so far succeeded that Gomez ordered a council of all the chiefs. Three or four other chiefs came forward. They took the goatskins off their saddles and spread them on the ground together. They then retired a little way and took off their moccasins, walked barefoot to their places, seated themselves in a ring, faces inward, and began their deliberations. Lieutenant Whiting, Dick Howard, and I were taken into the council. They lighted a pipe and passed it.

It cannot easily be imagined what our

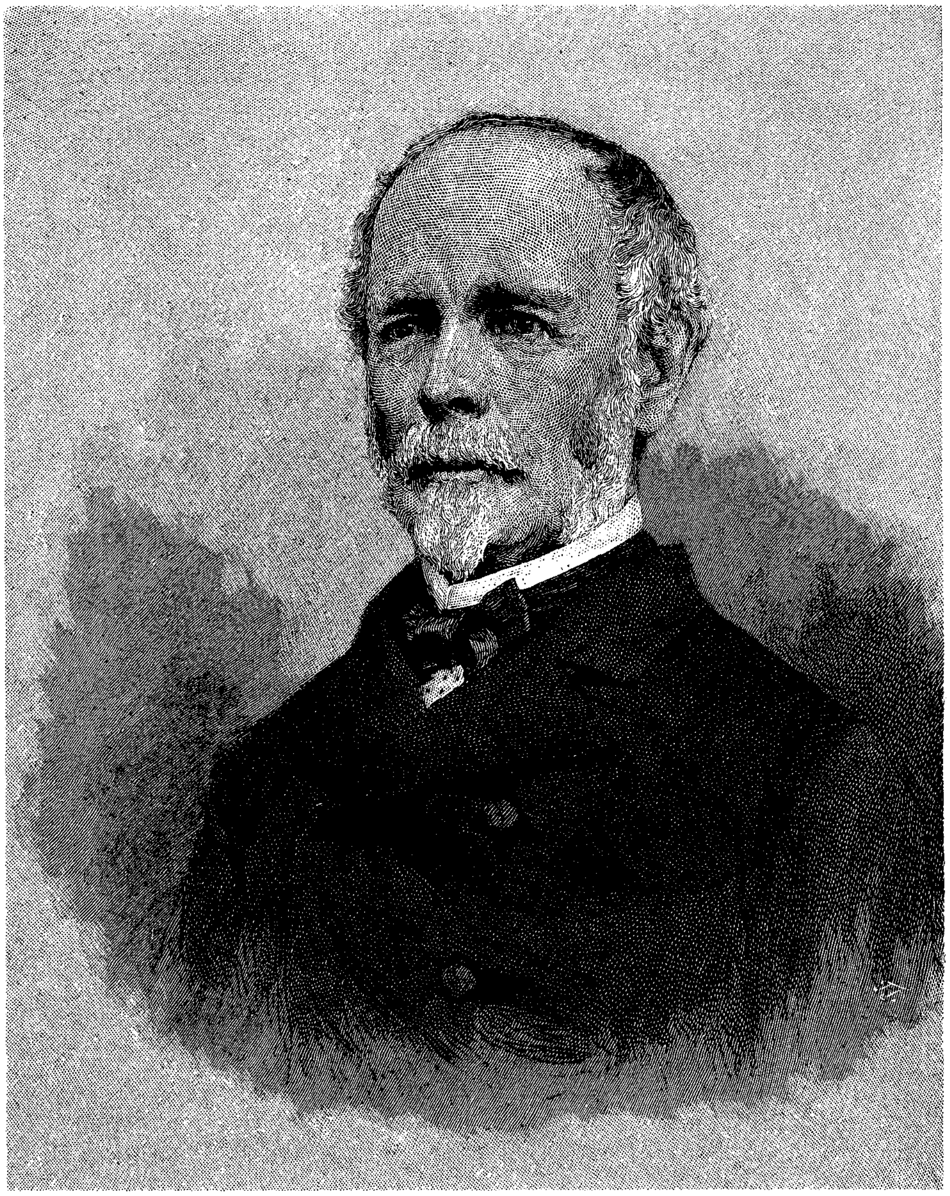
feelings were as that powwow progressed. I had myself resolved what I would do. When I first saw our peril it seemed as if all the blood had left my body; my feelings were very strange. It seemed at first as if I were being lifted from the ground. I recollect I raised my heart to God and said, "My last day is come; God help me to die like a brave man." Then I was fully resolved and felt that I did not care whether I died or not, I was going to do some desperate fighting. I stood there waiting and picking my men. I had fully resolved to kill Gomez first.

The council ended. The eloquence and inflexible purpose of Chino Huero won even against the head chief. Gomez directed him to tell the men. He sprang to his pony and rode three times very rapidly around the ring, talking all the time rapidly to his men. Then he went round twice more, much more slowly and talking much more deliberately. Then he came forward and told us the chief had decided to spare us and let us go, on condition that we should not disturb them. They wanted to remain in that country, even if it was barren. It would be of no use to us, but they could live on grass and roots. The Indians were evidently still displeased and kept watching us and pressing upon us, so that the chiefs could only with difficulty keep them back. We asked them to let us go, but Gomez said, "No; you have nothing to eat, and must go to my camp."

We asked him to keep his men back from us. They wanted only to see, he said, and would not hurt us. But they were hostile and threatening in their movements. Finally it was agreed that we would go to the camp of Gomez, but we insisted that they must all go before us and show us the way, and we would follow. We feared treachery if they came in our rear. They agreed and moved on before. In a short time about sixty of them—young fellows—began holding back and dropping along our sides and working to the rear. We stopped still and let them go on. In a little while Gomez came galloping back to us and asking why we had stopped. We explained that he must keep his men in front as he had agreed.

"They won't hurt you," he declared, but ordered them on, and then we moved on. We were sure those young bucks meant to get in our rear and take us with their lances. Fortunately five antelopes came running out and attracted the attention of these young fellows, and they started after them, and killed three of the five. We reached the camp and tied our mules. This camp was by a little spring which came from under the mountain. There must have been four hundred Indians in the camp. They had their wigwams pitched, scattered around without order, near the water. These wigwams were made by tying a number of slender poles together at the top, spreading out the lower ends and covering them with hides of deer, buffalo, or other wild animals. The squaws, the children, and many of the men crowded around and pressed upon us. We were thus huddled together, and could hardly turn around. We asked that the people be kept away.

"Oh, they'll not hurt you; they just want to see you," was the answer. We did not feel safe, and they greatly annoyed us. We found it necessary to make arrangements to get something to eat. We saw some cows come up to water, and asked whose they were. They were Gomez's, and he agreed to sell us one, but did not want money; he wanted powder and lead. We told him we could not trade that way. He then agreed to take three blankets for the cow; and picked out the lieutenant's blanket, Collins', and mine. The lieutenant had paid twenty-five dollars for his and I, sixteen for mine. The lieutenant said he would not sell his blanket for ten cows. Gomez then agreed to take two blankets—Collins' and mine. Lieutenant Whiting said that he would pay me what I gave for mine.


Colonel Joseph E. Johnston

It was getting along in February; and as I had two, I let mine go. I tied the cow down so she could not get up, and decided to leave her until morning before we killed her. We lay down at night, but we did not sleep. We could hear them still arguing our case during the night and quarreling among themselves. Those Indians kept crawling up to us and looking at us all through the night. It was not a pleasant sight to see a shaggy head and a dark face raised a little above the ground peering at one in the dark. They meant us evil, and only sought their opportunity.

NEXT MORNING we killed the cow, and it was decided that we should accompany Chino Huero to his camp. (He and his men had stayed with us.) When we got there, he asked us to stay two days and rest, and the lieutenant consented. In those two days we ate up our cow, and had arranged to start the next morning for Presidio del Norte. Chino Huero agreed to send with us an Indian to show us the trail to Presidio del Norte if we would pay the Indian something. He agreed to go with us for a blanket, and selected mine. He was mounted on a wild bronco, and in the morning of the first day his horse broke with him and ran off to the right and kept on out of sight.

We said, "He's gone; we'll not see him again," but after a while he came back. He did that three times, and each time we were sure he was gone; but again he returned and led us to the trail. We could kill nothing to eat the first and second days. Jack Hunter was busy, but brought nothing in. The lieutenant had a little pinola, and he gave us a teaspoonful each three times a day. When we were nearly starved, I begged the lieutenant to let me go out hunting. I went and took Jack. We agreed where we would meet the command in the evening.

I went outside of a little hill, far off to the right of the course, and told Jack to take the other side. If he heard me fire, he was to come to me; if he fired, I would go to him. I had not gone far into the woods before I saw a big black wild buck and shot him. Jack came, and we put the deer on our mules and started to camp. On the way I shot a jackrabbit and a prairie dog.

When we got in sight of our men, they began hallooing and throwing up their hats. They asked who killed the deer, and when I said, "I did," they hugged me and lifted me off the ground and hurrahed to their hearts' content. We seventeen hungry men ate every particle of that deer, rabbit, and prairie dog for our supper. We had observed Indians following us off on the mountain side; so we built large fires and packed our mules, left the fires burning and traveled all night and all next day, and in the evening reached Presidio del Norte.

We rested a few days at Presidio del Norte with Ben Lytton, for whom Fort Lytton is named. We had some fun at Lytton's expense. By some means we got a bundle of newspapers in the camp and they were divided out among us. Lytton had one. We were all seated reading; somebody nudged me and motioned to Lytton. He was holding his paper upside down. The men could not hold in. It was clear that Lytton could not read, though he was a man of excellent sense and supplied us with everything we needed.

From Presidio del Norte to El Paso there was nothing of special interest. We saw several parties of Indians, but they passed like a flash and did not disturb us. We saw signs of silver ore, quartz rock abounded, and mines have since been developed there. At Presidio del Norte we were joined by two more men, and at El Paso by several, one of whom (Skillman) was a noted Indian fighter. Our number had increased to twenty-five when we were ready for the return march. We camped at El Paso, then called Coon's Ranch, opposite Paso del Norte (now known as Ciudad Juarez). Coon had a ranch, a store, and a train of mules that traded to Santa Fe, and went sometimes as far as St. Louis. We bought supplies from him and from the Mexican families.

On our return from El Paso we followed the Rio Grande until we found trails coming into the river from the mountains. We followed these, knowing as they led through a gap in the mountain, we should find water. We passed through dense pine forests and an immense prairie dog town miles and miles in extent. I hunted on the return trip. I had one of the best mules I ever saw. He could trail like a dog. He would put his nose to the ground and strike a trail and follow it in the night as well as in the day. I kept the party in meat. I killed more meat than Jack Hunter did.

One day we started a brown cinnamon bear, the first one I ever saw. I ran him for eight or ten miles, but he got away from me. When we reached the Pecos River, we rested one day to fish. Fish were very abundant, and we feasted on them. This is a swift, narrow, dangerous river with high, steep banks. We came near being drowned. Near the Ojo Escondido a party of sixty or seventy Indians came near as if they were going to attack us. They were Lipans. We were in the bed of a little creek, and they were afraid to attack us and left us.

One day one of the men said: "Look ahead; there are two Indians."

"No," I said, "they are not Indians, they are Spanish daggers; don't you see them running? Stop your mules and you will see they will stop." So they did.

Our rations ran short; we had nothing but meat — venison. Skillman and two others were sent forward to Fort Inge to get rations. They took my mule. I was so attached to him I almost cried. He was so kind and gentle and smart. The first night out the Indians stole him and all the mules of the Skillman party. They went on afoot, but reached the fort only a little before we did. The trip was useless; and had it not been made, we would not have lost our mules. Men who are sent ahead for special service should not go into camp, but go right ahead to the end of the trip.

FORT INGE was a noted place in the early days. It was situated by a solitary round hill which rose out of the plain, and was a landmark for all the country. The Leona Creek rises there. The place took its name from an officer of the army. At the time we passed, the United States Second Dragoons was camped there under the command of General Hardee. We remained two or three days, and went on toward San Antonio and came to Leon Creek, eight miles from the town, and met a man who told us that the cholera was bad in San Antonio. The lieutenant decided to take a vote as to whether we should go into the stricken town. He said he would not vote, but formed us into a line and asked all who were in favor of going on to step one step forward, and if the majority were in favor of entering they would go on.

I wanted to go on. I was, shame to tell, covered with body lice, and all the rest were in the same fix. I felt I must go and get some clean clothes. I had thrown away one suit, but the one I wore was infested. The majority voted to go in, and we all proceeded. Some were great drinkers and they wanted liquor. Jack Hunter was thirsty, and so was Brady. Nearly all the men got drunk when we reached town. On the trip we had had no liquor, and it was a good thing; liquor would have been the ruin of us.

The lieutenant paid us off and disbanded us, but before he did so he gave me a fine recommendation to Major Belga, the quartermaster at the post. He said, "Major, I have one favor to ask of you before we part. I find letters here calling me home, but I want to recommend this boy to you (meaning me). I want you to keep him in the service, whether you have anything for him to do or not. He is a very useful boy. He can do anything a man can. He can be guide, boss packer, boss teamster, hunter, interpreter, or anything you like. I may come back and I may not; but I want you to keep him."

"Well, Whiting, I'll do it. What do you pay him?"

"Sixty dollars a month."

"I can't pay him that much, but I'll give him at least forty-five and rations."

"Will you stay for that, Polly?"

"Yes, I'll stay," and I stayed ten months, getting forty-five dollars per month for doing almost nothing.

Before he left, Lieutenant Whiting said to me, "Polly, I want to see your father before I go. Is he here?"

"No, but he is coming tomorrow."

"Well, bring him in to see me."

The next day I took Father to see him, and I said, "Lieutenant, this is my father."

He asked me if he spoke English.

I said, "Not a word."

But the lieutenant spoke Spanish. He asked Father how many sons he had.

"Ten."

"Well, I don't know your others, but I know you haven't got another like this one."

"No, I haven't."

He told Father how I had hunted, and said I'd kept them alive on the trip; that I'd leave them in the morning when every man was afraid to leave the command, be gone all day, and come back at night loaded with venison and game. Father was frightened by the things he told him of the trip, and said he could not let me go again.

"Oh," I said, "I've promised to go and help open the road the lieutenant has located, and I shall have to go when the time comes."

We got back to San Antonio about the last of April, having spent about three months in making the trip.

IN JUNE, 1849, Colonel Joseph E. Johnston arrived at San Antonio to open the road to El Paso which Lieutenant Whiting had located. Dick Howard was employed as first guide and I as second. A large number of laborers were employed; and a regiment of troops, the Third United States Infantry, accompanied us. A large wagon-train went with supplies of all kinds.

Colonel Johnston called me and said, "Polly, I will employ you for this trip, but you must promise me that you will not leave me."

He had got a hint that I wanted to go to California, and I did want to go; it was during the gold excitement. So I studied about it some time. At last I told him I would not leave him, and he employed me at sixty dollars a month. Colonel Joseph E. Johnston was one of the finest men I ever knew. He was very quiet; the quietest man, I think, I ever knew.

I had a great deal to do. I would go ahead to find the marks of our survey, and then come back to guide the teams. Where the prairie was smooth and open the colonel gave the teamsters orders to follow me and not turn to the right or left; and I led them in a perfectly straight line. When you looked back from the front, you could see but one wagon—the one in front. The road we made was beautiful. You could see the white trail through the clay soil for miles and miles as straight as an arrow. The troops followed on behind us.

We went by all the springs that lay along the course. Game of every kind was abundant, and we lived on the fat of the land. I would go ahead one week and Dick Howard the next; but often he would have something else to do, and I did most of that work. The men used to beg me to take them with me. They wanted to hunt. I did not like a large party, but sometimes took one or two at a time. There was a lawyer from San Antonio named Edwards along with us just for the trip. He used to go with me. He was a fine man and was one of my best friends, and used to say to me, "Polly, anything in the world I can do for you, just ask me."

When we reached El Paso, Colonel Johnston detailed a party to go across to the Pecos and see if a road could be made through a gap in the mountains. Lieutenant Smith was in charge, and I was along. While on this trip we saw a horse and two or three people about two miles ahead of us. I said, "Lieutenant, yonder is that horse that was stolen from one of our men."

"Do you think you can tell a horse two miles off, Polly?"

"Yes, sir; that is the horse. I know that horse."

It was a very notable animal, coal-black with a large white ring on his face as round as if made by a compass.

"Well, if you think so, go after it; and if it is ours, bring all the party. How many men do you want?"

"Two."

I picked out two, and we loped off and came up to them. There were two men and a woman (Mexicans). They had on the horses a large rawhide and a sack filled with dried meat. They had stolen a beef and killed it, and were making their way to the Apache Indians. When we told them they must go back with us, the woman began to cry. I said, "Don't cry; we're not going to hurt you."

We took them to the company, and Lieutenant Smith, after questioning them about the theft, turned the men over to the guard. They thought we were going to kill them. The woman began crying. We told her she would not be hurt. She begged us to take her with us; said the men had stolen her, telling her they would take her to California. They had deceived her and brought her here, and she did not know where she was. We agreed to take her back to El Paso.

NEXT MORNING Lieutenant Smith said to me, "Polly, I'm going to give you a job—you and two men. Stay here with these fellows; and when we're gone some distance, get some good switches and switch them good and let them go."

When the party was nearly out of sight, I said to the thieves, "Well, my friends, I'm left here for a very serious business." (Then they thought we were about to kill them.) "But before I attend to it, I'm going to talk to you some."

I told them they had to promise me that if I let them off they would not steal anything as long as they lived nor deceive anybody as they had the woman Paula. They said they would promise in the presence of God and the men that they would behave themselves the balance of their days, and then I let them go. I did not whip them.

The woman went back to El Paso with us. She was a peon; and when the command was ready to return, she begged us to let her go to San Antonio with us. I said that I would have to ask the colonel. I went to him and made the request. He was a jocular man, and said, "Not unless you marry her, Polly."

"Oh, I can't do that," I said, and I was leaving when he called me back and said, "Can she be of any use to you, Polly?

"Yes, sir; she can cook and wash for our mess, and can wash for others, too."

"Well, she can go. You can let her ride in any of the wagons she wants to."

The man who had her in peonage at El Paso heard she was with us, and came up one day making inquiry for her. He was told that she was there, but that he could not get her. He went to Colonel Johnston and handed him a document. The colonel called me when he had read it, and said, "This man wants that woman. Let everything stop; we must settle this matter. Call the woman."

She came, looking as pale as death.

"Ask her if she knows this man," said the colonel.

"Yes, sir; she says she knows him."

"How long has she known him?"

"For eighteen or twenty years."

"What has she been doing for him?"

"Cooking."

"What has he paid her?"

"About a dollar and a half a month. He says she owes him about seventy dollars."

"What is the debt for?"

"She says for funeral expenses for her mother; that she went to this man to pay the debt by personal service."

The colonel asked the man, "How is it that she has not paid that debt in all this time?"

"Because she took up more all the time than her wages came to."

"Ask her, Polly," said the colonel, "if she wants to go back with this man."

"No, sir; she does not."

"Then she can go on with us, as she is free, or go back, as she pleases. I can't send any of my men back to take her. You can go, sir," he said to the man, and he went back.

The woman went on to San Antonio. She made thirty dollars a month washing for one company, and another group paid her five a month for cooking. She had sixty or seventy dollars when she got to San Antonio.

ON THIS TRIP Colonel Johnston took a party and went down the Pecos to see if the road could not be made from Beaver Lake to the Nueces and greatly shorten the distance from San Antonio to El Paso. Leaving Beaver Lake, we traveled through a very rough country and marched one day and camped without water. Next morning as we were going along I saw a tremendous black bear ahead of us. I said, "Colonel, let me go and kill that bear; we are out of meat."

"Whom do you want to go with you?"

"Two men, so if I miss they can shoot it."

We galloped on ahead. The bear went into a little thicket. One of the mules brayed, and I bounded off my mule, to the astonishment of the men. I knew the bear had not scented us, and as soon as it heard the mule it would be apt to stand up on his hind feet to see what it was. Sure enough it reared up—a tremendous big she-bear, rolling fat. I leveled my gun and shot it right in the sticking place. The men came up and we cut the bear up, hide and all, every man taking a piece of meat and of fat.

That night we were all very tired and thirsty, and we did not get up next morning till about sunup. When I picked up my blanket, I said, "Come here, boys, and look what I slept on."

There lay a big rattlesnake coiled up. I had slept on him all night, and he was mashed nearly flat. I killed him.

We reached San Antonio in October 1849, and every man was discharged from the service except me. I was retained at a salary of forty-five dollars a month, and I continued in the service for twelve years, or up to 1861, the beginning of the War.

I remained in the employ of Major Belga, quartermaster, and was sent out as guide with scouting parties of mounted infantry looking after Indians; but the soldiers were not practiced riders and we were not successful.

In the winter of 1850 the officers decided to take a bear hunt, and I went with them. I got a pack of splendid hounds from a friend, and we went about nine miles from San Antonio to the Potranca Creek. I had a splendid horse and could keep up with the hounds. We started a bear the first day—an immense fellow—and I killed it. We started a panther, and I killed that. Next day the dogs treed another panther. The tree was on the edge of a bluff. I was down below under the bluff, and the officers were above. I was about to shoot, when they called out, "Don't you shoot, Polly; you kill everything. We are going to kill that panther."

I said, "I can shoot it in the head and kill it dead from where I am."

"Don't you do it; you hold on."

"If you shoot from where you are," I replied, "you'll only wound it, and it will drop down and kill our dogs and end our hunt."

"Never mind," they said.

I was mad, for I expected some of the dogs to get torn to pieces. They fired away, and the panther dropped to the ground. The dogs sprang onto it, and such fighting you never saw. The panther threw them right and left, and cut some of them badly. It made its way down the side of the bluff to its den, with the dogs after it. It went into a sort of cave, and I felt sure some of the dogs would be killed. I started after it into the den. The officers called after me not to go, but to let the dogs go.

"Don't you go in there if every dog gets killed!"

But I was angry. I climbed up to the mouth of the den and pulled the dogs away by their tails and threw them down the bluff out of my way. All the dogs were there but one. Then I went into the cave.

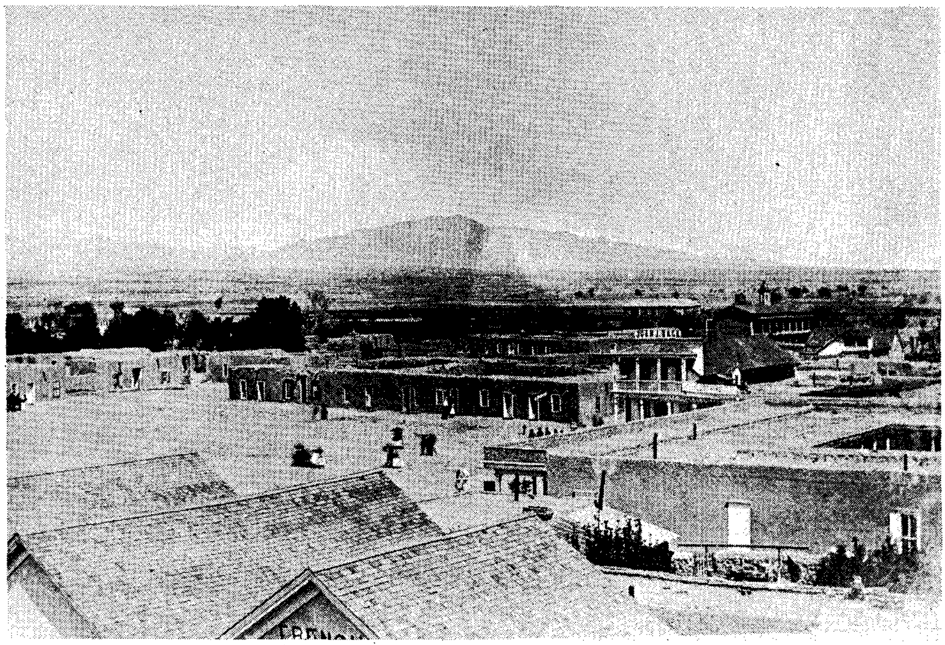
IT WAS SO DARK I couldn't see, but I could hear a choking noise as if the dog and panther were clinched. I felt around for them, and got hold of the dog's tail and dragged them both to the light clinched together. The dog had the panther by the throat, and the panther the dog by the neck. I put my pistol to the panther's head and shot him dead. He let go his hold and limbered out, and I dragged him out of the den by the tail. The officers were hallooing and calling out to know what I had done, if I had killed him; and saying they wouldn't have gone in there for all the dogs and money in the country.

On that hunt we killed nine bears, three panthers, twelve turkeys, and any number of smaller game. We had a fine time; everybody enjoyed it. Lieutenant Dodge, one of the party, was the tallest man I ever saw. He must have been six feet eight inches. He was an infantry officer, but made a good hunter. It was the first hunt for many of the young officers.

When we returned, we were ordered out on a scout after Indians, with Lieutenant Barbour in charge. The night after we started there fell a very heavy rain, and we lost the trail of the Indians. I was going ahead when I saw in the distance seven buffaloes, the first I had ever seen. I rode back and motioned to the lieutenant to stop the men and told him I had seen seven animals, the strangest I ever saw. I thought they must be buffalo.

I said, "Let's take two or three men and go ahead and kill one or two of them."

He called to the sergeant to order two or three men who could ride and run well. I was watching the buffalo. They started, and I yelled, "The buffalo are gone; let's all charge them!" and away we went pell-mell, the whole company, pack mules and all, charging the buffalo. My horse got scared. A horse is awfully afraid of a buffalo; the smell is so bad and the shape is ugly. A horse hates them.



Denver Public Library Western Collection

Socorro, New Mexico, where Polly went as assistant wagonmaster.

My horse broke with me and stampeded. He turned and ran, snorting and plunging; it was all I could do to keep him from breaking. The whole company got stampeded, and away they went in every direction. Some men lost their guns, their caps, and pistols. I brought my horse around in a wide circle by spurring, whipping, and talking to him, and came up with a cow and shot at her. I was about to shoot again with the pistol when she fell over and I went on. The lieutenant was with me. I looked back and the cow was getting up. I was making for her, and the lieutenant said, "Let me get a shot."

He fired, and his horse commenced to buck and threw him. I called to him to hold on to his bridle rein; if the horse got away, we'd never catch him. He held on, and the horse dragged him all around, the buffalo cow trying meantime to get at him, but he held to his horse. We killed the cow, and spent all the evening hunting up the lost hats and guns, etc. Some of them we never found, and the men went bareheaded. We camped near, and the next day went back to San Antonio.

I WENT about 1851 with a Mr. McDonell to the San Saba to survey. While engaged in the work, a party of ten or twelve Indians came near us, and a Mexican woman came into our camp and asked if I were not a Mexican. When she found out I was, she begged me to let her go with us. She was Chief Yellow Wolf's wife, and he had two others.

I asked Mr. McDonell; but he said it was very dangerous, that we were so few in number. She cried and begged us, but we told her it was impossible, we could not take her. They hung around our camp. Mr. McDonell suspected them, but they said they wanted to trade. I traded my blanket for a fine buffalo robe. Still they hung around us and looked suspicious.

Yellow Wolf wanted to know why we were taking their lands. McDonell determined to leave. We told them we were going to another place. We traveled all night and all next day, and saw no more of them. McDonell agreed to pay me two dollars a day, but he paid me only one. He wanted me to go with him again later, but I refused. I would never have anything more to do with him.

In the winter of 1851 Major Belga ordered me to go as guide with Colonel McCall, Inspector General, to El Paso. The trip to El Paso was without incident. Colonel McCall went on from El Paso to New Mexico, and I was left without anybody to return to San Antonio with me. The colonel told me I should have to go alone, or wait till some opportunity presented itself for company. If I could have had one man, I would have gone back, but I would not start alone. I was in the meantime offered the place of assistant wagonmaster to go with a train of ninety wagons to Socorro, New Mexico. I accepted the offer and went. Those teamsters were a wild set of men. The wagonmaster was of the same kind. Gambling was their chief business when not traveling. Once we suffered greatly for water, going a day and a half without it. We had in the party a Frenchman who was a great braggart, always telling what he could and would do if we got among Indians. He was always at it. All the time it was swagger and brag and blow. I got tired of it.

I told the wagonmaster that the fellow was a coward, and I was going to have some fun at his expense if he would allow me. He was for it, and I asked him to let me set the guard that night. I put this fellow on guard, and put him on the outside post. I loaded his pistols for him without balls. I said to him, "I'll give you two pistols, as you are on the outpost. Be on the lookout; and if there are any Indians about, be sure to do *something*."

I went back and disguised myself like an Indian. I tied a handkerchief around my head and put a blanket around me. I fixed up another man in the same way, and I said, "Now, we will go out beyond that fellow and I'll call like an owl and you'll answer me and we will come toward each other, and when we get up pretty close we'll rush at him. I'll shoot, and we'll run him into camp."

The moon was shining. We left all the camp playing cards, and went out beyond our man. We hooted dolefully like owls, and answered each other, and crept nearer and nearer. I made right for him at last, and he saw me. I fired and kept running at him, yelling like a wild Indian. I expected him to shoot at me with his pistols, but he did not stop even to aim at me; he broke and ran, and I after him. He was looking back at me and ran square against a tree and knocked himself down. I kept yelling and shooting around him. He was scared almost to death. He picked himself up and went yelling into camp, and alarmed everybody by bellowing that he saw eight or ten Indians after him. It broke up gambling for the balance of that night; but the Indians did not come and the wagonmaster did not seem alarmed by the story. The man who went with me let the story out and we never heard any more bragging from the Frenchman. He was unmercifully ridiculed, but he was taught a good lesson.

WHEN I got back to El Paso, Lieutenant Mecklin was about to start to San Antonio on a furlough. There were in his party a number of discharged soldiers whose time had expired, and a number of others like himself going home on leave. I joined this party. We were coming down the Rio Grande, and were about opposite the town of Guadalupe in camp at noon, when one of the enlisted soldiers deserted and swam the river to the Mexican side. When he got across, he stood on the bank and cursed the officers and insulted and abused everybody in the whole party. The lieutenant said to me, "Polly, I want you to go and get that man and bring him back dead or alive. Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir; I'll do it."

"How many men do you want?"

"Just one man," I said.

I took a man named Culberson, and we swam the river on our horses. Culberson got out and went up the bank, but I could not make my horse go out of the water and climb the bank. In spite of all I could do, he turned back into the river and started across. I could not control him by anything I could do. He swam out into the stream with me, and got into a sucking eddy. The current was very strong and drew him under, and I saw that both of us were about to be drowned. I slipped off my horse, intending to take hold of his tail and, with his load thus lightened, let him swim out and pull me out with him. I held my gun up in one hand to keep it dry, but as I slipped off the strong current dashed me away from my horse and I could not take hold of his tail. I swam with one hand, holding up my gun with the other.

I had on my pistol and my shot pouch with more than two hundred bullets in it. I struggled against the power of the current with all my might. I am a good swimmer, but I could make no headway against that awful suck. I was being drawn down. To drop my gun was almost like drowning to me—my gun that Lynn had made and given me. If I held onto it, I was sure I would drown. I dropped it. It was like dropping my heart. Strange I never thought to unbuckle my belt and let my pistol drop off, or to throw off my shot pouch. With both hands I then battled with the water for life. My strength was failing; I could hardly keep my head up. The water rose to my chin. I felt my head sinking. My nose went under and I sank. I was drowning. I struck the bottom.

I had strength to catch at the rocks and roll and crawl along. I got hold of a rock and grasped it and followed it, dragging myself along, feeling as if I were going to sleep. There was no sense of pain. I pulled myself along by that last hope, and got hold of a long mesquite root and finally dragged myself, nearer dead than alive, to the bank. The root that saved me was from a mesquite tree that stood on the high bank where the current had cut the earth away and left its long root sticking out into the water—a tree that throws out the longest roots of any tree I know except the cypress.

Culberson saw all my struggles in the water with amazed looks. When I sank, he thought I was gone; and when I pulled out by that root, he called to me that he thought I was drowned. I lay there panting and resting, unable to get up. I heard my horse above me trying to get up the bank. When he heard my voice replying to Culberson, he came down the bank toward me; and when near me, I called to him to stop and he stood still till I could get up. Culberson swam back farther up the river. He had a splendid horse; and when he came to me, I mounted, and we went on and overtook the command, I feeling that I had been drowned; and I *had* passed through the experience except the last unconscious stage.

The second night after this experience, Culberson, a German named Klein, and another man named Sam Moon were put on guard. They all deserted and crossed into Mexico. One of them stole my horse—Culberson, I think.

Klein had quite a sum of money. As was learned afterwards, Culberson and the other man, Moon, robbed and killed Klein, and for some years those men operated up and down the river as robbers and desperadoes. Both were at last killed at El Paso while resisting arrest. My reflection on the desertion of Culberson was that, if my horse had gone up the bank that day, Culberson would have joined the deserter, turned against me, and killed me. Such I believe, would have been my end.

I WAS SO distressed by the loss of my gun that Lieutenant Mecklin told me to look through the detachment, and if I found a gun that suited me, he would buy it for me. I found a very old gun that suited me, and he bought it. He bored it out larger, rifled it, and restocked it. It proved to be as good as the one I lost in the river.

After returning to San Antonio, Major Belga sent me with a train of wagons of corn to Forts Ewell and Merrill, on the Nueces. The Nueces was very high from the rains, and we made a raft of logs and ferried the wagons over, one at a time. The corn was delivered, and I started to return. An escort of a few soldiers was with us. One day we were approached by a party of Indians. They stood off at some distance and said they wanted to trade. I told the spokesman we were not trading, and for them to keep off, to come no nearer. Still they insisted on trading, and when told again and again that we were not traders, one of them wanted me to come out and talk.

I said, "You separate from your crowd and come out, and I'll meet you."

He came out and insisted that they were friendly, and wanted to talk with us. I told him to go on his way; if he was friendly and did not want to fight, neither did we. Finally they moved on. As soon as they were out of sight I sent two soldiers back to Fort Ewell to tell the commander of their presence, and that they could now have an opportunity to gratify their wish to encounter Indians.

That message got me into trouble later on. The commander sent out a detachment with a guide to pursue the Indians, but they failed, very strangely, to find the trail, and went back to the fort believing they had been deceived. After I got to San Antonio, Major Belga called me and showed me a letter from the commander of Fort Ewell, in which he accused me of having caused troops to be sent out on a false alarm, for which I was responsible, and of having brought a keg of liquor into the camp and sold it to the men, and ordering Major Belga to discharge me.

The Major said, "Polly, if you can't fix this up, I shall have to obey orders and discharge you; but I want you to go and fix this up if you can."

I assured him I could fix it up, and told him I would go at once and do it. I went alone, dangerous as it was, all the way back to Fort Ewell, and presented myself to the commander and told him my business, and in disproof of the charge of raising a false alarm, I asked him to call the soldiers I had sent back and question them. This he did, and they both testified to having seen the Indians. I told him that a number of other men would testify to the same, and that all the teamsters could be called, if necessary, and would testify to having seen the Indians. The commander was satisfied of my innocence of that charge. As to the other, that of selling liquor to the men, I said that I did not believe any man would face me and say that I sold liquor to the soldiers. He called a man and asked him if he had not said that I sold liquor to the soldiers.

"I was told so," he replied.

"By whom?"

He named the man. He was sent for, and said he had been told that I did it. And so on it went. The author of the rumor could not be located. The commander then directed that a letter be written to Major Belga saying that I had been acquitted of all the charges. I went back with the document; and when I showed it to Major Belga, he was much pleased and said: "I knew it would be that way."

Returning from this trip, I swam my horse across the Frio River, which was at the time very high. The weather was cold, and I nearly froze. I was wet above my waist, but my matches were dry. I rode up to a large Spanish dagger (yucca), which was covered with dry, dead bark and leaves. I stuck a match to it, and it burned like tinder. I warmed by it, as did my horse.

I was very soon after this sent with another train, this time of carts loaded with corn. On the trip I came very near being killed. One of my cousins got behind with his carts. I was vexed with him for not keeping up, and started back to him.

I thought I would disguise myself as an Indian and scare him. As I rode up, the others with him ran off, but he did not run. He got his shotgun and took deliberate aim at me, and it was my turn to be scared. It took all the begging I could do to keep him from firing. When I convinced him who I was, he trembled like a leaf, so near he was to killing me. I resolved then never to try to scare another man.

ABOUT this time my father came to me one day and said, "Son, I hear you are going to get married."

"No," I said. "I am not."

"Why, a man that claims to know tells me so; says you are engaged to Miss ——."

"No, Father, I am not. When I am ready to marry I will not deny it. I will tell you."

He gave me excellent advice about the kind of girl I should marry. He said that the girl he thought I had in mind would not suit me—she was not domestic; she had money, and would always want to control me in business and financial matters.

I had intended to marry when I returned from El Paso; but when I arrived and found the cholera epidemic in the town, great was my sorrow to find that my beautiful Jesusita was dead. The cholera had robbed me of my promised wife. Twice again I made up my mind to marry, and each time the young lady died. Three times death robbed me of my intended, and I said, "I am not to marry."

But afterwards I did what was a strange thing for me in those days: I prayed. I asked God to show me the one I should marry. There was a young lady of my acquaintance, but whom I had never thought of marrying. One day I was returning from a hunt, and I saw her and another on the walls of the old Alamo building. They called to me to know where I had been, and asked me to come up to them. I had some flowers in my hand. One of them asked me for the flowers, but I said, "No, I didn't get them for you."

"Oh, please give them to me."

"I'll give you some of them."

"And I'll call you my flower," she said.

"No, I don't want you to call me that."

I handed the rest of the flowers to the other young lady, who had not spoken all the time. Afterwards I went to her mother's house, and when I went in I found the girl alone sewing. In an instant I recalled my prayer, and I said, "This is the one." Before I left I asked her how she thought we could get along together.

She said, "I think we could get on very well."

"If you do, and will agree to it, we will get married sixty days from now."

She agreed.

"But," I said, "what about your mother?" (Her father was dead.)

"She will agree, because once when I wanted to marry she told me if I would not marry that young man I might marry anybody I pleased, even if he were a colored man. Now, I will hold her to her promise, and she cannot object."

"Very well," I said, "then we will be married in sixty days."

I told my father and took him to see her. I was gone for a few weeks. When I came back I said, "What do you think of her, Father?"

"My son, you could not find a better girl in all the country."

I told the quartermaster I wanted him to give me a little furlough, that I was going to be married.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Fifteen days," I said.

"All right, you can have it."

My father asked me not to have a feast and frolic, and said that a quiet wedding at the young lady's home was best. I agreed. I went to see the bishop about marrying me. He said, "I am told you are a Mason."

"I am," I said.

"You will have to confess."

"I can do that, but I will not confess

the secrets of Masonry."

"I don't want that. I know more about Masonry than you do. I will marry you as a Protestant and your wife as a Catholic."

"All right," I said, "but if you do not want to marry me, you can send a priest to the house to do it. If you cannot do that, I can get the justice to marry me for five dollars."

"I'll send a priest," he said.

THE EVENING of my wedding was rainy, and when I sent for the priest he would not come. I took a horse and went after him. He said, "It is raining, and I won't go."

"I've got a horse for you."

"But I can't ride a horse."

"I'll lead the horse," I said, "and here are a gum coat and pants to keep you dry."

He wanted me to pay him more for going with me. I got him on the horse and led the horse through the streets to the house. It was dark.

When he had married me, I said, "What do I owe you?"

"Whatever you have a mind to pay."

"The justice would charge me five dollars, but I will give you this," and I handed him a ten-dollar gold piece. Fourteen days after my wedding the quartermaster sent for me to start on a trip.

Col. Joseph E. Johnston had returned with orders to open a road from San Antonio to the head of the Llano. We made this trip, which was without any special incident. When we returned to San Antonio, Brigadier General Persifer Smith had arrived, and was in command of the department. One day he sent for me to come to his headquarters and asked me a great many questions about my knowledge of the country, and if I knew the heads of the different watercourses. I told him that I had been only to the head of the San Saba.

"Can you tell the signs of water when you are out on the plains?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"What are they?"

"Well, there are a great many signs of water—the trees, the trails, the doves, the butterflies, and the wild animals."

"That's pretty good, but how do you tell by these things?"

"Well, wherever there are willow trees or pecan trees, there is most sure to be water. The trails of the wild animals, like deer and antelope, lead to water. The doves are never very far from water."

"How far?"

"Well, sir, four or five miles; maybe sometimes they might get six miles from water."

"How can you tell when a dove is going to the water or coming from it?"

"When a dove is going to the water, it flies above the tops of the bushes and trees and goes as straight as a bee to its hive; and when it gets to the water, it drops right down at the place. When it is going away, it flies zig-zag, and stops carelessly along."

"Very well," he said, "and the butterflies?"

"Wherever there are large numbers of yellow or whitish butterflies and they rise in the air and dance up and down, as they sometimes do, they are near water, and they can be seen quite a long distance."

"If you found a trail of the wild animals, how could you tell which direction to take to go to the water?"

"You have to follow a trail only a little way to know which way the water is. If you are going from the water, the trail gets dimmer and dimmer, and other trails branch out from it until it fades out. If you are going to the water, the trail gets plainer and plainer all the time, and you will see other trails coming into it."

"Well, that will do, Polly. I want you to go with me. I am going to the headwaters of all the rivers to the north of us as far as to the Trinity, and you are to be one of my guides."

"All right, General," I said.

The day before we were to start I was very sick. I went to the general and told him I was. I had a high fever.

"Go and see the surgeon, Polly, and see what he says."

The surgeon told me I was too sick to go, and gave me some medicine. I went and reported to the general, but told him, "General, I know I can go."

"You had better not go if the doctor says not, Polly."

"General, I know I can go, and as soon as I get into the woods I shall be better. I'll be bad sick if I stay here."

"If you get very sick, what will I do?"

"You can leave me."

"No, sir, I could not do that. But go and tell the doctor to give you some medicine, and you can take it as you go along."

The doctor was very angry when I told him what the general said, but he gave me the medicine and said that I would get the whole party into trouble and myself too; that I was going to be sick.

ABOUT ten o'clock the next morning we started. I was sick. When we got into the mountains, I got a lot of wild grapes and ate them. We camped on the San Geronimo. There were about twenty-five of us. That night I had a high fever. I did not take the doctor's medicine. I got about half a teacupful of salt and put it in water and took it.

There was a heavy storm coming, and we had no tents. I sat there in the rain on my saddle, oh so sick, but that salt vomited me all night long. Next morning the general asked me how I was, and when I told him I was nearly well he was very glad. I had no fever, and the second time the general called me to him he said: "Polly, I'm going to put you in charge of the packers and guides."

"I hope you won't do it," I said. "Here is Pedro Espinosa, an old guide, and a man who has been ten years a captive among the Indians, and knows all about them, and he's the best woodsman I ever saw."

"What I have ordered, Polly, I have ordered."

And I was put in charge of the packers and guides. Until we passed the head of the San Saba there was plenty of water. Beyond that we camped one night without water. We stopped about two hours by sun, and the general said to me, "Polly, take as many guides as you want, and see if you can find water."

"Pedro Espinosa is all I want," I said. I sent him out to the left, and I went to the right. I rode seven or eight miles without any sign of water. Then I saw I was not more than a mile and a half or two miles from water, and I turned back and made my report.

"General, I did not go to water, but I went within about two miles of it."

"Can you go here in the morning?" he asked.

"Oh yes, sir; I can go to it."

"Very well, we will go then."

Pedro Espinosa did not find anything.

Next morning we went to the water and camped all day by a beautiful lake. In the evening I said to Lieutenant Dodge, "Lieutenant, let's go turkey-hunting."

"All right, Polly, we'll go."

We were going along a little trail, the lieutenant some distance in front, when I called to him, "Lieutenant, don't you see those turkeys running along there ahead of you?"

He saw them, a whole drove, running along single file in the trail, a little downhill and at a pretty distance from him. The lieutenant was very tall. He raised his shotgun and fired one barrel, and with that single shot killed seven turkey gobblers. I never saw such a shot. He struck them all in the head. I just shouted at the sight. He took four and I took three. They were very large, fat fellows, and we had a big load back. I told the general that the lieutenant killed them all at one shot.

"Well," said he, "I never heard of such shooting as that. And you didn't kill any?"

"No, sir. The lieutenant loaded us down at one shot."

ON THIS TRIP we saw many parties of Indians. They came to us at intervals and, as we were few, they thought there must be many more behind, and asked me if there were not. At last, a lot of Indians came up near us, and four or five came into our camp. They asked the general to give them some beeves. He asked how many they wanted, and they said three. The general ordered the butcher to let them have them.

They began shooting at the ones selected, but they couldn't shoot, and had the beef cattle all running wild. The butcher came to the general and said, "General, I understand your guide is a good shot, and I'd like for you to send him to shoot the beeves for these Indians; they are stampeding all my cattle, and can't hit anything."

I was lying in my tent. The general said, "Go and ask him to do it. He's in his tent."

The man came and asked me if I would please go and shoot the beeves for the Indians, as he understood I could shoot.

I took my gun and went with him. They had the cattle rounded up, and I said, "Which one do you want?"

"That red one there."

I raised my gun and shot it down. I loaded and said, "Where's the next?"

He pointed it out, and at the crack of my gun it fell. I loaded again, and asked for the other. He showed it, and I downed it like a flash. You should have seen those Indians look at me. They came up around me and took hold of me, and felt of my arms and legs, and looked at my gun and talked about me to each other in their dialect. The chief offered me three horses for my gun.

I said, "No."

"I'll give you four," he said.

"No," I repeated.

"I'll give you five fine horses."

"No. I won't sell my gun for five horses."

"I'll give you six big, fine horses."

"No, sir."

"I'll give you seven," he said.

"I'll not sell you my gun. You might kill me some day with my own gun."

On this same trip I saw General Smith looking up at the sky one evening, and he asked, "What kind of weather do you think we are going to have, Polly?"

"There's going to be a great change in the weather."

"How do you know?"

"As I came along I heard a wolf howling over on the hill, and the wolf stated it. The wolf said that there would be a big change in the weather."

He burst out in a big laugh and said, "When is it to be?"

"I don't know that exactly, sir, but the wolf said it wouldn't be long—sometime tonight."

That night we had a terrible storm about midnight—a terrible wind. It blew the general's tent down.

He called to me, "Polly, are you awake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that was a wise old wolf of yours. Did your tent blow down?"

"No. I tied it up strong and dug a ditch around it."

"Sergeant of the Guard, send some men here to put up my tent." The men came running, and put up the general's tent.

General Smith left us shortly after this, and went in his carriage to visit some points farther north and east. He joined us at Fort Worth, and we shortly proceeded to San Antonio. After we reached San Antonio, the general sent for me to come to headquarters. When I got there, he said, "Polly, how long have you been in the service of the government?"

I told him.

"I want to keep you with me while I stay in this department, and I appoint you headquarters guide. You are only to go out when I go, or when I send you. Will you stay with me?"

"Yes, I will stay with you; and I thank you very much, sir."

THE GENERAL was always very kind to me. I never saw a man like him. He did more and with fewer men than any man I ever saw. He opened roads and established forts at the heads of all the rivers we went to. He was a great man. He decided to move headquarters to Corpus Christi. San Antonio people were very mad about it, but he moved. I went with him, but I did not take my family. That was a mistake I made. Corpus Christi was almost the ruin of me. It was fandango after fandango every night, idleness and frolicking. The general told me that whenever I wanted to go hunting I could take an ambulance, a driver and a cook. Game was plentiful. What a time we had!

The general had to go to San Antonio in a great hurry on one occasion. He sent me on ahead with his carriage, and charged me to be ready for him at daylight next morning on the other side of the Nueces. We bogged down in a creek, and did not reach our camping place till one o'clock in the morning. We slept a little late, and were eating breakfast when the general came up to the river. He was in an army ambulance. I told the driver to take his carriage down to the ferry and be ready for him when he came over. The fellow left the mules unhitched and came back for his breakfast. The noise of the ferry scared the mules, and they started, not running but walking. They went over a stump a yard high and broke loose from the carriage. The general saw it, and he was the maddest man! He did not often swear, but he swore then.

"Where's Polly?" he said. "Tell him to come here."

I came up.

"What's the reason you were not ready here?"

I explained that we were up nearly all night, working to get out of the bog, and we were late getting through breakfast.

"That's nothing," he roared. "You ought to have been ready. Get away from here."

He ordered the driver to go on with the big ambulance.

"But, General, what shall I do with the carriage?" I said.

"Let it go to hell." And away he went.

The doubletree of the carriage was broken, and I had some new small rope. I pulled my big knife and cut two short, stout pieces of wood about eighteen inches long. I wrapped the two pieces very tight and close on both sides of the broken doubletree, and then I wet the ropes. It made it as strong and solid as if it were not broken. I jumped in and went at full tilt. The general's mules were strong and fast, and I overtook him before he got three miles away. His driver told him that I was coming with his carriage.

"What!" he said.

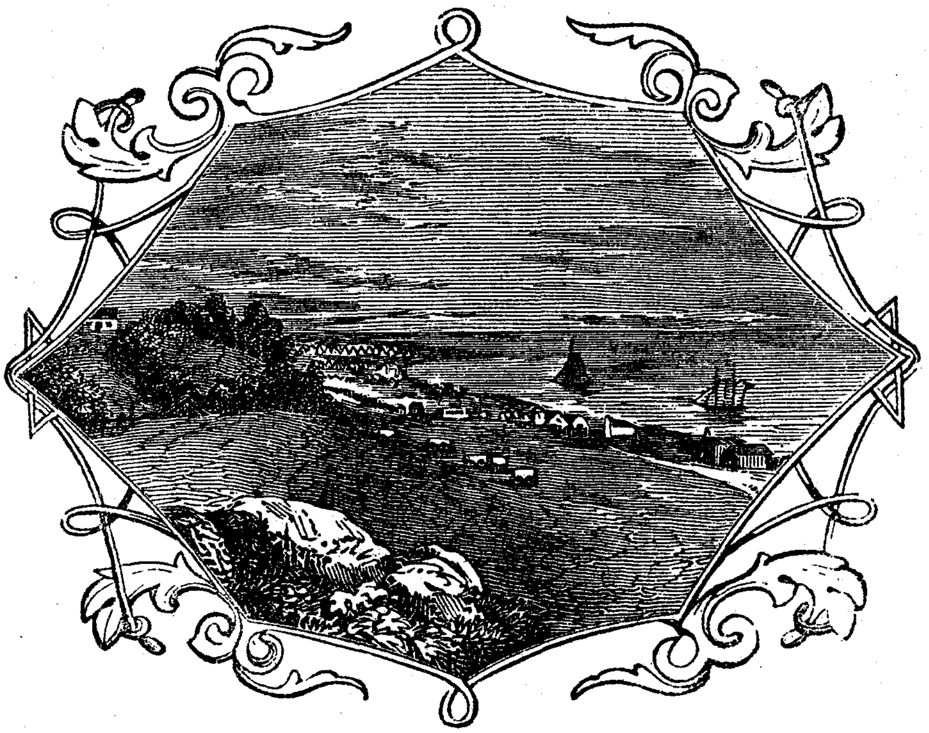
I drove up, and the general was smiling. He was over his passion, and I was glad.

"Well. have you fixed the carriage, Polly? Do you think it is strong enough to take me to San Antonio?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

He got into the carriage and said, "I'm going to San Antonio, but you come on leisurely."

It was eighty miles to San Antonio, and he got there that evening. I expected to be discharged when I got there. He discharged his driver, but he did not discharge me. He had seen how quickly I fixed that carriage.



Old wood engraving of Corpus Christi in the 1850s.

FROM CORPUS CHRISTI we were sent to the Rio Grande to take some things down the river in boats. I had my dog with me. He was one of the best dogs I ever saw. When we got to the river, one of the men said, "Whose dog is that?" (The man did not like me.)

I said, "He's mine."

"No dog can go in a boat with me," said the fellow.

"If my dog can't go, I can't," I said.

He swore the dog should not go in the boat. If the dog went, he would not. I went to the lieutenant in command and said, "Lieutenant, that fellow says my dog shan't go in the boat. If my dog can't go, I can't."

The fellow was listening to us. The lieutenant said: "Put your dog in, Polly; and if he don't want to stay in the boat with him, he can get out."

The fellow always had a grudge at me after that, and one time when I was dancing he stepped up behind me and struck me such a blow that he knocked me senseless. My friends knocked him down, and we had a big row at that fandango.

General Smith went to El Paso in 1854, and took an escort of forty men. Captain Walker was in command of the escort. I was headquarters guide. As we came back we met a lot of men with cattle. They were on their way to California. They said that the Indians had stolen about forty of their cattle; that they came and took them—rode up boldly and drove them away right before their eyes, and they thought that if the general would send some men they could overtake the Indians and get the cattle. The general said to the captain that he could take all his escort and go after the Indians.

The captain came to me and said: "Polly, tell the general you want to go with us."

"No," I said, "I won't tell him anything. If you want me to go, you tell him you want to take me."

"Well, I'll tell him I want to take you, and that you want to go."

"All right," I said. "Tell him."

He went to the general, and I heard him say, "Polly says he wants to go with us. Can he go?"

"If he wants to go, he can."

We started right away. It had rained just before the Indians took the cattle, and we could trail them at a gallop. I waited for the captain to take the lead, but he would not. He said, "I know nothing about trailing; you go ahead."

We went all day and, as the moon shone, we went on till it got cloudy and the moon went down. Then we made camp and slept awhile. Starting again as soon as we could see the trail, we soon saw a lone Indian on a mule. As soon as he saw us he jumped off and hid somewhere. It was mysterious how that Indian disappeared on the open plain. It was not long till we saw three or four Indians, and the captain sent Lieutenant Kerr and four or five men after them. Those Indians were after some of their own horses. When they saw us, they dismounted from the mules they were on and jumped on the loose horses, and without saddles or bridles escaped. We saw a bunch of Indian horses, and I went and rounded them up and drove them along with our pack mules and lead horses. I heard firing; too much for the four or five Indians and men, I thought, and told the captain so.

"I'm afraid the lieutenant and his men will all be killed; we had better send them relief," I said.

"Oh, there are only four or five Indians there."

I stood up on my horse and looked. I could see just over the low hill the camp of the Indians, and it looked like there were hundreds of them.

"Captain, if you will stand up, you can see. Our men will be surrounded and killed, and so will we if we stay here. Let's charge them."

"All right," said he; and away we went.

When we came up, the Indians ran. Lieutenant Kerr was wounded severely by an arrow. It struck him at the waist and glanced around under his belt, but did not go in very deep. He took hold of the arrow and pulled it out. He was sitting on the ground. The captain asked him if he was badly hurt.

"No, not much."

"Can you ride, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, I can ride."

THE INDIANS were running and yelling, going up the sides of the mountain. It looked like there were hundreds of them. Women and children were crying and yelling and climbing up the mountain side. They looked like so many black buzzards swarming over the rocks.

I noticed the Indian men were mounting their ponies and moving toward our right and left, and I sent word to the captain to come out to us.

"Captain, these Indians are going to fight us."

"Oh no, they're not."

"Yes, sir; they are. I know these Indians. They are going to fight for these horses of theirs we have caught, and we'd better get out of here. We can't fight them in here between these ridges. They have all the advantage. Let's get out of here, or we'll all be killed."

"Well, where'll we go?"

"Out there in that little open. We can form a circle around our horses."

The Indians were circling around us out of range. One of them called out in good English, "Come on if you want to fight!"

One fellow on a fine horse kept riding out and coming a little nearer. He had a big pair of buffalo horns fixed on his head and a long bunch of feathers hanging down his back. I watched him awhile, and I said, "Captain, let me shoot that fellow."

"Can you hit him?"

"I think I can."

"Let him have it, then."

I leveled at him and fired. He yelled and leaned down over his saddle. A perfect uproar broke loose among the Indians. I never saw that fellow any more during the fight. I thought I shot him through the legs.

They charged up closer and rained arrows upon us. They shot their arrows angling upward and let them fall amongst us. They fairly rained all about us. One of our men was killed. Just as he raised his gun to shoot, an arrow struck him under the arm, passed through his body, and came out under the other arm. He was standing near me, and turned to me and said, "Polly, I'm shot."

He caught hold of the arrow and pulled it about half out and dropped dead. When the men saw that he was killed, they were almost panic-stricken. They started to run. I yelled at them, "Don't run! If you do, we'll all be killed. Come back! Come back! We must stand together!"

I called to them till I was hoarse. I begged the captain to make his men fight. Some of them were so scared that they quit shooting. I talked ugly to the captain. I told him that he was not fit to be an officer. He was busy fighting, himself; he was a brave man and so busy fighting he did not see the men about to run. I feared afterwards he would give a bad report of me to General Smith, but he didn't.

In a few minutes the men came back. I was struck with an arrow just above the hip. I caught hold of it and pulled it out. A fellow crawled up behind some rocks and shot at me. The charge passed so close to my ear it deafened me. It must have been an iron slug. I saw him, and I said, "Oh, I'll teach you to shoot!" but my gun was empty, and he got away.

After a time the Indians got their horses and drew off and formed again farther off, and began calling to us to come on and fight again. The men did not want to go. They began saying, "Captain, we can't go without water; we are so thirsty and hot; let us go and get some water." There was water about half a mile away.

"What shall we do with this dead man?" asked the captain.

Some said, "Leave him."

"No, we can take him with us," I said. "We can lay him across this horse, and two can hold him on while another leads the horse."

We did so, and went to the water. The Indians came nearer and formed in ranks like soldiers, and someone again called out in English for us to come on and fight them. The captain asked who could fight on horseback. I said I could. Three or four more offered to fight on horseback, but again the men commenced saying that they were so tired they could not fight; that the Indians were too many for them, and showed so plainly that they did not want to fight that the captain said, "Well, we'll give it up and let them go." Then he said: "Men, get your swords here and dig a grave, and let's bury this man."

I said: "Oh, no, Captain; don't bury him here. It'll never do."

"Why not?" he asked.

"The Indians will come up and dig him up and scalp him and hack him to pieces, and dance around him, and carry on like mad wolves over him."

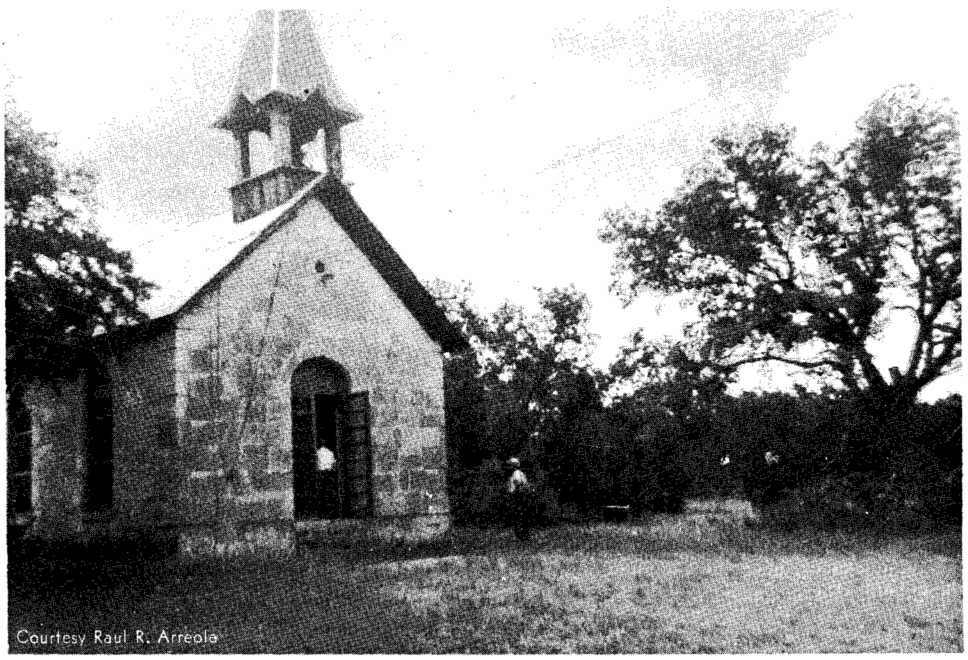
"Well, what can we do with him, Polly, if we don't bury him?"

"Why, let's tie him on his horse and take him away from here, and bury him where they can't get him."

After I had made him see how we could do it, he consented, and we laid the poor fellow across his saddle and tied him on his horse and started. We traveled all that night and next day. The Indians did not follow us, and we buried our comrade where we did not think they would ever find him. We dug a grave with our swords, and buried him on an elevation, and leveled the grave over so that they would not see it, and left him there.

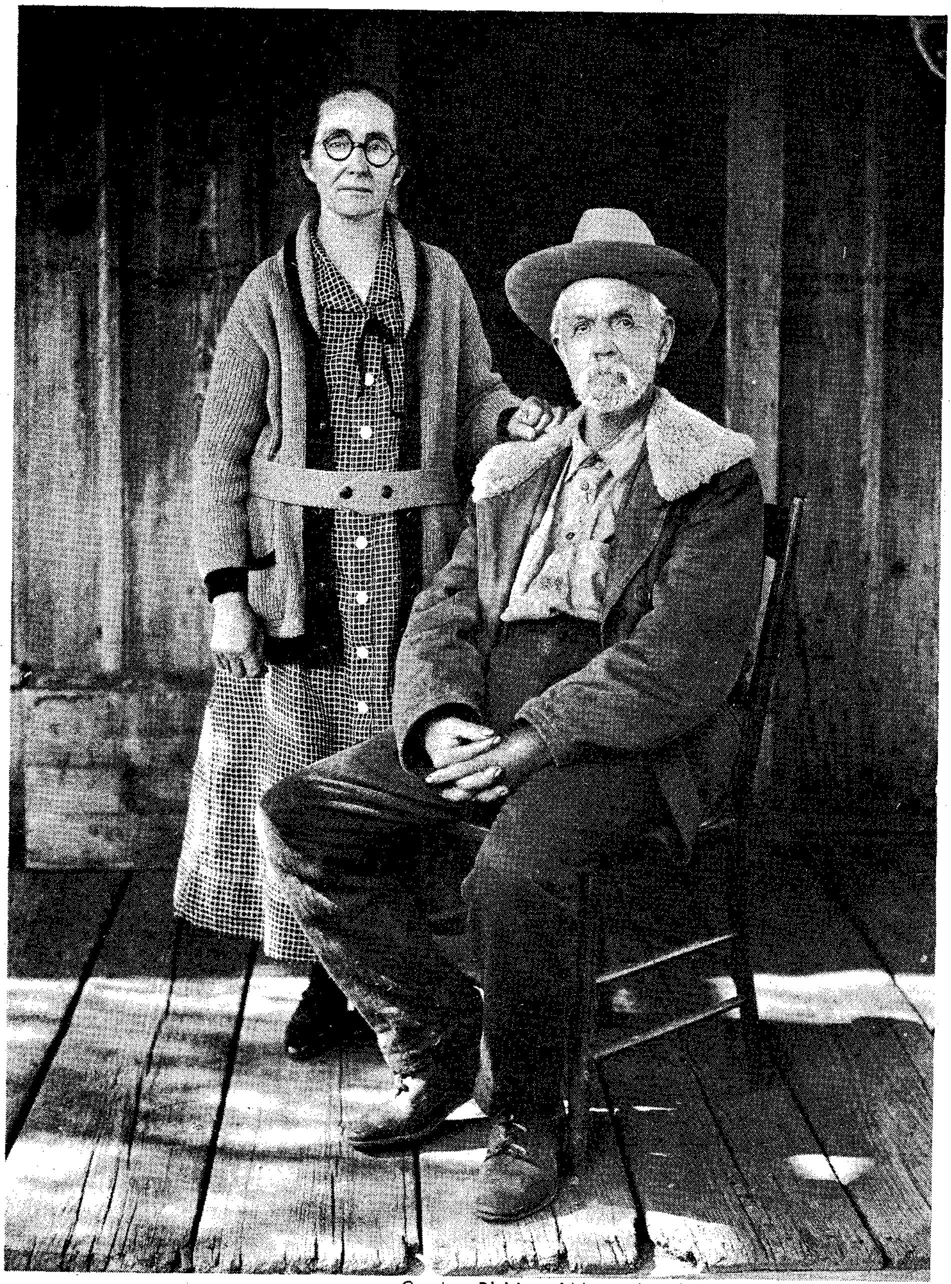
I guided the company across the coun-

This church built by Polly in 1879 still stands at Privilege Creek near Bandera, Texas.



Courtesy Raul R. Arreola

try by the course of the wind only. I had never been over that immediate country before, but I struck the passes and kept the right course until we overtook General Smith and the men with him. We went on back to headquarters at Corpus, and General Smith gave me a furlough for one month, and I went to spend it with my family in San Antonio.



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Mr. & Mrs. W. D. "Seco" Smith in later years.

AFTER I got back the general went to Aransas Harbor to receive a cargo of horses for his troops. When they were landed, he said to me, "Polly, I'm going to give you a horse. Go in among them and take your choice."

I went and looked at them all, and I took a fine bay. He was a beauty. The general asked me if I had taken a good one and I said, "General, I believe he is the best horse in the lot," and I believe he was. I must tell about him. I trained him to hunt. That horse had more sense than many a man. I trained him to hunt deer and when I said, "Deer," I could dismount and send him toward the deer. The deer were used to wild horses and did not run from him. He would go slowly up toward them, feeding and stopping along, and I would crawl with my gun in hand behind him. When in range he would stop and look back at me, as much as to say, "Now shoot."

Once we saw some deer and the general said, "Polly, you are always bragging about that horse and how you hunt with him. Let's see you go after those deer yonder."

I started, the general and all the officers watching me with their glasses. When in a quarter of a mile of the deer, I dismounted and started my horse toward them, and I crawled behind. After some time my horse stopped and looked back at me. I raised up, fired and killed one. The other jumped and ran a little way. I reloaded and fired again, killing that one, too. I had killed both as fast as I could load. The general and the officers were astonished, and said that they had never seen anything like that.

Soon after this—in 1855, I think it was—General Smith was ordered East, and left the Department of Texas. He offered to take me with him, but I told him that I did not want to leave Texas; that I had my family here; that I knew this country and did not know that; that I could be of very little use to him there, and I could be useful in Texas. So I stayed.

General Smith was a great man. He always treated me with very great kindness. He took special pride in my hunting and shooting. I learned many things from him, and owe him much. He used to ask me to his table to eat with him, much to the surprise of the other officers. I can never forget General Persifer Smith.

After General Smith left Texas, I remained again in the employ of the quartermaster department with Major Belga. It was decided to establish a camp on the San Antonio River at a crossing in Wilson County, where the Indians crossed whenever they came into the country on their horse-stealing raids. It was about fifty miles below San Antonio, and was called Conquista Crossing. We were there in all about six months. No Indians came that way while we were there. By some mysterious means they knew of our presence there, and avoided the place.

I contracted chills at Conquista Crossing, and was ordered to go to Camp Verde with Captain Palmore of the Second Cavalry. Camp Verde was about sixty miles northwest of San Antonio on a branch of the Guadalupe. This was in 1856. While there a man (Dr. Nowlin) came into camp and said that his horses had been stolen. A party was detached to go after the Indians. I went as a guide. The doctor and his brother went along. We followed close after the Indians for several days.

We were out of fresh meat, and one day I saw a fat bear in the open plain, and I said, "Sergeant, let me go and kill that bear. We've got no fresh meat."

"All right," he said.

"Let me have your horse, won't you? Mine is jaded and run down by hunting this trail back and forth."

He had a fine, fresh horse, and he let me have him. I started after the bear. I came up near him, but that horse flew back and started as hard as he could run, and I could not control him. He made a great circle round and I brought him again toward the bear, but he broke again and made another circuit with me. The sergeant had no rope on his saddle, or I would have tied the horse and followed the bear on foot; but I could do nothing with that fool horse, and the bear got into the brush and got away from me, and I had to go back without him. Oh, I was so mad at that horse!

We saw a party of Indians ahead of us one day, and thought they were the Indians we were after. I went ahead with another man, and the men followed on. When near enough I called to the sergeant to charge into them. They were cooking, and had not yet seen us. They broke and ran, leaving their arms and everything they had. For some reason our men did not come up, and one of the Indians — the chief, I suppose — called the others and they came slipping back and picked up their arms and aimed at me. I was calling to the man with me to keep moving about so they could not get aim at him and shoot him, and hallooing to the sergeant to pitch into them.

He and his men commenced firing from their horses. The sergeant had never been in an Indian fight before. I said, "Sergeant, dismount the men and fight on foot, and I will go after the Indians' horses and pack mules."

I started after the horses and got them while the men were shooting at the Indians. When I got back I saw one of the soldiers, a man named MacDonell, a big man and a bully, always fussing and bullying among the men, standing behind a tree, and not fighting at all. I said, "Sergeant, look at MacDonell behind that tree. Make him come out from there and go to fighting."

The sergeant ordered him out, and abused him for being a coward, but that man never moved. He stayed right behind that tree, the coward! Our men moved around a little to get at the Indians, and left our horses exposed, and two Indians on foot started after them.

"Sergeant, those Indians will get our horses if we don't stop them," I said.

JIM TAFOLLA saw the Indians after our horses, and started to meet them. I called to him that he would get killed, but he went galloping right after those two Indians, shooting at them with his pistol. The Indian in front had a shield on his arm, and I could see when the bullets hit the shield that they knocked up the dust close around him as they glanced off. These shields are made of several thicknesses of rawhide, and get so tough and hard that unless a bullet strikes them very square and solid it will glance off. Tafolla kept advancing and shooting.

The Indian kept his shield whirling from side to side, and the bullets glanced off. When close up, Tafolla's pistol refused to fire; a cap had caught, and the cylinder would not revolve. The Indian shot with his bow and Tafolla struck at his head with his pistol. The Indian dodged down and escaped. Tafolla had an overcoat rolled up and tied on the front of his saddle. The arrow struck it and cut about fifty holes in it, and the arrowhead entered Tafolla's body just inside of the hip bone. The Indian started back, but kept turning his head and watching to see if Tafolla, whom he evidently thought he had killed, would fall. The other Indian must have been wounded; he went back first, but did not hop so lively as when he came.

The main body of the Indians had got behind some ledges of rocks right on the bank of the little lake, and it was hard to get at them. The sergeant said to me, "Polly, do you think we can get those Indians? What do you think we'd better do?"

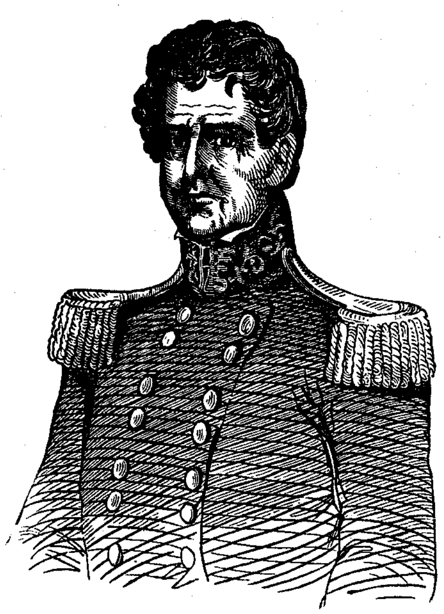
"You'll lose two or three men before you get them."

"Well, we'll let them alone; we've got their horses and the things they left in camp. Come on, men, let 'em go."

Just before we drew off from them, Dr. Nowlin, who had been shooting at the Indians, had his horse shot down while standing very near it loading his gun. He and the others then moved farther away. The doctor was anxious to get his saddle, bridle, and rope off the dead horse. No one would volunteer to go with him. I said, "I will go, Doctor, but let someone come out here and take care of these horses."

We started. I said, "You understand the fastening of your saddle, so you take it off, and I will get the bridle and rope."

We stooped as low as we could, and made quick work of it, the Indians firing at us all the time, but none of them hit us. In this encounter we got five horses besides some pack mules, a number of buffalo robes, belts, moccasins, and other accouterments. One of our men, Martin, was pretty badly wounded by a gunshot. When I came up, the lower part of his lungs was hanging from the wound.



General Persifor F. Smith

He said, "Polly, do you think I am very badly wounded?"

I tried to encourage him, and said, "Oh no, Martin, I hope not. Sit down here and we will do something for you."

The sergeant decided to go to Fort McCabet [McKavett], about forty miles away. I had never been there, nor had I ever been in the country just where we then were. The sergeant said that he would fasten a buffalo robe between two horses and let it swing and place Martin on it, to carry him to the fort. The robe was fixed and Martin was placed on it, but after two or three miles he said he could not stand to travel that way; it shook and jolted him so the pain was very great. "Sergeant," I said, "the best way to fix him will be to let him ride and put the lightest man we've got up behind him to hold him."

It was so arranged, and Tafolla, whose wound did not hurt him much and who was a very small man, got up behind, and we carried him that way to the fort. It was late in the evening when we started. I knew the general direction, and took the lead. When night came on it was very dark and cloudy; we could see nothing, but the southeast breeze was blowing, and while it lasts it keeps the same course. So I guided myself after dark by the breeze. I kept my course so that the breeze was all the time on my right cheek. This took me in a northeast course.

It was a long, dark ride, and the men kept asking me how far it was and bothering me with no end of questions, till I said, "Sergeant, you must make the men stop talking to me. I don't know this country. I am traveling by the wind. I can see nothing, and they are bothering me so that I shall soon know nothing."

The sergeant said, "Men, don't another man speak to Polly. You bother him so he'll never get us out of here. If another man speaks to him, I'll tie him to his horse's tail and make him walk to the fort. Let Polly alone."

Not another man spoke to me after that threat. About one o'clock the moon rose. A little later we saw a large, white object far ahead of us. The sergeant said, "What's that, Polly?"

"I don't know, but I think that's the fort."

An hour later we saw it was the fort, and were soon there. The men were so glad they hugged me and lifted me and carried me around. I had kept my course exactly, and come straight to the fort. But in spite of our relief, poor Martin died an hour after we got there. The doctors at the fort held a post-mortem, and found that he could not possibly have lived even with the best of care. He was shot through the top of the stomach, the alimentary canal being cut.

FROM FORT McCABET we returned to Camp Verde, where we had remained a few days when there came a report that the Indians had stolen a few horses and passed below Camp Verde, and we started after them. The second day we were near them; I saw the camp of the Indians. A sergeant was in command of our squad. It was late in the evening. I proposed that we leave our horses with two men, and slip up on them. We were so near, I feared if they caught sight of us they would escape before we could reach them.

We went along in the bed of a dry creek very stealthily till we were right under the high bank and they were above us. We were so close under them we could see their shields hanging on the limbs above us. We went back a little to get up the bank. I was in the lead, and in getting up I got my foot tangled in some briers. The man just behind me stepped by me and jumped right out in front of the Indians.

He was a splendid shot, but had never seen an Indian. He leveled his gun at one who was cutting meat and shot him dead, hitting him in the lower end of the nose. I got loose and ran out; the Indians were all running and jumping over the bluff. I fired at one, and he left a bloody trail. I was sorry afterwards that I shot him. It was not necessary, as they were already all running. We got the things they left in their camp; but their horses were farther on in a thicket and, as it was now nearly dark, we feared some one of us would get shot if we went into the thicket after the horses.

We returned to our own horses, and next morning came again, but the Indians had also been back and carried off the dead Indian, and also got away with their horses. I told the sergeant that it would be useless to follow them, as they would scatter and we would be able to do nothing. I had scalped the dead Indian before we left him the evening before, because a lady at Camp Verde had said to me as I was leaving, "Polly, bring me a scalp."

I took it to her, but she would not have it. She said in a very frightened voice, "I don't want it. I didn't think you would kill an Indian."

I had brought also a beautiful shield and a quiverful of arrows. The quiver was made of panther skin, with the animal's tail hanging from the lower end. The arrows and bow were beautifully carved and painted. I gave them to one of the officers who begged them of me.

I had hardly got back to camp when Captain Palmer said, "Polly, the camels have all got out and gone, and I want you to go after them."

"Well, Captain," I said, "let me rest awhile. I'm just back. Let me rest tonight."

"You can rest tonight, but you must start early in the morning."

I STARTED early with eight soldiers, and went by Bandera, struck the Medina River and went down it to the mouth of Privilege Creek, and there struck the trail of the camels and followed it up that creek. We were close on the camels when our dogs got after a bear. I went up on the ridge and presently I saw the bear coming directly toward me. I shot him dead.

We went on and started another bear in a little time. I followed it and killed it also. We found two deer also right on the trail of the camels, and killed them. In a little while we came up with the camels and got them all. We were loaded down with bear, deer, and turkeys. We spent two days in camp on Privilege Creek.

I liked the place so well that I said, "I'm going to find out who owns this land, and buy it and start a place here."

The men laughed at me and said, "Oh, you'll never leave the service of Uncle Sam."

"You'll see," I said.

When I got to camp, the captain was so glad to get the camels back that when I asked for a furlough he willingly gave it. I wanted to go to San Antonio and see about that land. There was so much game on it that I determined to get it if possible.

As I entered the door of the surveyor's office I met Mr. James, a friend of mine, who asked me where I was going, and I told him I wanted to find who was the owner of the land on Privilege Creek. He said he was. I told him that I wanted to buy some of it, and he sold me three hundred and sixty acres for fifty cents an acre. This was in 1858.

To establish a place, I took my father out first from San Antonio that I might, with his help, decide where I should build my house. He was pleased with the place, and we selected a site for the house, which I at once built. I did not move my family there, but kept them at Camp Verde, and put a Mexican family in my house at the ranch.

I could not get a title to my land until after nine years of delay and trouble. The state authorities refused to make a title, as it was not surveyed according to regulations. But by dividing it up and changing the survey, Mr. James finally got me the title. I afterwards moved my family to the ranch, and got permission to stay there on condition that I should immediately go to camp when sent for. This arrangement continued until 1861, when the State of Texas seceded from the Union.

The United States troops left Camp Verde and the state, and we passed under Confederate authority. It was a sad day for me when I had to part from the United States troops. I had been with them for twelve years, and I had seen much hard service with them, and had many good friends among them. Major Wait was in command, and asked me to go away with them, but I could not. It would have been to leave everything behind, and really forsake my family and home.

The Confederate authorities at San Antonio secured for me a commission as captain in that service and sent for me and offered it to me. But I declined. My heart was really with the United States that I had served so long.

They accused me of being a Union man. I said, "Now, it is like this: If I were out with ten men and nine should decide against me, I would be compelled to accept their decision. The state has seceded, and I accept the situation; but if I could have had my way, it would not have done so."

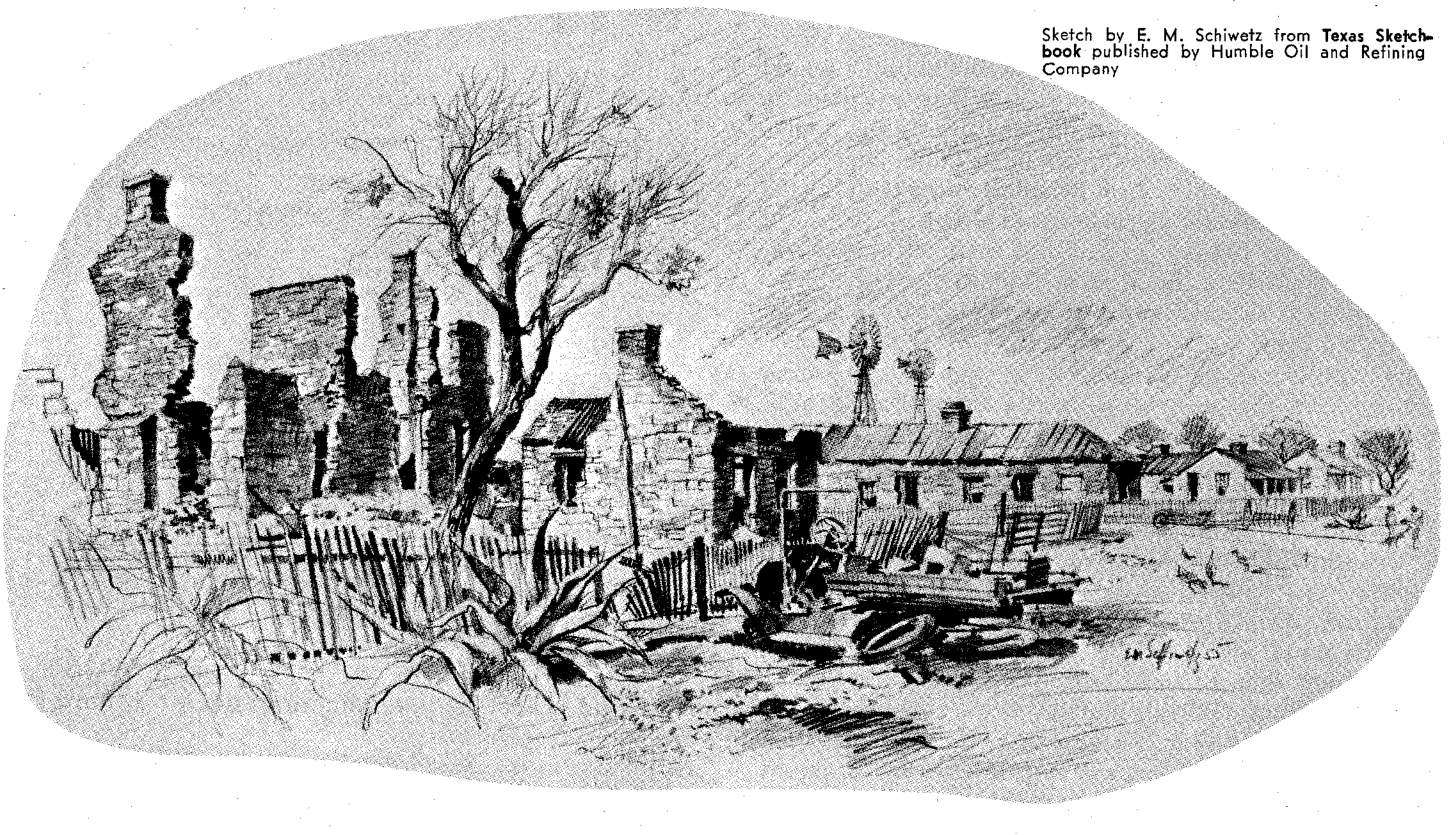
So I went back to my home and joined the "Home Guards." We elected one of my neighbors, a Mr. Mitchell, captain. It was our business to defend the neighborhood from the wild Indians and to keep down the disorderly element at home.

I served four years, the whole period of the war, in this company. We were almost constantly on the scout, and had many unimportant encounters with the Indians. On one occasion, when camped on the headwaters of the Llano, we found two men who had been starving for nine days. One of them came into camp. He was a fearful-looking object; barely able to walk, he was so feeble, and nothing but skin and bones, he was so nearly dead. We gathered around him, and he told us there were three of them together. They had deserted the Confederate service out West and were traveling together when they came unexpectedly into an Indian camp.

The Indians fired on them and killed one of their number. The other two left everything and fled into the brush, and so escaped, and had been wandering for nine days with nothing to eat but two young crows which they found in a nest. These they ate raw. They had no means of making a fire. The man who came alone into camp told us his companion was about two miles back under a bluff. He had left him there, as he could walk no farther. A party of us went back to search for him, and found the place described to us, but could not find the man. We called out and explained that we were his friends; that we had his friend in our camp, and meant him no harm. At last he answered us, and came out from under the bluff where he had been hiding, fearing we were enemies seeking his life.

We put him on a horse and carried him to camp, having given him a small piece of bread. The captain had to put a guard over them to keep them from killing themselves eating. They were as ravenous as wild animals. We did not let them have all they wanted for about three days. In that time they had be-

Chimney ruins at Fort McKavett.



Sketch by E. M. Schiwetz from **Texas Sketchbook** published by Humble Oil and Refining Company gun to change wonderfully. They were sound and well soon, and Captain Mitchell gave them up to the Confederate authorities. He was a great friend of the Confederacy, and did all he could to help it.

ONCE during this service I asked the captain's permission to take my sister over into Mexico to her husband who was over there. He gave it, and I took her and came back by way of San Antonio. I had bought a fine buckskin suit over in Mexico, and a fine Mexican hat, beautifully fixed up in Mexican style. I was around a place of resort, a gambling and drinking place, one night, intending to leave early next morning for camp. The provost marshal for some reason (he was a bad man, a Captain De Hammond) attacked me. He demanded to know where I was from and where I had been. I told him a straight story—that I had permission from my captain to be absent—and he wanted to see my permit. I told him it was only verbal.

"That won't do," he said. "You'll have to go to jail."

I told him that was a place I never had been, and I was not going.

He said I would, and told the guard to take me. I determined to die rather than be put in jail. I offered to bring him any security from the best men in town. Nothing would do; I must go to jail. I was fully determined to kill him and die myself before I would go to jail.

While the altercation was going on, an old man, Antonio Manchaca, who had known me from a child, and who was a kinsman of De Hammond, came up and took my part. He told De Hammond who I was, and that whatever I said was right. So the provost marshal let me go. Next day I started home, and as I went along I made up my mind never to go into another gambling hole as long as I lived. I gambled after that, but I never again went into a gambling resort.

When the war ended, our company of home guards was disbanded, and in a few months the United States troops returned. They had heard of me, and the company that was camped on Bandera Creek near the town sent for me and offered me a hundred dollars a month to join them and act as guide and escort. I could not accept the offer, as I had enlarged my place and had so many interests on my hands—stock of all kinds—and was making money trading.

I recommended by cousin, James Tafolla, and he went, but he did not remain long in the service. I then recommended an American, William Valentine, who stayed with them some time. He was a good woodsman, and knew how to trail. It takes a keen, smart man to trail; not many can do it. Experience is necessary. A trailer must not look along under his feet, but keep the trail far ahead of him, by signs he must notice, by broken twigs and weeds. A good trailer can ride at a gallop. I have trailed where every other man said there was no sign, and would not believe I was on the trail until we came upon the Indians. The Indian is very smart to cover up his trail. I don't know anybody that can equal him.

I remained on my ranch attending to my business for the next ten years or more, making money all the time. During this time I gave close attention to agriculture, and took the premium two years in succession at the San Antonio Fair for the best display of farm products.

James Tafolla now lived in the same neighborhood with me on Privilege Creek. He had been educated in Georgia, and had been a bugler in the army, and when he settled down after the war he was elected a petty officer of the peace, and although, like the rest of us, he had been pretty wild, he wanted to do better as an officer.

He was already at heart a Protestant, though he had never declared it to us, as we were all Catholics. Such a thing as a Protestant Mexican was unknown then. Some of our Mexicans were Masons (I was one myself), but not Protestants. Tafolla organized a society, which was for mutual help and instruction. It met once a month on Sunday in the neighborhood schoolhouse. It had a regular constitution and by-laws. Tafolla was president and I was secretary. We kept regular minutes, and opened our exercises with prayer.

I recollect that I translated into Spanish out of the Masonic books a form or two of prayer for the use of the society. We read from the Bible, and also stood up and read the prayers from the book. We had debates and discussions. The attendance was good. Most of the men of the neighborhood belonged to it. I said one time to Tafolla, "Something great is going to come out of this society; no telling where it is going to."

THIS SOCIETY went on till a Mexican Protestant preacher named Jose Maria Casanova came into the neighborhood preaching. He preached at the schoolhouse. I was opposed to his preaching there. I did not go to hear him, and tried to stop it. We accused Tafolla of bringing the preacher there, and the disagreement among us broke up the society. Soon after this Tafolla joined the Methodist Church. The first time he came to my house after that I asked him if he had joined the Protestants, and he said that he had.

"Well," I said, "you can't come into my house anymore. I want you to keep out."

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Yes, I mean it."

"Well, very well. Good evening," he said, and left.

Sometime afterwards I was out in the woods and met him. I was going to pass him without speaking, but he spoke first, and I just barely spoke and passed on. After he went by a few steps he called to me and said that he was going away and would sell me a filly he had. That interested me, for I was always ready for a trade. He named the price, and I told him I would give it, and the next day I went after the horse.

There was a preacher there, Trinidad Armendariz. When I got near the house, they saw me coming; and as the preacher was about leaving and was going to have prayers before he started, they waited and asked me to join. I told Tafolla I was in a hurry. But he begged me to come in, and said that the preacher was going to pray before he started.

"I didn't come here to pray," I said. "I came to get that filly."

But I went in. I was mad. I sat down with my hat on. I sat up while the preacher prayed, getting madder all the time. He prayed for me; he asked the Lord to touch my heart, to convert me, telling Him that I was prominent in the neighborhood, and to make me an instrument in the salvation of others.

When the prayer was ended, I went out of the house, and as soon as I could get the filly I left. I went home, but I could not forget that prayer. I passed a sleepless night. I got up in the morning feeling so wretched and miserable that I did not know what to do with myself. I could not throw it off.

I saddled my horse and started to Bandera for the purpose of getting on a spree to drown my misery, for I never before had felt anything like it. I was anxious to throw it all off. But as soon as I entered the barroom the smell of the liquor was horrible to me. I stopped, and did not know whether to go in or not, but I went in and sat down on a bench. I was feeling awful. The fellows were calling me to come and join their games; but I said "No," and sat still. They asked me what was the matter.

"Nothing," I said, "only I won't play."

Several of them asked me to take a drink, but I said, "No, nothing for me."

At last Charlie Montague came in with a big crowd and said, "Polly, come on and let's take a drink."

"No," I said. "I don't want it."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Come and take a lemonade then," he said.

"Not even a lemonade," I answered.

"Why, Polly, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said.

Presently Charlie came to me and said, "Come, Polly, let's go home to dinner."

"No, I don't want any dinner."

"Oh, come on; we are going to have a fine dinner. It is Rosa's birthday."

"No, I don't want any dinner."

With that he slipped his arm through mine and lifted me up and said, "You *must* go."

"Well, I will go and feed my horse, but I don't want to eat myself."

We went to dinner and I couldn't eat. Charlie's father asked me if I were sick.

I said, "No, I am not sick."

"Well, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," and I kept saying that and they kept begging me to tell what the matter was, especially the old man Montague, until at last I said, "I don't know what's the matter with me. But if you must know, I can tell you what has happened to me."

I then told them about going to buy the filly, and the preacher's praying for the Lord to touch my heart, and I said it looked like He had done it. Something had touched me; I never felt so bad in my life. The old man broke out on me, for he was a bitter Catholic, and said that if I was turning Protestant I should never come inside of his house again; if I turned my jacket and joined the Protestants, I should never sit down at his table. I told him that I did not say I was turning Protestant, but I had only told him what had happened to me and how I felt. He was very angry in his talk to me, so much so that Charlie finally said, "Oh Pa, don't talk to Polly that way."

That made him more furious, and father and son soon got into a quarrel, and both got up from the table, and it looked like they were going to fight. While they were quarreling I went out and got on my horse and started home.

I WAS AS miserable as before, and the farther I went the worse I got. After I got close to Polly's Peak, a fine hill on Privilege Creek, going through the woods—for I didn't take any road—I felt so wretched that I got down off my horse and went off into the bushes and fell down on my face and prayed to God.

I told Him how miserable I was, and that if He would forgive me and save me I would be His humble servant the remainder of my days. I then got on my horse and started home. I soon commenced to feel better, and then better. I felt so light and free that I began to ride faster and faster. I was about a mile from home, and I made my horse go faster and faster—first a trot, then a gallop. I wanted to whoop. By the time I got home my horse was racing as hard as he could go.

Oh, I can never forget that time! I had never felt that way before. I went into the house and kissed my wife and children. As I did not do that way usually, my wife looked at me very anxiously. She thought I was crazy. I went upstairs, and she followed me into her room. The walls were lined with images of saints and virgins, and I said, "My wife, take these things away."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked me.

"The Lord has taught me that we must not bow down and worship these things."

She burst into tears and told the children that their father had gone crazy.

"No," I said, "I am not crazy; but I know we must not pray to these things."

That night I read from the Bible and prayed with my family, and from that day to this my house has been a place of prayer.

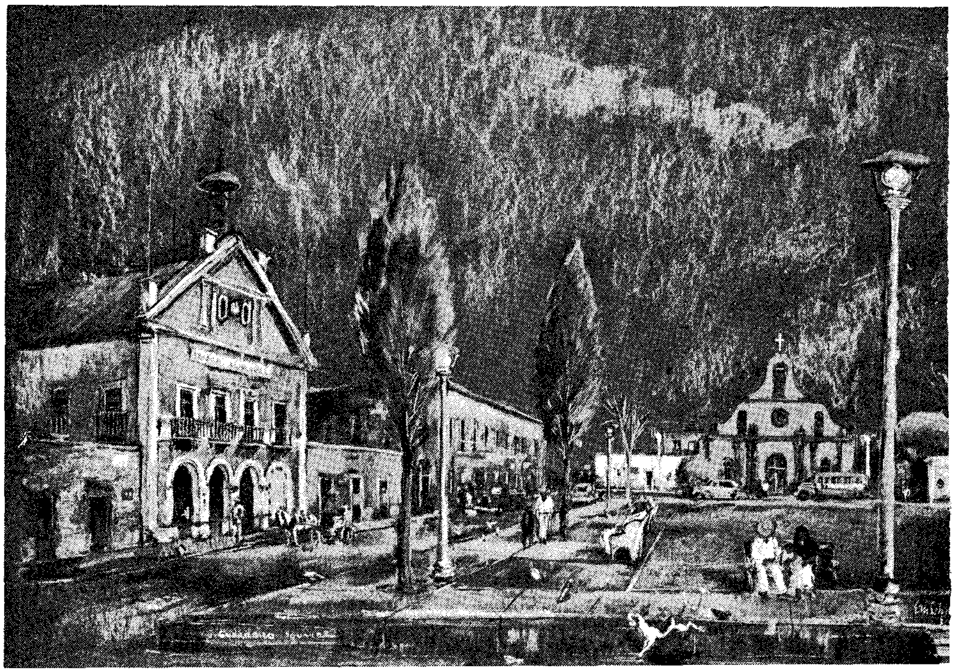
My conversion made a great sensation among my neighbors and friends; and as I was so completely changed, the report that I had gone crazy was believed by many. It was so different from anything they had ever heard of, and from any of their ideas about religion, that they could not explain it in any way except by saying that I had lost my reason. I was changed indeed. Nothing but the power of God could have done it. I talked to everybody about the need of the same great change that I had experienced.

My activity for Christ awakened opposition. I talked to everybody I came in contact with—American, Mexicans, and Negroes. My own family was against me in it all. The great change in my life and the lessened attention I was giving to my ranch business caused the report that I was crazy to be believed by many people, especially among the Mexicans, who knew nothing about a change of heart and life as a result of faith. But I went forward with strength of purpose, calling on the Lord.

I wrote to my cousin, Tafolla, who was now preaching at Laredo, whom I had driven from my house, telling him of my conversion and asking his pardon for what I had done, not knowing the fault I was committing. He wrote me a beautiful letter in reply.

I talked often to one of my old friends, Arthur Pugh, who used to drink and gamble with me. I loved him, for he was a good man, honorable and kindhearted, though he had the vices common to us all. He promised me he would quit it all, and did for three months. Then he went back to the barroom in Bandera, and there came a stranger there—a gambler—and Arthur gambled with him all day. Late in the evening he at last won all that Arthur had, and as he raked the money in someone made a sign to Arthur that the man had some cards up his sleeve. Arthur drew his pistol and leveled it at him and cursed him for a cheating scoundrel, and told him to shake those cards out of his sleeve. He shook his sleeve and three aces fell out, and Arthur took back his money.

The man stood around a while and went out. After dark Arthur stepped outside the door, and while standing there the man shot him in the dark without warning. The ball struck him in the side. Arthur turned toward the flash of the pistol, drawing his own as he turned. As he turned around, the man fired again. The ball struck Arthur in the breast below the heart, and he fired at the same time. The bullet from Arthur's pistol struck the man in the eye and killed him on the spot. Arthur died next morning. If he had only kept his promise and stayed away from that saloon, my friend might have been alive yet.



Sketch by E. M. Schiwetz from **Texas Sketchbook** published by Humble Oil and Refining Company

On the Plaza at Guerrero.

MY WIFE was honest in the opinion that I was crazy, and was besides very angry with me. For a whole year she never sat down at the table with me. I prayed continually for her and prayed in her presence, and it looked for a time as if she never would be converted. Brother Sutherland, who came to see me after my conversion, thought she was so bitter that she would never believe. But I carried my burden to the Lord, and was rewarded at last by seeing her converted. Yet she held out a long time. She said to the children one day in my presence, "Don't come here while your father is in this fix. The crazy old fool will get you to believing these ideas of his."

I prayed for her and talked very gently to her. I said, "Wife, if you don't want to live with me, we can separate. You can live on one ranch, and I will live on the other."

"No," she said, "I don't intend to do that."

"Well, then, let us not quarrel."

One day I heard her say to some women who were there, "He is another man!"

One day about a year after my conversion, she said to me . . . "I want all the children to join the church first, and then I will join. I want to be the last. You were the first; let me be the last." And so she did; after they had all become members, she joined too.

My neighbors and kin, among them my brother, Jose, used to come every night and gather on the bank of the creek across in front of my house and abuse and insult me in the most outrageous manner. They kept this up for a long time, trying to provoke me to some deed or word against them, but the Lord helped me to stand it all. They would curse and insult me and the Protestants and the preachers. All I did was to ask the Lord to help me and to stop them, and He did it.

One of my brothers, Manuel, told the people that he was going to my house and beat me well for turning Protestant. He got to my house and tied up his horse just as I was ready to preach in the house to a few people. I said, "Sit down, brother; I am going to preach a short sermon, and then we will go and attend to your horse."

While I preached he listened. . . . At the end . . . my brother got up trembling and gave me his hand. Poor fellow, he was afterwards killed by his horse.

Several months after my conversion I went one day to Bandera and saw a crowd of people at the house of Pat Sena, and I asked what was going on there. Someone said that it was a Methodist Quarterly Conference. I went into the house and sat down. I should say that there was no Protestant church in Bandera, and their meetings were held in a private house. As I sat there looking on, someone asked me if I wanted anything. I said, "Yes; I want a license to preach."

I was not even a member of the church then. They looked at me with great astonishment. The presiding elder, Rev. J. C. Walker, said, "Why, aren't you a man who spends his time around the barrooms drinking and gambling? What do you want with a license to preach?"

"I used to do that, but I have quit now."

After a little more talk he said to me, "Go out yonder and stay under those trees till we call you in."

I went out and they talked about me. Presently I was called in, and the presiding elder asked me why I wanted to preach. I then told the story of my conversion, and when I finished, the presiding elder turned to Brother Jimmie Hedgepeth, who was Secretary of the Conference, and said, "Brother Jimmie, write him a license to preach, and I will sign it."

He wrote it and handed it to Brother Walker, who signed it and handed it to me. It was dated April 14, 1877.

I went afterwards with Brothers Walker and A. J. Potter on several trips and preached to the Mexicans. . . . Then I went back home and spent the year in preaching through the country 'round about my home, and made several trips out West. I went to Eagle Pass and Guerrero, Coahuila, and neighboring towns, and preached the gospel.

In the fall of 1878, being duly recommended, I went to San Marcos, Texas, and was admitted on trial into the West Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. There joined with me at that time Alejandro de Leon, Roman Palomares, and Matilde Trevino. I was sent to Bandera Mission, which included my home. During that year a number of people were converted and joined the church, among them my son Luis and his wife. I commenced to plan the building of a church at Polly, my home. The next Conference met at Luling; and having preached one year as a local preacher and one as traveling preacher, I was ordained deacon by Bishop George F. Pierce, who held the Conference. At this Conference I was returned to Bandera, as I was for the three succeeding years. During this time I built the stone church that is still known in the neighborhood as Polly's Church. I cut the stone and hauled it myself during spare time from my duties as preacher in charge.

I collected considerable sums of money among friends of mine, among them the Mavericks, of San Antonio. I found them all together one day, and four of these friends gave me twenty-five dollars each, and a fifth ten dollars. There were present George, Albert, Samuel, and William Maverick, and Mr. Terrell. Two of them offered to help me if I should need it. James Hill, my son-in-law, furnished the lime for the church; my son Luis hauled the sand.

The dedication was of great interest to the whole neighborhood; we had a meeting of several days' duration. We brought our dinners to the place, and held three services each day. We received some new members, and the impression made on the community was deep and lasting. People came as far as twenty miles to be present at these services.

While at Zaragoza Mission Brother Sutherland came to visit us and brought his wife and three children. We all went back in my hack, and were traveling one night by moonlight. Suddenly Mrs. Sutherland pulled her husband's coat and pointed behind the wagon. There were two armed men who had come up, and their horses' noses were almost in the hind end of the hack. The men were looking in. When we observed them, they asked us where we were going. We said to Eagle Pass. Presently they dropped behind, and after a little they came galloping up with their guns in their hands. I was watching them. They were excited, and I could hear them breathing harder than their horses.

I had my shotgun in the hack. I reached down quickly and got it. Brother Sutherland was driving. I raised my gun in readiness. When they saw the movement, they leaned down on the necks of their horses and rushed by us. We held a brief consultation and decided to drive out in the bushes and pass the night. We did so. Brother Sutherland and I took turns at going on guard till daylight. Then we proceeded, but saw no more of the men, who were evidently intent on robbing us—perhaps first killing us.

While on this mission I had four valuable horses stolen from me. I recovered two of them only, in San Antonio where they had been sold for eighty dollars.

THE YEARS I spent in the San Marcos and Luling Missions were years of active work, and many interesting events occurred. I traveled in my hack (covered spring wagon) almost constantly. I had two good horses and a complete camping outfit, and lived among the people. I visited them wherever I found them, and used all kinds of methods to reach them with the gospel. One of the best help I found to open closed doors was the use of some simple medicines I always carried with me. Medicine has opened many a closed door to me, and people have been much surprised that I gained an entrance that seemed securely closed against the gospel. When I found there was someone sick in the neighborhood, I would go to see him; and if permitted to call, I would give the family the remedy I thought he needed. I made many friends in this way.

Often, when traveling, I came up with teamsters who were camped for the night, and I camped with them and would talk and preach to them. Often I have put my lantern on the back end of my wagon, and by its light read the Scriptures to the teamsters and preached to them. They always listened to me and were pleased with the singing. In this way I made many friends for the gospel. I have often camped by a field of cotton pickers, and to get an opportunity to talk to them I have taken a sack and picked cotton along with them while I talked of the gospel. I know many of these poor people were saved. I always visited the jails and preached to the prisoners when in the towns, and many souls have heard and believed while in jail.

On the headwaters of the Helotes Creek, in Bandera County, was a man, Juan Morales, a sacristan in the Romish Church. He had frequently said, "I want to talk to Polly Rodriguez. I'll show him his wrong."

One day I went to his house and asked to see him. His wife said that he was not at home; and when I expressed my sorrow that I could not see him, that I was anxious to see him, she said: "If you'll go about a mile up the road, you'll find him killing a beef under a big live oak tree."

I soon found him and went up and shook hands with him and said, "Mr. Morales, I'm sorry to find you so busy in this work, for I wanted to talk with you on the subject of religion."

"The work makes no difference; my boys here can attend to the beef, and we will sit down under the shade of the trees and talk."

We sat down under a tree and began. I had my Bible with me. We talked and argued . . . from eight o'clock till two in the afternoon. Then he said, "I'll give it up; you are right and I'm wrong. I'm convinced. Let us go to dinner."

When we got to his house, he said to his wife, "Well, wife, I'm a Protestant."

"What do you say?" she asked with alarm and anger.

He repeated it, and she flew into a terrible passion and said, "Well, if you are, you need not come here."

He begged her not to be angry, and to give us some dinner. She did not want to do it, but finally did so, but she was so mad that she would not speak to us nor come near us.

At San Marcos I visited once the family of my cousin, James Tafolla, who was then pastor there. He was absent, but John and Mary, his stepchildren, were present. I said, "John, why is it that you, a preacher's son, hearing the gospel all the time and knowing it as you do have not yet believed and confessed Christ?"

As I talked on very kindly to him and Mary, he there and then made his confession. He has since looked upon me as his spiritual father. He is now Rev. Juan J. Mercado, a leading preacher in the Mexican Border Mission Conference.

With the account of the conversion through my instrumentality of a stepson of my kinsman Tafolla, now a brother minister whom I once insulted and drove out of my house, I will stop. I hope this true record of how I was brought to Christ may lead many to believe in Him. Perhaps it will preach the gospel when I can no longer do so.

Note: Polly died in 1914 at Poteet, Texas and is buried on Polly's Peak near Bandera. In 1923 Captain D. P. Smith, a seventy-seven-year-old San Antonio resident, sent in the following to FRONTIER TIMES. Seco Smith, no relation, was then eighty-seven but was still running a farm at Medina City. Seco rode with Polly. The sketch gives an idea of the day-in, day-out life of the Mexican scout who surprisingly managed to dodge arrows and bullets until peace could come to the frontier—and who, more surprisingly—spent the last days of his life "tracking down" converts, with the same imperturbability with which he had chased the deer and the Comanche.

WHEN the first settlers of Southwest Texas began to establish homes on the frontier a great many young men adventurers came out to this country, and among them was one Rube Smith, a dashing, fine looking young fellow who had a most handsome head of hair and a heavy moustache. It was a deep red, like curls of silk, hanging in ringlets down over his shoulders, and his moustache curled up and hung over his lips. Rube's appearance in this section of the state caught the eyes of many of the young girls in Castroville, Medina County, where he had taken up residence.

Among these there was a young German girl to whom Rube had taken a fancy on account of her being an expert rider and roper of stock. She could dash into a herd and lasso with the best of the boys. The result was that Rube made her this proposition: "Mary, let's get married, and we'll take your two brothers and brother-in-law and go over to Hondo. We'll get your father's mules and wagon, strike our camp over there, cut timber, build us a little house and corral where we can pen herds, and cut out mavericks and brand them with our brand, and in that way get a big start in the cattle business.”

Mary said that would suit her exactly, and that she would ask her father and mother if it would be all right with them. Her parents readily gave their consent, and the plan suited the boys, also, and they agreed to accompany Rube and Mary to the Hondo. The marriage was performed and the little party went to camp.

After building the house and pens and getting everything in good shape, Rube and his wife and the three boys would go out on the range every morning and round up a bunch of cattle, cut out the calves and put their brand on them. In this way they figured they would soon have a good start in the stock business without spending much money.

But the scheme met with a very sad, tragic ending. We used to say to Rube when we met him, “Rube, you are going to lose those beautiful locks of hair sometime when you least expect it. Those bloodthirsty Comanches are always lurking around waiting to take just such hair.”

Rube would answer, “No, sir. So long as I have my smooth bore rifle and two dragoon six-shooters they will never get me.” But alas! our prediction was too true, as the result showed.

In 1863 the Comanche Indians had become very bold and aggressive on account of the absence of so many of our men who had gone into the Confederate service. I never knew or understood why Rube and the two brothers did not enter the war.

The boys were in the habit of going out early every morning to make a roundup, and the night before the tragic occurrence Rube hobbled his horse and put a bell on him so he could easily find him the next day, while the boys, who were in camp nearby, staked their horses close to their camp. Early the next morning, just as the moon was setting and it was dark, Rube buckled on his six-shooter and went out bareheaded to bring up his horse, having heard the bell some distance away.

He had been gone only a short time when his wife heard the report of his pistol, and then heard him yell, “Indians!” She sprang to the door and told her brothers she heard the pistol, and securing their horses they hurried to his assistance. The bloodthirsty Comanches were cunning and had devised a plan to secure Rube’s scalp. They had secured his horse and led him to a clump of bushes, and taking the bell off had tied it to a bush, and left the horse standing where Rube could see him.

The band, numbering about thirty-five including the chief, formed a circle and laid down in the grass to await Rube’s coming. One Indian would shake the bush and sound the bell to attract Rube’s attention. As he walked into the circle they all sprang at him, and when he saw them he fired his pistol and yelled “Indians!” This was his last act. They soon overpowered him and lifted his scalp while he was still alive, then mounted their horses and dashed away. When the boys arrived they found him rolling upon the ground, and carried him to the house but he died as they entered.

Just at this time Policarpo Rodriguez, with four of his rangers came up. They had been on the trail of the Indians, whose trail they struck near Bandera the day before, but owing to the fact that the savages had scattered and made several trails, the rangers were delayed in arriving over on the Hondo. They had lost the trail above Castroville but picked it up again on the Hondo, arriving just at the time of the death of Rube Smith.

Polly Rodriquez, who was a well-known ranger and scout in Bandera County, at once took two of his men and went in pursuit. They rode all day, going southwest to the headwaters of the Cascadera, when, about four o’clock in the evening, they discovered the Indians going up the bank of a creek they had crossed. Above this creek was a motte of scattering postoaks. The Indians had nearly reached this motte on the side of a hill when one of Rodriguez’s men, “Seco” Smith, and who at the present time is living at Medina City, said to his captain: “I am going to get the chief of that outfit.”

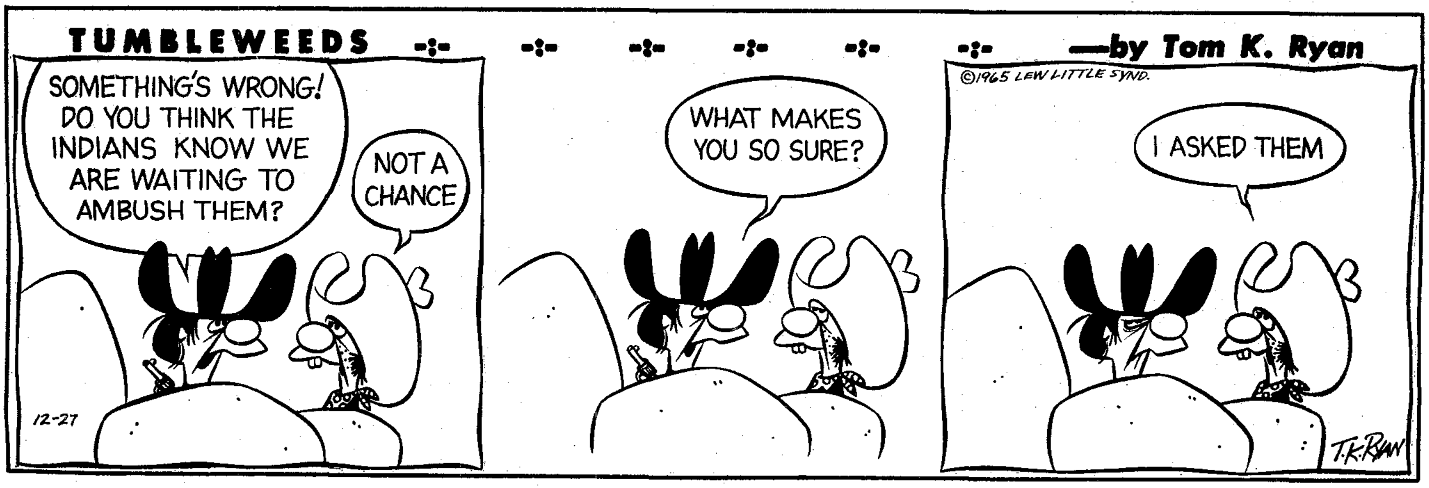
Captain Rodriguez reminded him that it would be dangerous to dash ahead of the rest of the party, as Jim Winters had been killed in just that way, but Seco paid no attention to the advice. Putting spurs to his horse he dashed ahead of the other rangers. The Comanche chief, observing the movement, decided to parade a little bravery, and in a bragging way waved his warriors to a standstill, while he went forward a few steps.

Taking Rube Smith’s scalp he placed it upon the lance, held it up and shook it at Seco as he came dashing up the hill. The chief had a strap around his left wrist and one above his elbow, which held his shield to his arm. The shield was made of buffalo neck, was over one and a half inches thick and was as slick and hard as a bone. He wielded this shield up and down over his breast so that if a bullet should strike it, it would glance off.

Seco Smith sprang from his horse, placed his smooth-bore rifle across his saddle, and as the chief brought his shield down he drew a bead and pulled the trigger.The ball hit its mark, cutting a half moon from the top of the shield and bored a hole right through the heart of the savage, who gave a loud “Waugh!” and fell to the ground. Every warrior commenced to run and yell except one, who rode up to the fallen chief and said something. As he did this one of the rangers who was trying to keep up with Seco Smith for his protection shot the warrior in the shoulder. He was strapped to his horse and did not fall off, and ran to join the other fleeing Indians.

THE RANGERS then held a council and decided to follow. The two boys took Rube Smith’s scalp and returned home and buried the unfortunate man with his scalp restored. At that time I was camped on the Cascadero with my company. The following morning I went up to Lycurgus Woods’. He had been given the headdress of feathers, shield, beaded leggings, moccasins, lance, bow, arrows and tomahawk of the chief killed by Seco Smith, and there I saw them. The rangers in pursuit of the Indians came to the Rock Water Hole on the Chicon and there they found the wounded Indian, mentioned above, in the water with a rock tied to his neck. The killing of the chief put a damper on the Comanches and they were never as bold again.

The following day the boys decided they would skin the dead chief, and they proceeded as if they were skinning a beef. That old Indian’s hide was the toughest piece of leather that I have ever seen. From his hips up to his neck the hide was as yellow as a pumpkin. He was tall, fat and very large, weighing probably 250 pounds. After removing the fat from the inside of the skin it was as pliable as buckskin or a piece of silk. Some of the boys made riding whips, saddle strings and whip-poppers from it. I got a very large share of the hide and cut it into large and small strips. Even the smallest string was as stout as cat-gut, and when drawn tight would cut into the hand. The old chief’s body was left for the buzzards and wolves to devour, and the bones were seen scattered about for several years.


TUMBLEWEEDS
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12-27
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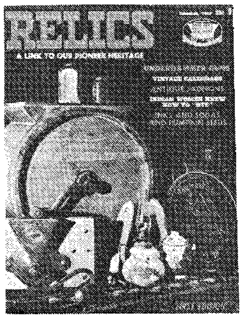

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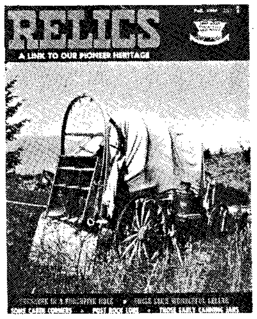

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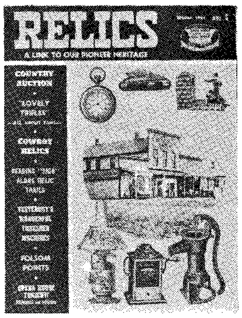

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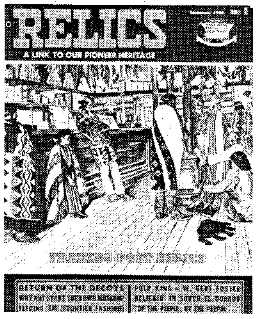

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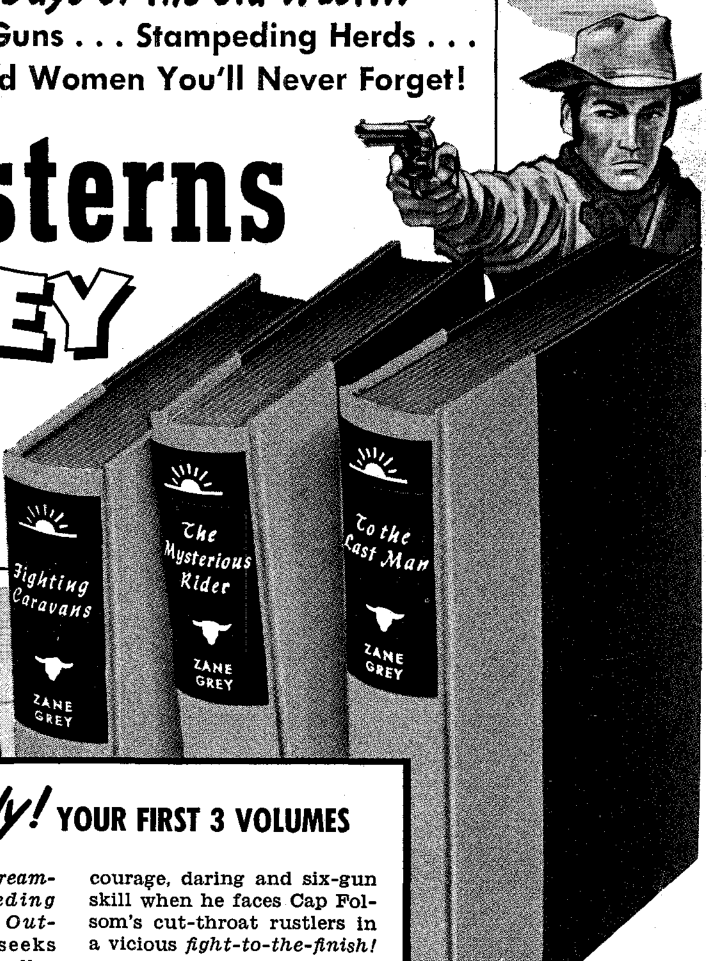

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